

UPSET IN THE WEST

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

ROCKEFELLER
IN OREGON

EDWARD S. LEE

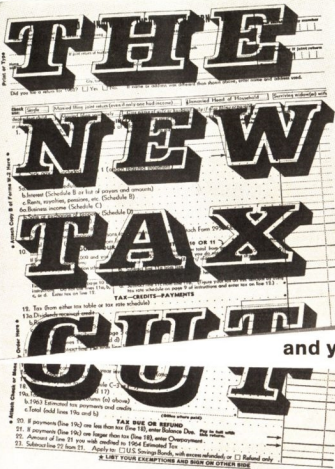
VOL. 83 NO. 21

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

What is it about this camera?
Maybe everybody likes to pull rabbits out of hats.
Or maybe there's a little Tom Swift in all of us.
Whatever it is, the fascination of peeling off
a color picture in 60 seconds is selling an
awful lot of Polaroid Color Pack Cameras.
The beautiful color helps too.



"POLAROID"®



and you...

Free booklet shows how you'll save—and how much!

Here's a booklet full of tips on tax savings under the new federal income tax law. It's been prepared especially for New York Life by experts of the famous J. K. Lasser Tax Institute.

Get **ALL** the savings you're entitled to! This booklet tells you many things that will help you get your full and fair share of tax savings. For instance, did you know there's a new minimum standard deduction that may be a real boon to you? Or, that you may deduct the expense of moving to a new job location? Or, that you may postpone the tax when you sell your house at a profit, if you buy another home within a year before or after you sell?

Will withholding cover your tax bite? You're probably aware that the withholding tax rate has been cut from 18% to 14%. However, the booklet urges that, "before you spend the extra money, check to see that the saving in withholding does not leave you facing a sizable balance to pay on your 1964 return!" If the amount being withheld for you is not adequate, the booklet suggests a sensible remedy.

Yours for the asking! You owe it to yourself to get this authoritative booklet right away, so you can better understand the new tax law and what you now can and cannot deduct—before you tackle your 1964 income tax forms.

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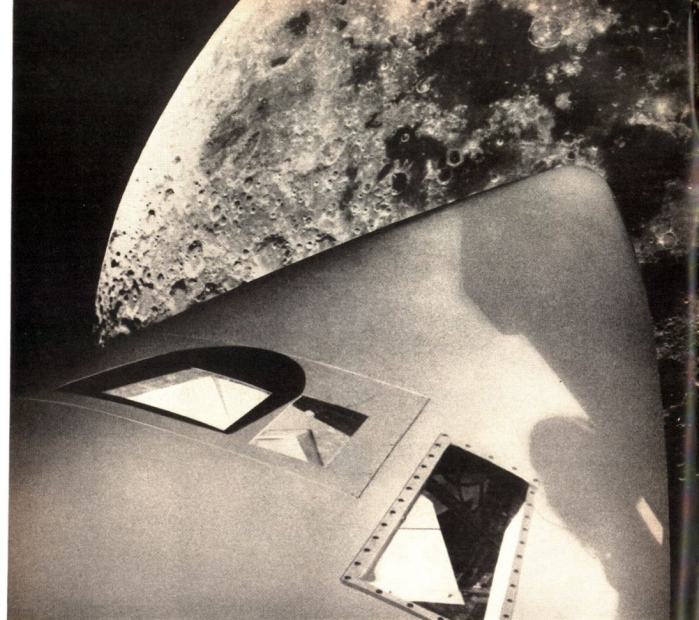
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G-23

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Report on space travel:

**IBM computers "land" a man
on the Moon**

A STUDIOUS young scientist named Dr. Bret Charipper recently flew to the moon.

For Dr. Charipper it was a routine trip. He made it in a spacecraft mock-up at IBM's Space Guidance Center in Owego, New York.

While his colleagues—and an IBM computer—monitored his controls, Dr. Charipper blasted his spacecraft out of a simulated orbit around the moon and watched the lunar mountains grow big on his viewing panel.

Six minutes later, he eased his craft down toward the designated landing area—the center of a large crater.

Though "simulated," these flights are of the highest scientific importance to



Men, with the help of IBM computers, are solving the problems of travel in outer space without leaving the ground.

man's future in space. Thousands of them have been made by scientists at research centers studying space travel.

For instance, IBM computers are now helping engineers understand the complex problems that Project Gemini astronauts will encounter in space. Three minutes after each simulated flight, the computer prints out a record of the pilots' performance, including spacecraft control and landing accuracy.

Simulation—the science of testing events before they occur

Space travel is only one of many fields now being diligently explored by IBM computers, with the help of special simulation programs.

A simulation program actually supplies a computer with a mathematical "model" of a project *while it's still on the drawing board.*

The computer can then predict in great detail how that project will function under hundreds of different — or changing — circumstances.

IBM simulation programs are helping engineers find out how new highways will cope with different traffic conditions—before spending a dollar for their construction.

Other simulation programs are helping the U.S. Weather Bureau investigate ways to forecast weather months in advance. This research could someday lead to actual weather control.

Computer simulation is testing out the designs of tomorrow's passenger planes, the types of stores we'll be shopping in, and hundreds of new ideas that will improve our daily life in the years to come.

Computers don't think. They are only machines. But thinking men use them to analyze more things at once than the mind can possibly grasp. With the new simulation programs, computers are helping man's most daring dreams become a reality, including that eventual landing to explore the moon.

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Farm Journal is the leading farm publication.

Getting results in rural America is Farm Journal's business

FARM JOURNAL

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ATLANTA, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO

**It may surprise you,
but the new low \$300*
round-trip fare to London
isn't the cheapest way
to fly to Britain.**

**BOAC can also take you
to Manchester for \$286.70*.
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Round-trip.**

Right now, BOAC, or half a dozen other airlines can take you to London and back for \$300. So why fly with us? Don't do it simply because we go to more British cities than any other airline. Or because we have more flights from New York, all by Rolls-Royce 707 fan jets. (One every morning and three every evening.) Fly BOAC because of our friendly people. They're the real reason why we're different.

All airlines are alike. Only people make them different.

*14/21-day midweek Economy fare from New York through Nov. 5th.

ALL OVER THE WORLD

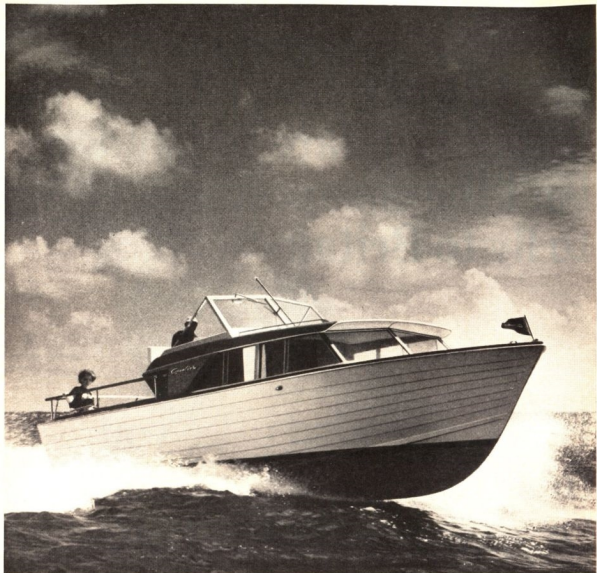
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TIME, MAY 22, 1964

NY2



Seastrake

A new lapstrake series for blue-water boatmen — by Cavalier! (from only \$5400)

Here's a big Cavalier surprise for 1964! In answer to an increasing demand from boatmen who seek their pleasure offshore...where the wide-open spaces and the bigger fish are...Cavalier introduces a salty new series designed to fit their needs perfectly. Every Seastrake model has a seaworthy hull with overlapping planks from chine to sheer. The planks are stout, marine-grade plywood,

bonded permanently together with famous Thiokol polysulfide sealant (it's impervious to gasoline, oil, and marine organisms). And they're luxurious, too, with all standard Cavalier features. If you've always wanted a deep-water boat, now's your chance to own one...and at much less than you'd expect to pay. See the exciting new Seastrakes now at your Chris-Craft Cavalier dealer's!

New 27' Seastrake sleeps 4, has modern galley, dinette, private lavatory. Full carpeting, headlining, and paneling. 185-hp V8 engine. \$6745. Hardtop optional at extra cost. 24' and 31' Seastrake models are also available, from \$5400, or only \$91 mo. For information, write Cavalier Division, Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Fla. FOB prices and specifications subject to change.

Chris-Craft CAVALIER



SUITS \$45 SPORT JACKETS \$35 HASPEL BROS. INC. NEW ORLEANS U.S.A.

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days
are here
again**

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Your coverage of the Bonn
tariff story was excellent.
You may quote me.

I did
—that's what
helped make
the coverage
so good.



The reputation of The Washington Post is based solidly on coverage of news—both domestic and foreign. It is the only paper read regularly and thoroughly by 95% of Washington's top officials. Capital leaders expect it to provide the comprehensive, accurate informa-

tion they seek to help them meet their day-to-day responsibilities.

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The Washington Post



If it's just something cold and wet you want, drink water.

Harp is too good to waste on a thirst. Too full of flavor. Too full of taste and overtones of taste that linger deep in the throat long after Harp's first golden bubbles burst. Drink it slowly. En-

joy the beer with a twinkle in its taste, the beer that only Ireland could have brewed. Drink Harp to please the palate, to savor the flavor, sipping, not gulping. Let lesser beverages slake the thirst.

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NYR1



How to compose a diabolically clever memorandum on the subject of computers

step No. 1 Never be too proud to flatter the boss. Nor too humble to pat your own back. Example:

Dear Sir:

Your inspiring speech at our company gathering got me thinking: surely a company as big and important as ours is ready for a computer. Honeywell came instantly to mind. Working nights and on weekends (the office is quieter then, as you know), I gathered facts on how Honeywell stacks up

against the other computer manufacturers...

step No. 2 State your case for Honeywell boldly. Some technical jargon gives your memo a ring of authority.

Honeywell has a family of five hardworking computers ranging from the small H-200 which rents for as little as \$3,000 per month up to the super H-1800 which can do as many as eight different jobs simultaneously. Furthermore, Honeywell systems excel in multiple peripheral capabilities, in meeting real-time and communications requirements, and in exclusive automatic error correcting abilities.

step No. 3 Quickly follow up with some other eye-opening Honeywell advantages.

As you are certainly aware, sir,

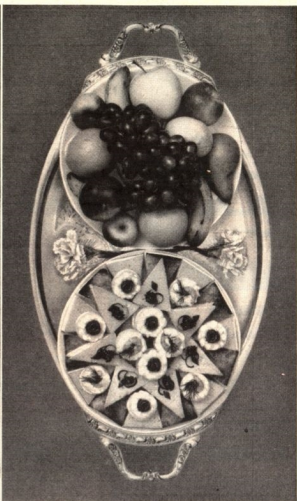
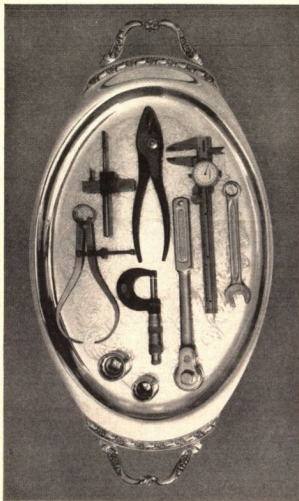
Honeywell's hardware, software, training centers, programmers, systems analysts and service engineers are among the tops in the business. And you will be impressed, as I was, at all those successful Honeywell EDP installations across the country. In England, Australia and Japan, too.

step No. 4 Make the boss want to hear more.

I've got a whole brief case-full of other facts on Honeywell that I'm anxious to show you. Perhaps at lunch, tomorrow, if you're free...



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When the plane you're on is pampered,
and you are, too,
you're flying PIA between Europe and the East.

Pampered? The crown jewels don't get any better care.

Every 65 hours every PIA jet gets a complete physical. Our mechanics (dedicated, every one of them—and we have 2,009) check out 520 points.

Then our inspectors (fantastically precise, all 360 of them) check them out again.

If they won't say yes, back goes the plane.

Back, for instance, to the five men who work on wheels. Or the two men who x-ray parts to guard against invisible defects.

When a PIA Boeing fan-jet takes to the air, it purrs.

You will, too.

So have your travel agent book you aboard. We fly between London, Frankfurt, Geneva, Rome, Beirut, Teheran, Karachi and Dacca. Also extensive service within East and West Pakistan plus connections to India, Nepal and Burma. PIA, 608 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.; also San Francisco, Calif.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 20

SUSPENSE (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.)* Gary Merrill as a Florida game warden tracks down and captures two murderers with his bare hands—and nature lore.

Thursday, May 21

BIG BROTHER IS LISTENING (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A special on the invasion of privacy an ordinary citizen may be subjected to, with commentary by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Writer Vance Packard (*The Naked Society*) and others.

Friday, May 22

THE GREAT DIVIDE: CIVIL RIGHTS AND THE BILL (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A special featuring interviews with Bobby Kennedy, Alabama Governor George C. Wallace, Senators Kuchel, Sennis and Dirksen, representatives of the N.A.A.C.P., CORE, the National Urban League, etc.

Saturday, May 23

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Grand Prix of Monaco with Prince Rainier and Princess Grace handing out awards, plus National Lumberjack championships from Wisconsin.

Sunday, May 24

DIRECTIONS '64 (ABC, 2-2:30 p.m.). A comedy in which six actors play 26 different roles.

SUNDAY (NBC, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). A special program devoted entirely to the re-modeled and about-to-reopen Museum of Modern Art, narrated by Aline Saarinen and featuring films of interviews with Marc Chagall, Alexander Calder, Henry Moore, Joan Miró, Alberto Giacometti and Stuart Davis in their homes or studios.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Eyewitness reports on the battle for the Anzio beachhead in World War II. Repeat.

Monday, May 25

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Films and stars of the 30s.

EMMY AWARDS (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). E. G. Marshall will host the New York segments, broadcast live from the World's Fair; Joey Bishop will hold up the Hollywood end, from the Palladium.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Although Richard Burton as Hamlet and Hume Cronyn as Polonius burnish all the richness of language, wit and humor of the play, this revival, and specifically Burton's Hamlet, lacks the burning passion, the mind-tossed anguish, the self-divided will that Hamlet must have to be a true prince of tragedy.

HIGH SPIRITS. As a spirit brought back to haunt her husband by means of a slapstick séance conducted by mad Bea Lillie, impish Tammy Grimes is about as ghostly grey as a rainbow.

FUNNY GIRL shines in the refracted light of the most brilliant new star to rise over Broadway in years, Barbra Streisand.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Without even the help of her closefit of balloons, Dennis Dennis ascends from playmate to helmpate in two acts.

* All times E.D.T.

DYLAN. Alec Guinness probes the special hell in which Dylan Thomas found himself. His performance is moody, taut with rage and sometimes bright with humor.

HELLO, DOLLY! Part of this musical's nostalgic appeal lies in its evocative Oliver Smith backdrops of little old New York, part lies in its hissable boss-villain (David Burns) whom Dolly finds kissable. Most of it lies in the skirt-wishing charm of Carol Channing as Dolly.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Playwright Neil Simon's deft quips punctuate this early-marital farce with enough humor to spare for a zany subplot involving a mother-in-law and a continental charmer (he thinks).

Off Broadway

DUTCHMAN, by LeRoi Jones. In a New York subway car, a white girl who is a twit, neurotic bundle of well-informed clichés and sterile sexual aggressions, lures, taunts, degrades and destroys a Negro in a Brooks Brothers shirt, but not before he tells her, with profane and explicit brutality, how much Negroes hate whites. Though his one-acter repeats the pattern of Albee's *The Zoo Story*, Jones captures the contemporary mood of violence with raw and nerve-tingling fury.

THE BLOOD KNOT. Two half-brothers, one light and one dark, act out in miniature the torment of being a racial outcast in present-day South Africa. Playwright Atholl Fugard writes with a tenderness, poignance and understanding that crosses all color lines.

THE TROJAN WOMEN, winner of a special citation from the New York Drama Critics' Circle, is a powerful, tormenting image of humans bearing the unbearable.

RECORDS

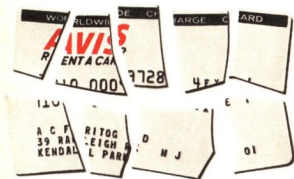
Jazz

DIZZY GILLESPIE & THE DOUBLE SIX OF PARIS (Philips) soar from high spot to high spot, from *Oo-Shoo-Be-Do-Be to Oo*. Dizzy does blithe acrobatics with his trumpet, then stands aside for the legendary expatriates Bud Powell and Kenny Clark to shine briefly on piano and drums. In the meanwhile, the Double Six, a sextet of jazz singers, chime in like an instrumental combo, and Mimi Perrin, who has an extraordinarily agile voice, even takes on a couple of solos meant for Charlie Parker's horn.

GEORGE RUSSELL SEXTET: THE OUTER VIEW (Riverside). These six do surgery on only five songs and have *You Are My Sunshine* stretched out on the operating table for twelve minutes. The theme, of course, is only a starter for Don Ellis' questing trumpet, Paul Plummer's poetic tenor sax and Composer-Arranger Russell's contemplative piano. They cut the melody into ribbons that swirl together in unlikely harmonies, but there is a cool logic and distant beauty all the same.

THELONIOUS MONK, BIG BAND AND QUARTET IN CONCERT (Columbia). Seven of the pieces Thelonious played at his Philharmonic Hall debut last winter (TIME cover, Feb. 28). The band arrangements by Composer Hall Overton add more than variety; they provide a new and striking dimension for Monk's high-styled melodies. Monk and his men—particularly Phil Woods on alto sax and Charlie Rouse on tenor—rose to the challenge of the big

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No one else in the business is that fussy.

But of course we're not goofless. And if you catch us at it, we wouldn't blame you for shopping around.

Let us know if you do.

Be blunt.

Sure, we'll cry a little. Then we'll try even harder.

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WHAT'S NEW AT PITTSBURGH STEEL

An \$18-Million Basic Oxygen Furnace Plant

... is the trump ace in Pittsburgh Steel Company's determined drive to reduce steelmaking costs, improve profit performance and hustle-up more steel sales.

Representing the biggest, most dramatic project and the largest investment of Pittsburgh Steel's "Program For Profits," the big new Basic Oxygen Furnace Plant at Monessen (Pa.) Works was put "on stream" at 10:31 p.m., March 6.

It was a tense, cliff-hanging moment when, for the first time, the giant oxygen lance—howling like a jet engine—slid down into the furnace and blasted the charge of molten iron, scrap steel and limestone with a torrent of oxygen.

A brilliant white flash and a shower of hot, sparkling "snow" from the mouth of the pear-shaped vessel signalled ignition of the first "heat" as the tornado of purifying oxygen churned into and through the hot metal. (Shown at left.)

Quickly the temperature at the heart of the vessel jumped to 3,500 degrees F. Just 48 minutes later the 150-ton "heat" was tapped. The speed of the process—eight times faster than our open-hearth furnaces—is not the only advantage.

Equally important is the high quality of basic oxygen steel. Heat after heat is consistently clean and free from undesirable elements. This stems from the precise

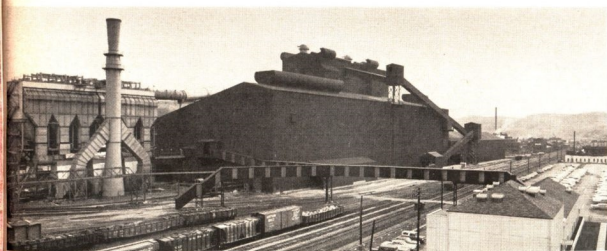
control of raw materials, additives, purifying agents, temperature and split-second timing of each heat.

Tapping this first heat of steel marked the culmination of 16 months of construction of the 14-story plant. Its \$18-million cost represents an investment in the most modern, most efficient steelmaking process yet advanced.

Here are more trump cards Pittsburgh Steel has yet to play:

- Two additional rolling stands and automatic thickness control on the Hot Sheet Mill to produce larger, heavier, more precise sheet steel coils.
- New cold-rolled strip annealing facilities at the Thomas Strip Division to produce superior quality strip steel and pre-finished strip specialties.
- A \$3.5-million, 500,000 ton iron ore sintering plant, scheduled for start-up early in 1965.
- An annual supply of 500,000 tons of pelletized ore beginning in 1965, from the Company's share in Canada's huge Wabush project.

All this will reduce manufacturing costs and will help Pittsburgh Steel develop new products, expand existing markets, penetrate new ones, build profits for shareholders and security for employees.



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The nicest solution we can think of is for you to fly AIR-INDIA next time you go to London. Revel in

being treated like a potentate by our sari-clad hostesses. Arrive feeling like a maharajah after a silken-smooth flight in our Boeing 707 Jets.

Then you can tell your lesser-informed friends that while our service, atmosphere and hospitality are entrancingly Indian, our destinations aren't necessarily so.

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audience and played to make memories. The recording catches the excitement.

ART FARMER QUARTET: INTERACTION (Atlantic). *Flügelhorn*, anyone? Ex-trumpeter Farmer is using the soft, sweet monster in his new quartet, and to further melt the sound, he has replaced the piano with a guitar (played by Jim Hall). The melodic lines in *Embraceable*. You are several yards long and barely kept aloft by a faint little beat. An album for those who take their jazz with plenty of cream and sugar.

BENNY GOODMAN QUARTET: TOGETHER AGAIN (RCA Victor). A lot has happened both in and out of jazz since the salad days of Goodman, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton and Teddy Wilson. But here they are, sounding much the same 25 years later. Goodman fans will treasure new versions of *Runnin' Wild*, *Somebody Loves Me*, *I Got It Bad* and *That Ain't Good*. But something is missing—a sense of discovery. Perhaps the trouble is that the pieces sound light and facile, like the right thing said once too often.

JUNIOR MANCE: GET READY, SET, JUMP!!! (Capitol). Julian Clifford Mance Jr. spends little time brooding at the piano. He prefers to swing along triumphantly with Drummer Shelly Manne and a small army of trumpets and trombones full of moxie right behind him. *September Song* does not respond to their ebullient treatment, but *Running Upstairs* and *Jubilation* rightly sizzle.

CINEMA

THE ORGANIZER stars Marcello Mastroianni, forcefully demonstrating his remarkable versatility as a Socialist Savonarola who leads Turin textile workers in a strike that fails.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. Houris and hired assassins play it mostly for laughs when Sean Connery arrives in Istanbul as Ian Fleming's Bond bombshell, Secret Agent 007.

THE GRAND OLYMPICS. A classic sports-tacular, this Italian-made color documentary dazzlingly synthesizes the glory that was Rome's during the summer Olympiad of 1960.

THE NIGHT WATCH. This tough, perceptive French thriller follows five jailbirds along an underground escape route and unearths a bitter tale of honor among dishonest men.

BECKET. Richard Burton is England's 12th century Archbishop of Canterbury, Peter O'Toole is King Henry II—and both bring grandeur to a stunning, cerebral film spectacle based on the drama by Jean Anouilh.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT. Teen-Agers Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth racket about Manhattan as a pair of metro-gnomes in hilarious pursuit of Peter Sellers, a playboy pianist with a yen for footloose matrons.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. In three yeasty folk tales directed by Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren is a whole Italian street scene rolled into one woman. Marcello Mastroianni is head of the block.

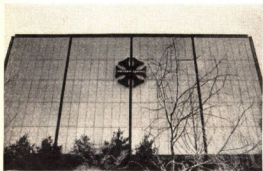
BOOKS

Best Reading

GAUGUIN, by Henri Perruchot. More than any other painter in history, Gauguin's life has been documented, dissected and glamorized, and yet this book is still a substantial contribution to the body of work about him. Perruchot's achievement is his understanding of Gauguin's drives




This is the symbol of better living.



It identifies the building at the World's Fair that's completely dedicated to women—the Better Living Center. Some 35,000,000 women will visit the Center to discover new ideas in things that matter most. About the home. The family. The world. And, of course, fashion.



 Naturally, Ship'n Shore is at the Center with a lively exhibit of blouses. For almost five decades, Ship'n Shore's label has been the symbol of better living for millions of women. Their ideas for tomorrow, and the day after, are in the same advanced tradition. Visit Ship'n Shore in the Crystal Palace of the Better Living Center. It's the fashionable thing to do.

Ship'n Shore
blouses

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Manpower® White Glove Girls have had special training in adapting quickly, applying skills more efficiently, facing emergencies, blending perfectly with your permanent staff.

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and motives, set down without sentimentality or bravura.

WAITING FOR THE END, by Leslie Fiedler. In one of the most infuriatingly quotable books of the year, the angry professor finds signs of the apocalypse in homosexuality, pseudo-Zen, youth cults, U.S. Presidents, and most of all in current fiction. The only glimmer of hope Fiedler can find is the excellent state of U.S. poetry; he might have added criticism, of which he is one of the brightest younger lights.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE, by David Staction. A light, worldly novel that tells of old friendship and young love on the Riviera, as it might have been told by Bemelmans with added monologues by Oscar Wilde.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. Looking back 30 years later at Paris and himself on the threshold of fame, Hemingway re-explored—and perhaps reinvented—his friendships with established writers (Pound, Stein, Ford, Joyce), particularly his ambiguous relation to the already successful young Scott Fitzgerald.

PEDRO MARTINEZ, by Oscar Lewis. Anthropologist Lewis follows his brilliant tape-recorded pastiche, *The Children of Sanchez*, with the story of an old Mexican peasant whose passion and native eloquence were spent on aborted uprisings and hopeless land-reform politics.

THE SPIRE, by William Golding. In this medieval parable a saintly, obsessed canon orders a huge stone spire to be built atop his fragile cathedral, only to realize at last that his monument was not to God's glory.

KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE, by Shirley Ann Grau. Though miscegenation is the theme of this deceptively artless novel, it has no pejorative connotations for a large Louisiana clan until the heroine's racist husband makes a violent entry into politics.

EPISODE—REPORT ON THE ACCIDENT INSIDE MY SKULL, by Eric Hodgins. The author of *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* tells what it was like to rebuild his life after a "cerebrovascular accident" (in layman's terms, a stroke) left him paralyzed four years ago. Hodgins wrote this book with ballpoint pens (he can no longer use a typewriter), but it has Mr. Blandings' old wit and wordcraft.

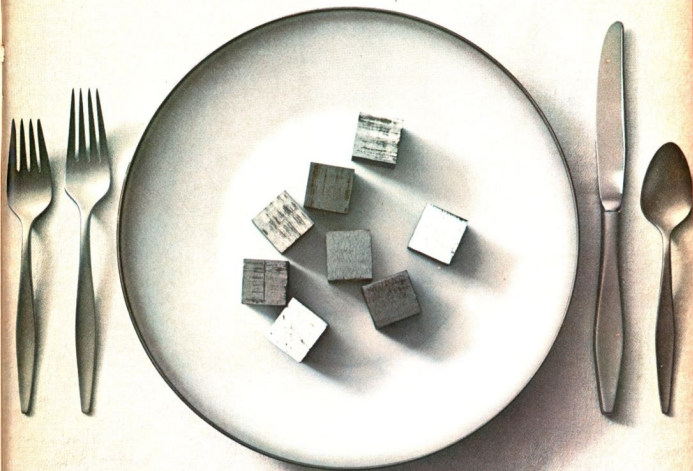
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. *The Group*, McCarthy (2)
3. *Convention*, Knebel and Bailey (3)
4. *Von Ryan's Express*, Westheimer (8)
5. *The Wapshot Scandal*, Cheever (6)
6. *The Night in Lisbon*, Remarque (4)
7. *The Deputy*, Hochhuth (5)
8. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (9)
9. *The Martyred*, Kim (7)
10. *The Spire*, Golding

NONFICTION

1. *Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage* (1)
2. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop (2)
3. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (3)
4. *The Naked Society*, Packard (4)
5. *The Green Felt Jungle*, Reid and Demaris (7)
6. *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway
7. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (5)
8. *My Years with General Motors*, Sloan (6)
9. *When the Cheering Stopped*, Smith (8)
10. *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*, Lasky (10)



amazing new weight reducers

McLouth Formulas ML-50, ML-60, ML-70, MLF, MLX-45, MLX-50, MLX-55 and MLX-60.

Eight common blocks of very uncommon steel. Each combines higher strength with lower weight; each has a unique personality. Some love the weather that ruins ordinary steels. Others yield more muscle at exceptionally low cost. One was born just to take hard knocks without showing them. Think of it. Eight ways to improve products of steel—and they're just waiting for the right design engineers to come along.

McLOUTH STEEL CORPORATION—DETROIT, TRENTON AND GIBALTAR, MICHIGAN





She's got two more cases of Schweppes Bitter Lemon stashed away in the trunk.

Is it cricket to hoard new Schweppes Bitter Lemon?

(No—but it's smart. Last year Schweppes almost ran out of the stuff.)



COMMANDER
WHITEHEAD

YOU are looking at a practical girl. Last year, during the Bitter Lemon drought, even Commander Whitehead could spare her only a six-pack.

This year, she isn't taking chances. As you can see above, she's hoarding cases of Schweppes Bitter Lemon.

NYR4

Bitter Lemon is the newest triumph of the House of Schweppes. It was an immediate sensation in England. In America, connoisseurs are drinking it as if there were no tomorrow.

Schweppes Bitter Lemon is a great mixer. You'll get a remarkably good drink when you mix it with gin, vodka, bourbon, rum—you name it.

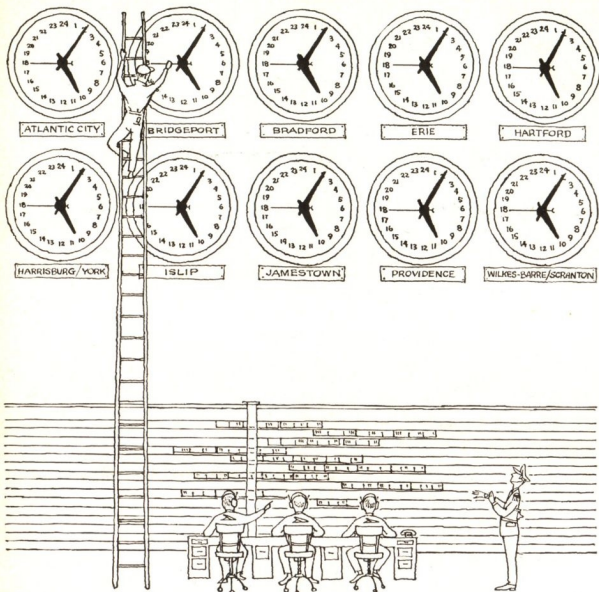
Schweppes Bitter Lemon is also

the first adult soft drink. It has a tart, lemony taste. So sophisticated that it's the only soft drink children *don't* like. All the more for you.

The extraordinary demand for Schweppes Bitter Lemon goes on and on. So rush to your store now!

Caution: To get the real thing—make sure the label on every bottle reads "Schweppes Bitter Lemon."





Call us clockwatchers

We're the first to admit it. Allegheny captains, crews, and flight dispatchers watch the clock . . . to keep our departures and arrivals punctual. Allegheny schedule-makers watch the clock . . . to set up service at the very best times for commuters. Look at our convenient schedules to Pennsylvania and New England, from Newark Airport and from MacArthur Airport in central L.I. Look at our reliability record: In the past year, on our whole system, 90.1% of all Allegheny flights originated on time. Some airlines brag about it more . . . but they don't do it better.

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UPTOWN

JOHN HELIKER—Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave. at 80th. In *Interior*, Heliker lays color on color as if cleaning up his palette, elicits a surprisingly subtle suggestion of a chair. In *Rocks and Trees, Maine*, the Columbia University painting prof stacks up icy whites and blues like cubes, captures the cold beauty of the rocky coast. In *Still Life with Bowl of Fruit*, dusty rose and orange tumble from his brush to make one of the most pleasing works in the show. Also some fine drawings. Through May 23.

LEONARD BASKIN—Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave. at 78th. More of his men, birds and birdmen, but if Baskin's themes remain unchanged, his treatment is always fresh. Few artists break up space so imaginatively, or trap the animal lurking in humans with more cunning. Some of the 22 drawings are eight feet high. At AFI, 1067 Madison Ave. at 80th: four illustrations for the Yiddish edition of *The Old Man and the Sea*. Both through May 29.

THE EDUCATED EYE—Perls, 1016 Madison Ave. at 78th. Paintings and sculptures from the private collections of alumni and parents of the Dalton School, lent to benefit the alma mater. They include Cézanne's *Under the Trees*, Klee's *Landscape with Signs*, Picasso's witty *Nude and Woman Washing her Feet*, Hofmann's *The Conjuror* (a painter mid his pos.), Calder's 1963 mobile, *Yellow Flower*. Through May 23.

OLD MASTERS—Silberman, 1014 Madison Ave. at 78th. Another benefit, this time for the Rudolf Steiner School, shows some of the little-known but distinctive pieces owned by the Washington County Museum of Fine Arts in Hagerstown, Md. Paintings by Old Masters Pellegrini and Veronese and works attributed to Caravaggio, Titian, Campagnola and Rembrandt are on loan. Through May 27.

BORIS MARGO—World House, 987 Madison Ave. at 77th. In *Memorial*, one of Margo's "sculptured canvases," is a tall (eight-foot) tribute to President Kennedy. On canvas stretched over wood, the artist traced an elaborate calligraphy with sand. At first it seems to be Sanskrit, but on study English words emerge. Other pieces, of varying shape and material, employ other languages. Through June 6.

ROBERT INDIANA—Stable, 33 East 74th. Like the young visionary Hart Crane, who saw the Brooklyn Bridge from his window 40 years ago and hymned it in verse, Robert Indiana, painter of the American Dream, sees the bridge every day from his studio. In homage to the poet he committed it to canvas in a four-faceted diamond filled with silver, singing girders. It is part of Indiana's American-dream theme, as are his *Mother and Father Diptych* showing his parents stepping into a Model T and his word columns—salvaged sailing-ship masts covered with typical Indiana "dream" words *Eat, Hug, Love, Err, Die*. Through May 30.

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Nordness, 831 Madison Ave. at 69th. As a painter, Prestopino carries no excess baggage: he carves clean chunks of landscape from pastry-rich impasto, props blunt black boulders and fallen trees around like sentries, guides the eye to figures of feverish hue—orange, red, pink, green—wading in

There are
really
two
kinds of
daiquiris:



hers



his

MYERS RUM MAKES THE MAN'S DRINK! A "dainty" daiquiri is fine for the distaff side . . . but Myers does things in a masculine way. It's a Jamaica rum, spirited, golden and robust. Adds great character and flavor—a man's kind of flavor—to almost any drink. This Golden Daiquiri on-the-rocks is a superb example: 2 oz. lime juice, 1 oz. Myers Rum, tsp. sugar, dash of bitters. Shake with ice or use blender. Strain into glass . . . enjoy! You'll relish Myers' full-bodied flavor.

97 PROOF.



P.S. FOR THE HOSTESS. Myers adds flavor magic to foods, too. For a gala dessert, try *Rum Cherries Jubilee*: drain 1 lb. can of Bing Cherries. Save $\frac{1}{4}$ cup syrup; combine with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Myers Rum, 1 tsp. Leroux Curaçao. Marinate cherries 3 hrs. Make 1 tsp. cornstarch paste using syrup; add to fruit. Boil, simmer 1 min. Lower rum-filled ladle into hot syrup. Ignite. Let flame die; serve over vanilla ice cream. What a treat!

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM • 97 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

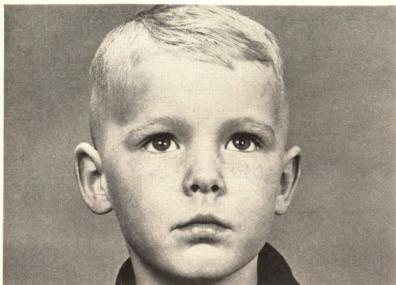




Now husbands can find what their wives sent them for

It's three times as easy to find what you're looking for in this new frozen-food sales case from Clark Equipment. That's because there are *three* frozen-food display levels, all efficiently cooled, all easy to reach, instead of the single level you've been accustomed to. Clark's Tyler Refrigeration Division helps supermarket operators sell more by showing more. Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan.

The same **CLARK[®]
EQUIPMENT** that builds lift trucks, construction machinery, transmissions and axles, and truck-trailers.



When he graduates from college...



This ELJER lavatory will still be keeping first graders clean

Twenty years or more isn't an unusual life span for Eljer fixtures like the "Delwyn" vitreous china lavatory with Eljer Lifetime Brass fittings. Behind such longevity are quality materials and craftsmanship. Eljer also carefully makes fixtures from sturdy cast iron and formed steel; gives each a gleaming finish that resists acids. Whatever the material, they're good looking, too, styled to stay in fashion year after year. When you want long-lived, low-maintenance fixtures and fittings for your schools, specify Eljer. For more information, write The Murray Corporation of America, Eljer Plumbingware Division, Dept. TM, P.O. Box 836, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230

NY13

ELJER
SINCE 1904 FINE PLUMBING FIXTURES

lily ponds and squatting in lakes. Recent oils. Through May 30.

MARGO HOFF—Banfer, 23 East 67th. She composes her collage paintings by layering tissue and rice paper on oil and canvas, adds effects with pencil, pastel, ink or charcoal. Her colors glow, but the works come to life when the artist introduces scraps of paper such as wedding confetti, wine labels and ticket stubs. Also on view are eight little wooden boxes. Through May 23.

MIDTOWN

PETER LANYON—Viviano, 42 East 57th. "If you go to St. Ives you will notice the blue," says Lanyon of his English birthplace and home, and if you go to see his paintings you will too. Lanyon likes to float low in his glider, a vantage point that wins him curious perspectives: *Lake* looks like a rubber life raft filled with water, *North East* seems to offer a view right through a terrace table, and *Spring Coast* is a maze of curves and curlicues in phosphorescent green and fresh red. Through May 23.

CONSAGRA AND FRIENDS—Odyssey, 41 East 57th. Five contemporary Italians wear the mantle of their rich sculptural heritage with distinction. Pietro Consagra, winner of the 1960 Venice Biennale's International Sculpture Award, carves "colloquies" in slabs of stainless steel and wood. Alberto Viani smoothes sweeping surfaces to an Arp-like elegance. Quinto Ghermandi coaxes bronze until it is as fragile as a leaf. Francesco Somaini, Best Foreign Sculptor in São Paulo's 1959 Biennial, makes magnificent metal meteorites both rugged and grand. Leoncillo bakes *grés* (a clay mixture) until his solder-colored shapes look as if they sprang from lava. Through June 6.

PAUL REYBEROLLE—Marlborough-Gerson, 41 East 57th. The U.S. gets its first good look at a French painter who serves up frogs, couples and countrysides. As if performing a fertility rite in the paint itself, Reyberolle stirs around a mess of goopy green to convey the spume and spawn of swamp life and, with a calculated confusion of limbs, portrays lovers tumbling in a field, successfully suggests the mystery and fecundity of nature. Thirty oils. Through June 9.

JAMES METCALF—Loeb, 12 East 57th. The polished brass sculptures of an American in Paris all have secrets, none of which will be told here, for the fun of walking around Metcalf's pieces is the surprise of revelation. In his second one-man show in New York he proves to be a sculptor with an extraordinary imagination, honed, perhaps, by considerable contact with the surrealists. Through June 13.

GEORGE TOOKER—Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave. at 54th. His egg temperas send a warm glow across the room. The viewer enters and meets death peeping over a fresh young maiden's shoulder. From then on he is surrounded by staring figures whose eyes are gutted candles, whose moonfaces are masks—fugitives from feeling and separated by silence. Through May 23.

AMERICAN PRINTS IN RUSSIA—Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave. at 49th. The U.S. Information Agency's graphic arts exhibition so wowed the Russians (1,600,000 saw it in seven months) that 23 prints were added when it reached Moscow. Those prints are on

TIME, MAY 22, 1964



PHOTOGRAPHED AT LUSS, SCOTLAND. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 66 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N. Y. C.

The barley, the peat, the barrels, the water, the geese and the "nose" that make Ballantine's the true and good-tasting Scotch.

A true and good-tasting Scotch Whisky like Ballantine's doesn't just happen.

It takes many special ingredients, methods and skills to produce it. Above are a few unique to Ballantine's.

The barley comes from special high-yield seeds supplied by Ballantine's to Scottish farmers.

The peat which is burned to dry the malted-barley lends flavor and character to the spirits.

The aging barrels are oak, charred inside to help soothe the whisky during its lengthy slumbering period.

The water used in making Ballantine's is extra soft, salt-free and iron-free.

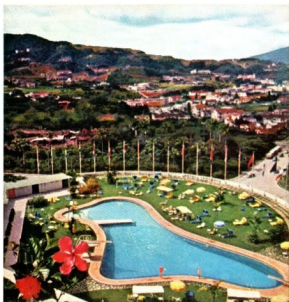
The geese are a proud gaggle of guards, employed at our aging sheds for their ability to honk a warning at the approach of intruders.

The "nose" is Ronnie Colville, a master-blender of rare talents. With a sniff of his sensitive nose, he can tell if our final product is up to snuff.

These elements all go toward making Ballantine's never heavy, never too light—always the true and good-tasting Scotch. Remarkably smooth, sip after sip, drink after drink. Try it. Soon.

Never heavy. Never too light. Always the true and good-tasting Scotch.





Places to stay: in Caracas, it's the Hotel Tamanaco.



Things to see: Casa Rosada, for instance, in Buenos Aires.



Things to do: go for the big ones on the Chilean lakes.



Discoveries to make: Brasilia, the world's newest city.

You haven't seen anything till you've seen South America!



Both coasts for the price of one! Go one way, return the other on Pan Am - Panagra.

Both coasts for the price of one. Take the East Coast first, or the West. Rio is the place to be at Carnival time (or any other time). Buenos Aires will remind you of Paris—except France has no pampas. Montevideo will shrug if you mention the Riviera. It has Punta del Este just next door. Chile has mountains to schuss in the north. In the south, it has Viña del Mar. Peru has the Inca world of Cuzco and Machu Picchu and the old Spanish world of Lima. Put them all on your must-see list—with a 'Round South America ticket. As little as \$630 from New York, \$578 from Miami, \$766 from Los Angeles. *On the only airline system that flies clear 'round the continent.*



display here. Some of the artists: Warrington Colescott, Dean Meeker, Harold Altman, Mel Silverman. Through June 5.

HAITIAN PRIMITIVES—Art D'Haiti, 49 Grove St. near Sheridan Square. The small gallery is crowded with landscapes and figures in dark-bright colors and voluptuous lines that depict the rituals of Haitian life and evoke the mystery, romance and anguish of the enchanting little Creole country. Thirty works by 27 of Haiti's leading primitive painters, including Philomé and Sèneque Obin, André Pierre, Pauléus Vital, Hector Hyppolite. Through May 29.

MUSEUMS & SCHOOLS

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY—Gould Student Center, University Ave. at 181st. What makes the long haul up to The Bronx worthwhile is the New York debut of a young and promising painter who infuses her abstractions with vitality. Tamara Thompson, 29, has structural poise and color sensitivity, sturdy values that serve many moods. *October Painting* summons the warm chill of a fall day. *American Eagle* is a glossy salute in red, white, blue and—lavender. Works in oil, gouache, Liquitex. Through May 31.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY—Low Memorial Library, Broadway at 116th. A collection of Chinese art objects—ceramics, bronzes, jades and sculptures—is dominated by a half-ton Buddha head in stone, described by Art History Professor Jane G. Mahler as "one of the most important pieces ever to come out of China." Through June 2.

JEWISH—Fifth Ave. at 92nd. Fifty of Arshile Gorky's drawings span his career. Through June 30. An archaeological exhibition of 200 sculptures and artifacts goes back to the sixth millennium B.C. Through Sept. 6.

GUGGENHEIM—Fifth Ave. at 89th. Frank Lloyd Wright's curvilinear museum makes a fitting setting for the "endlessness" of Architect-Sculptor Frederick Kiesler, who turns a room into a work of art, links painted and sculpted units to form a labyrinth of surprises. In the main gallery is the 120-work Van Gogh collection lent by the painter's nephew. Both exhibitions through June 28.

METROPOLITAN—Fifth Ave. at 82nd. Something for everyone: Rembrandt's paintings and prints; Raphael's long-lost drawing of *Madonna and Child* with the *Infant Saint John the Baptist*; Wedgwood's revolutionary creamware; English jugs transfer-printed with American heroes and history; the architectural fantasies of previous world's fairs; Dutch, Flemish and French paintings.

FRICK COLLECTION—Fifth Ave. at 70th. William Blake, faithful to his own visions, could also be true to another's. In 28 watercolors illustrating *Pilgrim's Progress*, he yielded to the imagination of the writer, drew Bunyan's familiar figures more literally than was his wont, but also less lyrically. Also a drawing done for Milton's *Paradise Regained*. Through May 24.

GALLERY OF MODERN ART—Columbus Circle at 59th. Upstaging each other: Russian-born Painter Pavel Tchelitchew (through May 24), Pre-Raphaelites, and Sculptor Antoine Bourdelle (50 works). Through May 31.

BROOKLYN—Eastern Parkway. A major exhibition of Joseph Mallord William Turner's watercolors lent by the British Museum. Through May 31.

Quick nine?



A message directed to executives of businesses that are going.

We could playfully suggest a quick nine at noon, heave a pleasant sigh about sailing and fresh air, reel on about trout streams, get smug over the nation's dwindling wilderness, give real meaning to the hackneyed term "livability" and perhaps appear to duck what is most important — the dollar and sense question "Is Maine the most profitable place for your next new plant?"

Naturally, we'd like to think so, but we don't duck. An impartial answer can only come from specific questions only you can ask. To answer you fully and factually will likely mean some hard work for

us. But we are used to it. Maine wouldn't be industrial if its people weren't industrious.

Linger over that last sentence a moment. It says something quite important — to both of us.

Your questions will receive immediate attention and will be handled in confidence.

Standish K. Bachman, Commissioner
Maine Dept. of Economic Development
Room 211T, State House, Augusta, Maine

Industrial Maine, New England's big stake in the future



We grew up with America's fifth richest market

Forty years ago we read them the funnies. Then brought them Al Smith campaigning for the presidency, Amos 'n' Andy and the first Detroit Symphony broadcasts. And, later, Joe Louis' climb to a throne and Edward VIII's abdication of one.

We brought them the Hindenburg disaster, Munich and Pearl Harbor, too—and Myrt & Marge, Benny and Hope and the beloved Edgar A. Guest. And, more recently, Arthur Godfrey and Leonard Bernstein, the New York Philharmonic and Peabody-winner Karl Haas.

Yes, we grew up with America's fifth richest market. Or

along with it, really. From riding along in the very first cars with radios in them to going to the beach via transistor sets. And from 500 watts (which just about got us to the city limits in the twenties) to the 50,000 that take us throughout the Great Lakes region today.

Along the way, we developed the kind of radio that reflected the fifth market's developing interests. As well as the kind of programming that showcases the sponsor's message along with the stars.

What happens next? Tune in your Henry I. Christal man. He represents us.

WJR
1050 W. 16
50,000 WATTS
DETROIT



This is retirement?

Who says retirement is an ending? At Leisure Village, your retirement is only the beginning of a new adventure in living. Within the 430 wooded acres that Leisure Village occupies you will find every convenience, every facility to help you make the most of your freedom years.

Right on the grounds surrounding this complete community of garden patio apartments, you can pursue any pleasure you desire, with congenial neighbors and friends whose interests are the same as yours. For your exclusive use are a swimming pool, a private lake, a pitch-and-putt golf course, a wealth of recreation activities, a community

hall, a movie theatre, an arts and crafts center, and your own area for gardening.

The hub of all your activities is the beautiful apartment you own. And what apartments they are! Each is custom designed with all the comforts, all the beauty, all the advantages of a private home—and none of the headaches. Each was carefully constructed with the best name-brand materials. Here you'll find only top brands such as Mayfair aluminum windows with self-storing screens and storm windows.

If all this surprises you, wait until you learn the prices and complete monthly costs. Leisure Village apart-

ments are priced for freedom-years budgets.

**GARDEN PATIO APARTMENTS FROM \$12,500
AS LOW AS \$2,500 DOWN
ONLY \$166.65 A MONTH**

which includes everything: Mortgage principal and interest, recreational facilities, interior and exterior maintenance, intra-community transportation, a medical plan, electricity, heat, air conditioning, taxes, water and sewage.

Get the full story on this newest way of retirement life. Visit Leisure Village this weekend.



Choose your Leisure Village apartment from a variety of four different floor plans, either one or two bedrooms, one or two baths. Each apartment has its own garage or carport containing a huge storage area, and is surrounded by spacious landscaped lawns and greenery.



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Leisure Village

T. M. Reg.

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(Featured) #8503, Black Cordovino tassel-moc slip-on with handsewn front seam. (L) #840, Mulberry Llama calf slip-on with low-sweep, handsewn front seam. Also #871 in Black. (R) #8808, brown soft-grain calf with handsewn Matador front piece and handsewn front seam. Also #8867 in Black. Most Bostonian styles \$19.95 to \$38.95. Authentic Moccasins from \$12.95. Also makers of Mansfields, Bostonian-Students and Lady Bostonian Genuine Moccasins. Write for name of your nearest Bostonian Dealer, Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.



This Bostonian "Sewing Machine" gives Flex-O-Mocs that lasting hand-sewn fit.

A needle, tough Dacron thread, a ball of wax (to ease the needle through), an awl (to punch the holes) and —most important—a craftsman's hand. That's how Bostonian creates the hand-sewn comfort of Bostonian Flex-O-Mocs. One by one, the Bostonian craftsman meticulously sews five (often six or even seven) "lock" stitches—and they stay locked for the life of the shoe. When you slip into a pair of Flex-O-Mocs, you'll feel our craftsman had only your feet in mind. At your Bostonian dealer's.



BOSTONIAN *Flex-O-Mocs*

Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand.

LETTERS

"The Man Who..."

Sir: The Republican hope lies in Goldwater as a candidate offering something other than an echo. Many misguided Lodge supporters should recall his lackadaisical performance in 1960, when, with just a little more effort, the Republican ticket would have been elected.

LEO TOCH

Flushing, N.Y.

Sir: The delegates to the Republican Convention would do well to remember that those of us writing the name of Henry Cabot Lodge on primary ballots are the same people who will be asked to vote for a Republican President in November.

MRS. E. F. STOCKMANN

Malvern, Pa.

Sir: While Mr. Goldwater has been pleading for a prehistoric party platform, while Mr. Rockefeller has been playing partisan politics, while Mr. Nixon has been pushing Pepsi-Cola, and while Mr. Scranton has been patiently standing pat in Pennsylvania, Lodge has been busy doing the job that must be done. He has been practicing Americanism in Saigon while others have been content merely to preach it in the suburbs.

JOHN R. ROBERTS JR.

Washington, D.C.

Sir: The Republican Party delegates may well indulge themselves by nominating Goldwater. However, may they be forewarned that in November, when the G.O.P. goes down to defeat with 25% or less of the popular vote, history will note the ironic course of a political party, identified initially with the abolition of slavery, disappearing because a current leader denies the importance of national civil rights legislation.

HENRY K. MAGENDANTZ, M.D.

Cleveland

Sir: You have stated that the Republican mock convention held at Brooklyn College nominated Barry Goldwater. As a delegate to the convention I would like to inform you that, though Senator Goldwater led in the first-ballot strength, Ambassador Lodge clinched the nomination on the second ballot.

JEFFREY DOUGLAS FRIEDLANDER

Executive Secretary

Young Republican Club of Hunter College
New York City

Rally, Don't Dally

Sir: The time has come (the Walrus said) for TIME to realize that there are other schools in Massachusetts besides the prestige schools. In your People Section [May 15], you stated that Harvard was the first to riot. We regret to inform you that you have been misled. There was a riot staged a week before the Sycamore outbreak. This was called by some the worst riot that the state of Massachusetts has ever witnessed. The boys from Babylon rallied; Harvard dalled.

SUSAN AUER

CONSTANCE HESS

PATRICIA PROUTY

Pine Manor Junior College
Wellesley, Mass.

Tax-Free Religion

Sir: I find myself in complete agreement with Atheist Madalyn Murray [May 15].

Organized religion is probably the greatest con game ever perpetrated upon the human race. Churches and synagogues will some day be regarded as monuments to the ignorance and fears of those who attended.

JOHN J. SODOSKY

Woburn, Mass.

Sir: America is God's country. If Mrs. Murray doesn't like it, why doesn't she get the hell out of it? But who would have her? Only a God-loving country like ours that gives her kind of people liberty.

DONNA PANGRLE

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Sir: Although it is obviously not her intention, Mrs. Murray has already done more for the cause of God, the Christian church, and religion in America than the combined efforts of all churchmen since she declared war on religion.

Religion is often served best by those who imagine themselves to be in opposition to God when in reality they are being used by the very God they reject as instruments of purification and restoration.

(THE REV.) DON CREAGER

Trinity Reformed Church
Mercersburg, Pa.

Sir: The courageous and valiant attorney in your picture with the Murray family is Leonard Kerpelman of Baltimore. He is an orthodox and conservative member of the Jewish community who is devoted to the concept of separation of church and state—as any American should be.

MADALYN MURRAY

Baltimore

The Governor's General

Sir: May I join you in your tribute to an outstanding soldier and great American, Lieut. General William C. Westmoreland [May 8]. Having served for more than two years as "Westy's" executive officer with the 34th Field Artillery, 9th Infantry Division, both at Fort Bragg and in North Africa and Sicily, I can testify to the fact that he is a leader who brings to our Viet Nam campaign soldiering that inspires the men who serve with him, and a wisdom in war which in my opinion is unsurpassed. In World War II, his officers and men called him "Superman." It was a title that he earned by his deeds and capacity for deeds.

OTTO KERNER

Governor of Illinois

Springfield

Samaritan Shortage

Sir: Your analysis of the situations involving Kitty Genovese and Olga Romero [May 15] may be quite accurate—that we have lost the sense of community (and all that this implies in terms of courtesy, thoughtfulness and responsibility) in the bigness and bureaucracy of big-city life. But I can't help wondering if the missing ingredient in both cases was leadership. Certainly, in the rape case, if only one leader-type had been present in the crowd that gathered, he or she should have been able to galvanize some of the bystanders into action.

ANNE M. FALLON

New York City

Sir: Where in the hell are the good Samaritans who are supposed to inhabit our good land? Our people seem to have adopted an Oriental attitude when it comes to aiding their fellow man. This viewpoint is well known to men who served in the Orient and watched victims of accidents dying in the streets because an assister could become financially involved. It is time for the whole American public to get indignant about the criminal element that even invades our homes. Otherwise, we will end as a country without guts or Samaritans.

JACK A. MILLER

Cherry Point, N.C.

Fraülein Furor

Sir: Last summer I was fortunate enough to be in West Germany. I found myself constantly distracted by the *Fraüleinwunder* [May 8]. Since returning, I have been accused of "seeing things" or losing my perspective. Needless to say, I was glad to see your article.

JOHN MILLER

Gambier, Ohio

Sir: Let me call your attention to what Madame de Staël said of German women 150 years ago: "German women have a charm all their own—a touching voice, fair hair, a dazzling complexion. They seek to please by their sensibility and to interest by their imagination. They are not frank, yet neither are they false. Even when it occurs to them to be gay, they still maintain a tinge of that sentimentality that is so honored in their country."

MORRIE BERGER

Professor of Sociology

Princeton University

Princeton, N.J.

Sir: Your photos of half-dressed, obscene women merely demonstrate the compromise and downright degradation

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(Mrs.) LAURIE FLINT

Los Angeles

Sir: You do not seem to be aware of the fact that the days of the *Anschluss* ended with World War II, since you refer to Romy Schneider, Nadja Tiller, and Senta Berger as "talented Teutons." The three attractive movie stars were all born in Austria and still carry Austrian passports.

KURT HAMPE
Director

Austrian Information Service
New York City

Relevant Methodists

Sir: It is not often that the so-called "secular" press is able to capture the mood and condition of a church body with the accuracy and feeling with which your writer handled the story on the Methodists [May 8]. It is honest, penetrating, accurate, and will stand as a real challenge to us all.

(THE REV.) ROBERT QUICK

Waynesville Methodist Church
Waynesville, Ohio

Sir: From this side of the world, the Methodist compromise on the race issue in the U.S. sounds like "a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal." The ecclesiastical machine has been oiled for another four years, but the church has missed its chance to advance the Kingdom of God significantly.

GERALD H. ANDERSON

Union Theological Seminary
Manila, Philippines

Sir: The Methodist pastor who said, "Try and fill posts of leadership in any church with nondrinkers and still get capable people, you just can't do it," must be unaware of the leaders of the Mormon Church throughout the world!

WILLIS T. EICKE

San Mateo, Calif.

Sir: With fidelity, your splendid panorama of Methodism shows us as we are: a yeasty combination of progressive and conservative, crusader and compromiser, pietist and reformer, critical and complacent, ecumenist and sectarian, liturgist and free-wheeler, yet one in our desire to be relevant and redemptive.

ALBERT EDWARD DAY
Founder

The Disciplined Order of Christ
Falls Church, Va.

Sir: I love our church, and your article made me prouder than ever! You did a good job of explaining our flaws and weaknesses; and I would be willing to bet that every Methodist familiar with the inner workings of the church laughed his head off, just as I did, when he read, "It spends endless hours tinkering with its ecclesiastical machinery." How very true that is, and while it sometimes makes you want to give up Methodism, it is the very thing that makes us willing to strive for John Wesley's (and Jacobus Arminius') Christian perfection.

MRS. K. S. PETERSEN

Doraville, Ga.

Rooting for Scrappers

Sir: As a loyal Celtics roofer for the past 16 years, I resent your implication of "dirty" play as a method of Celtics play and a reason for their victory [May 8]. I remind you that pro basketball is not

a noncontact sport. The Celtics hustled and scrapped like true champions and refused to let down despite the fact that they were overwhelming favorites. The Celtics reign supreme again, as they are the best team in every respect.

MICHAEL L. ALTMAN

Framingham, Mass.

Ear for Sessions

Sir: Although "most audiences" may rarely seem eager to hear the works of Roger Sessions performed [May 8], the contrary was true in Aspen, Colo., last summer. Sessions, a composer-in-residence for the famed Aspen Music Festival, conducted his music in concert on several occasions and received a most enthusiastic reception. Perhaps your poignant article may supply some color to his "pallid acclaim" for future listeners.

CAROL ANN JACOBSON

Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies
Aspen, Colo.

Yo-Ho-Ho—Oops!

Sir: As a former passenger aboard Mike Burke's windjammer, the *Polynesia*, I was fascinated by your article about his cruises [May 15]. However, the Christmas cruise I took on board the *Polynesia* was more dramatic and stranger than fiction. It wasn't "a passenger who went berserk and jumped over the rail" but the captain of the accompanying ship, the *Cutty Sark*, who went overboard in the dead of night and was never heard from again! In the excitement, the engineer fell on a spear gun, which could not be extracted from his knee, so he was rushed in a helicopter to a hospital in Miami. After that, the 21-year-old first mate automatically became captain, and three of the crew promptly quit because of his Captain Bligh attitude.

MARY ANN MCGOWAN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Basic Issue

Sir: The battle in the Magnolia School District [May 8] was a basic issue as to whether the teachers (public servants) or the board of trustees (the elected representatives of the people) controlled the district. All other issues were really secondary. However, I stated that atheists and Unitarians filed a protest against the distribution of monthly patriotic messages that I sent home to the children. I did not, as you quote me, describe anyone as an "atheistic Unitarian." I did not intend to teach religion—I only attempted to show the effect of religion upon the contributions of our American heritage.

CHARLES WILSON

Superintendent
Magnolia School District
Anaheim, Calif.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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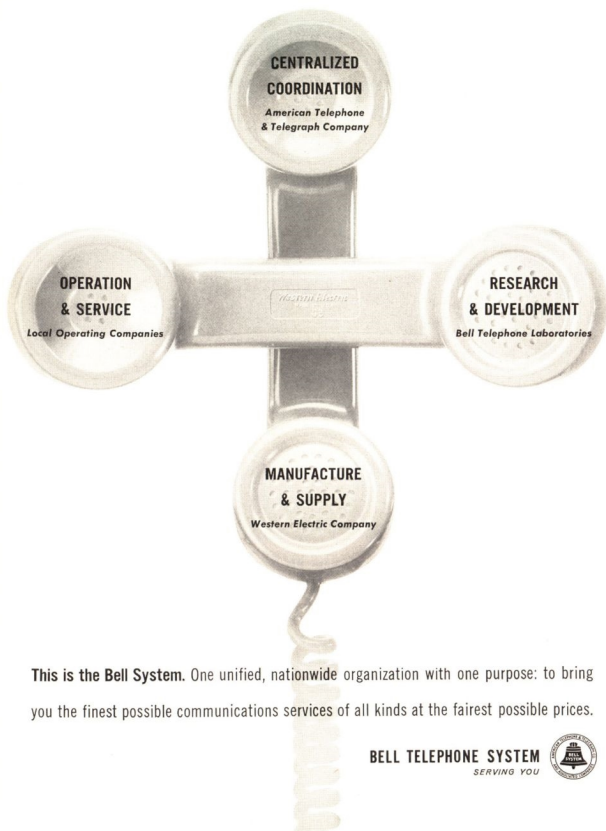
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 22, 1964

Vol. 83, No. 21

THE NATION

REPUBLICANS

Lessons from the Lone Ranger

(See Cover)

Battling Nelson did it! Battered, bloodied, beaten, taunted, hooted and laughed at during bitter, frustrating months, Republican Nelson Rockefeller never gave up, never stopped swinging. And last week he flattened five rivals in Oregon's presidential primary. The count: Rockefeller 92,142, Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. 77,334, Barry Goldwater 49,197, Richard Nixon 47,078, Margaret Chase Smith 8,142, William Scranton 4,456.

Rocky's smashing upset may not appreciably have changed his chances for this year's Republican nomination. By any reasonable rating, he would still stand behind Goldwater, Nixon, and perhaps Scranton.

But his Oregon triumph was far from meaningless. It gave him increased momentum in his desperate effort to overhaul his only opponent, Goldwater, in California's June 2 primary. It showed once again that if the Republicans nominate Goldwater they will be picking a proven poor vote getter. It all but kayoed Lodge. The big argument in Lodge's favor was that he was unbeatable with rank-and-file Republicans. Well, he wasn't, not by a long shot. Rockefeller's win also fractured the notion that Nixon can get the nomination simply by making a few phone calls.

The Reason Why. Less specifically, but perhaps more importantly, Rockefeller's victory infused drama and excitement into what had become a dull, dreary Republican race. It showed that there is still plenty of life in the Grand Old Party. To those Republicans who think there is no chance of beating Democrat Lyndon Johnson this year, Rocky demonstrated that "where there's life, there's hope" is more an axiom than a maxim. Above all, Rockefeller's Oregon win increased what has been called the "scattering" of strength in the Republican presidential picture. And in so doing, it greatly increased the possibility that the so-called Republican king-makers—the amalgam of corporation executives, party professionals and publishers—who have so far been mere spectators at ringside, may yet find it necessary to get in and referee the bout.

Oregon's outcome was obvious from the moment the first votes were counted. Just three minutes after the polls

closed, NBC-TV declared Rocky the winner. From there on, it was mostly a matter of pollsters and pundits trying to figure out how they had gone so wrong. One commentator, referring to the supposed political effects of Rocky's divorce and remarriage, lamely concluded that the results might be related to the fact that Oregon's divorce rate is among the highest in the nation.

But there was little excuse for such devious reasoning. For once, a political post-mortem could produce a clear, simple explanation. The reason Rocky

a series of speeches in the East and tending the shop in Harrisburg, still insisting that he will not become a presidential candidate except in answer to a sincere draft. But just in case anyone doubted that he had the stamina and agility it takes, he said he'd been taking the R.C.A.F. conditioning exercises, and demonstrated some high-level nip-ups for a photographer. At week's end he was off to New York with his family for a tour of the World's Fair.

Nixon was in New York, watching and waiting. In last week's Nebraska

ARTHUR DALEY



ROCKEFELLER CAMPAIGNING IN NEWPORT, ORE.
The warmth and determination came through.

won was that of the six contestants in Oregon he alone was *there*—working, fighting, pleading his case, and showing Oregon that he really cared about the state, its primary and its 18 delegates. And where were the other Republican runners?

Where They Were. Henry Cabot Lodge, the odds-on favorite in Oregon, was still in Saigon, presiding over U.S. efforts to win the war there, consulting with visiting Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and General Maxwell Taylor, taking time for a dip in the pool at the Saigon Sports Club, and staying as silent as any Buddhist idol about his political plans.

Pennsylvania's Scranton was making

primary, where Goldwater's name was the only one on the ballot. Nixon polled a tidy 31.4% write-in vote. Nixon boosters got a psychological lift out of that, but Goldwater drew 49.5% of the vote and five of the six state delegates elected. Later, Nixon called his campaign forces in Oregon to find out how things were going, then took off on a week-end vacation.

Goldwater had himself a bigger week—but it wasn't in Oregon. Barnum & Bailey had just closed out of Manhattan's Madison Square Garden when Barry moved in. A brass band blared away, multicolored balloons cascaded down from the rafters, and 100 "Goldwater Girls" pranced along the aisles, handing



PENNSYLVANIA'S SCRANTON EXERCISING IN HARRISBURG
Just in case anyone doubted he had it.

out literature to 18,000 partisans as they filed to their seats. When Barry appeared in the glare of spotlights, looking tanned and rested after a four-day golfing holiday in West Virginia, the roof went up. During his 45-minute speech, his fans interrupted him no fewer than 104 times to whistle, stomp and cheer. What Goldwater gave them was standard stuff, but he delivered it with more verve and polish than usual.

He warned that the Democratic Administration was hell-bent on turning the individual states into "50 pigeon-holes in a new Washington bureau," promised to work for a balanced budget instead of "digging us deeper into the red," poked fun at Defense Secretary McNamara's frequent inspection trips to South Viet Nam (five so far) by calling him "Yo-Yo McNamara." On civil rights, Goldwater compared the Democratic Administration to "a cheerleader for a frightful game of violence, destruction and disobedience," drew enthusiastic applause when he cried: "You can't pass a law that will make me like you or you like me. This is a problem of the heart and the mind, not the problem of the lawyer, the problem of the Senator, the Congressman or the President." All but unnoticed amid the cheering was the fact that Goldwater offered no solution at all to the U.S.'s civil rights dilemma and apparently had no substantive ideas on the subject.

Next night Goldwater appeared on a half-hour, nationwide taped television program. Seeking to project the image of a responsible, reasonable candidate, he repeated his oft-heard plea to Washington to "mind its own business while we, as individuals, get on with minding our jobs and our businesses." At week's end Barry flew off to California for a round of rallies, including a \$10-a-head "Cruise with Goldwater" to Catalina Island, 24 miles from Los Angeles.

Sounding the Theme. That left Rocky in Oregon, the only candidate to set foot inside the state since Goldwater scratched it from his list five weeks ago because he figured he couldn't win.

Thundering into the state for a final derisive week, Rocky in four days visited nine cities, made 24 speeches, whirled from airport receptions to luncheons to impromptu speeches on rain-swept sidewalks. Constantly Rocky improvised on his slogan: "The only man who cared enough to come to Oregon."

After grueling days of campaigning the week before, Rocky flew home to spend a fleeting weekend with Wife Happy, who is expecting their first child in a matter of days. But barely 37 hours later, he clambered back aboard his private F-27 prop jet, crawled wearily into an improvised bed as the plane swept westward. At 7:25 a.m. the Fairchild touched down at an airport near Portland. A rejuvenated Rocky emerged, smiling and waving to a crowd of 100 as a band tooted *The Sprinter and The Warrior*.

Minutes later Rocky was on the road, his infectious grin spreading from ear to ear. His big right hand, callused as a ditchdigger's from a million or more handshakes, reached here, there and everywhere to pump outstretched Oregonian paws. Rockefeller's big backslap and his hearty "What a thrill!" greeting may have worn out their appeal to some New Yorkers, but they were a fresh political commodity in Oregon.

Rocky took up his familiar stance, thumped away at the Johnson Administration, denounced Goldwater's views and the "radicals" who would follow him. And everywhere he reminded his listeners of the contenders who had stayed away. Speaking in front of the faded Masonic Lodge Building in Hillsboro, he took his cue from a microphone that suddenly squealed. "That," cracked Rocky with never a blink, "is more than we hear from the other candidates in this primary." Chatting with voters in a Volkswagen showroom in Beaverton, he said: "There are six of us in this race. Some are just more visible than others."

Mirage or Oasis? The approach helped win the support of a clutch of Oregon's daily newspapers. The power-

ful Portland Oregonian stayed steadfastly with Lodge. But the rival tabloid Portland Reporter editorialized: "Is Lodge superior to Rockefeller? That is a good question, but it can't be answered except by another question: Is a mirage superior to an oasis?"

At an Elks Club luncheon meeting in Beaverton, Rocky took out after the Administration, charging that President Johnson had violated the people's "right to know" by withholding information about the struggle in Viet Nam.* But he got his biggest cheers when he returned to deviling his absent rivals. Ticking off the issues from Cuba to civil rights, he cried, "I think the people of Oregon have a right to know where all of the six Republicans on the Oregon primary ballot stand on these vital issues. My objective in campaigning throughout this state has been to bring these issues before the people of Oregon. I shall continue to do so right up to the eve of this Friday's primary election."

Rocky was striking pay dirt, knew it and mined it assiduously. It was at the Raleigh Hills shopping center in Beaverton, as beaming young matrons pushed their perambulators over to listen, that Rocky lumped it all into a catch phrase that stuck, labeled his campaign and marked it for victory. Said he: "I guess I'm the Lone Ranger, the only one left in this campaign."

Remember His Name. Indeed the Lone Ranger himself, the man those outlaws just couldn't kill, might have envied Rocky his endurance and fight. Sheer physical stamina kept him going. His voice cracked and hoarsened, but he kept talking. At one point his determination might have led to disaster. Eager to keep a speaking date at a high school in Newport, he took his plane into a dangerous fogbound landing. The pilot of a following DC-3 press plane took one look at the soup below and more prudently turned back.

The pace never slackened. At a Rotary luncheon at Coos Bay, a band of outrageously costumed pirates demanded that Rocky's forefinger be pricked and his name signed in blood. Gaily Rockefeller submitted. He bought 29 ice cream sandwiches in a dime store for a trail of youngsters who followed him. To questions about his divorce and remarriage he replied: "I think that in life more people have problems in their own lives than others realize. And what we have to have the courage to do is to face those problems honestly inside ourselves." In a speech at the University of Portland, he asked, "What do the absent advocate? Where do the silent

* Toward week's end Rockefeller flew to Washington to accept President Johnson's invitation for a briefing on foreign policy. After a two-hour confidential session at the State Department, Rocky spent ten minutes with the President. But he remained unimpressed. Asked if he still thought Americans were not getting the full story of the war in Viet Nam, he replied: "That's a fair statement."

stand?" He clambered to the top of a truck on a rain-swept street to tell a knot of curious bystanders: "If you vote Friday, remember my name. It's Nelson Rockefeller. Thanks, folks." His tiny audience stood huddled and shivering. But Rocky's warmth and determination were coming through.

"Caught in a Tide." At 5:45 on the night of the Oregon voting, Cabot Lodge's campaign managers huddled privately in their downtown Portland headquarters, confidently put the finishing touches to a victory statement. Less than three hours later, Massachusetts Importer Paul Grindle picked his way through a scramble of TV cables to deliver instead a statement of concession for the ambassador. Said he: "Governor Rockefeller put on a tremendous drive here and displayed tremendous guts, and I suspect that the voters of Oregon have joined in our admiration of a man who fights like this."

The Lodge people retired to lick their wounds, sighing that "now we know what it is like to be caught in a tide." Boston Attorney David Goldberg, who had helped engineer Lodge's March victory in New Hampshire, took another look at the returns and muttered: "Poor Lou." He meant big-time Pollster Lou Harris, who ordinarily works for Democrats but had taken a big dabble in trying to predict Oregon's Republican vote. His election-eve guess of 34% to the winner and 28% to the runner-up was close—he just had the names in the wrong order. As it turned out, it was Rockefeller 33%, Lodge 27%.

Like a Locker Room. Rocky himself had already flown home to his estate in Pocantico Hills, N.Y. There he got the news—as did millions of other Americans—sitting up late to watch



LODGE SWIMMING AT SAIGON SPORTS CLUB
Silent as a Buddhist idol.

television with his wife. "We retired with CBS at midnight," said Rocky.

Next morning the Governor's Manhattan headquarters was a joyous shambles—like the locker room of the New York Mets after a pennant-clinching ball game. An 11 a.m. press conference was delayed while Rocky and his staff prepared a victory statement, a task that apparently they had not believed they would be called upon to perform. At 12:20 p.m. the Governor emerged, threaded his way through the crush of people to the platform. There he read: "I am deeply grateful to the Republicans of Oregon for their vote of confidence."

But even as he read, Rocky's mind was leaping ahead from his Oregon success to the coming contest in California. In fact, he had already set the tone for that one. On a flying campaign side trip into California at midweek, Rocky chatted over a ham and pancakes breakfast about his plans for the final two weeks of the race. "I've got him by myself now," said Rocky of his two-man confrontation with Goldwater. "I will attack his extremist stands. It's going to get rough."

High Stakes. It could get very rough indeed, for the stakes are high. "If Goldwater wins here," says California G.O.P. Chairman Caspar Weinberger, who has taken no sides, "he practically has the Republican nomination. And if he loses, he won't get it."

All that stands in Goldwater's way in the California primary is Rockefeller. As in Oregon, the polls show Rocky behind: the Field poll last week called it 43% for Goldwater, 27% for Rockefeller. But Rocky just doesn't believe in polls that show him losing.

Since some 70% of California's Republicans are considered "mainstream" moderates, or liberals, with little sympathy for Goldwater's conservative views, Rockefeller figures his best bet is "to get that 70% stirred up." To do that, he and California's Senator Thomas Kuchel have drawn up a list of 25 programs—such as aid to education and

civil rights legislation—endorsed by the G.O.P. in its 1960 presidential platform and subsequently supported by a majority of Senate Republicans in 23 out of 25 votes. They noted that Minority Leader Everett Dirksen supported the platform in 18 of the 22 votes in which he participated, and that Iowa's Bourke Hickenlooper, chairman of the Senate G.O.P. policy committee, supported it 17 out of 25 times. But Goldwater stood by it only twice in 25 votes. Says Rocky: "If Dirksen and Hickenlooper are conservatives, then Goldwater is a reactionary."

Second Thought. Coming down to the wire, Rocky plans to spend nine more days on the Golden State stump to Goldwater's five, concentrating on Barry's Southern California strongholds. Rockefeller also hopes for a big voter turnout to dilute the strength of Goldwater's diehard supporters, who are expected to cast ballots come fire or flood. To this end, he has hired the crack Spencer-Roberts public relations firm, not only to produce propaganda and crowds throughout the campaign but also to dig out every available Republican voter on June 2.

Even with a huge turnout, though, Rocky's best chance of overtaking Barry's lead might well be in a genuine "stop-Goldwater" coalition. On the eve of the Oregon election, Lodge's campaign managers were planning to help their own man by appealing to Lodge-leaning moderates to support Rockefeller. But after Lodge's defeat at Rocky's hands, they were no longer so sure. "I just don't know," mused Paul Grindle. "We're going to have to do lots of thinking."

Whatever the Lodgemen decide, Rockefeller could tuck at least one item of unexpected aid away in his California campaign kit. In the wake of the Oregon returns, Otis Chandler's powerful Los Angeles Times announced that it would throw its support to Rockefeller.

"The Jolly Boys." Just before Oregon, a Midwestern Republican summed up the G.O.P. presidential situation this



GOLDWATERS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Noisy as a three-ring circus.

way: "Everybody's waiting for California. A Goldwater loss there would have a tremendous effect. The jolly boys back East would go to work in a rush. But there's nothing they can do now except wait for a break."

The "jolly boys" are the supposed Eastern Republican kingmakers. And if there is going to be a break, Oregon just might have been its beginning. Until Oregon, the kingmakers, with very few exceptions, were not doing a blessed thing.

For good reason. Despite his pallor at the polls, Goldwater has such apparent delegate strength that he seemed a near cinch for the nomination. Then again, Lyndon Johnson looks like even more of a shoo-in for November, so many of the kingmakers decided they might as well sit this one out. "On a ten-to-one shot, what's the use of jumping off the building?" asked one important G.O.P. moneyman.

Many a G.O.P. potentate agreed that it would be ridiculous to risk wrecking the party in a bruising battle with Barry for a nomination that looked more and more like a booby prize. Besides, a lot of the kingmakers think that President Johnson, all things being relative, has done a good job. In the '30s and '40s, Republican leaders were passionately convinced that they had to "save the country" from Franklin Roosevelt, but nobody talks about saving the country from Lyndon, except perhaps the A.S.P.C.A. "It's surprising," said a Republican leader, "how few enemies Johnson has."

In their spare moments, of course, the kingmakers looked over the field for an able, available alternative to Goldwater. But they didn't find much, and that discouraged them. "You don't have any kingmakers," said General Lucius Clay, "unless you have someone to make a king out of." The most likely possibility seemed to be Scranton. And among those who cast hopeful glances in his direction were Leonard Hall, a former G.O.P. National Chairman and one of the party's most astute politi-



ROCKY & HAPPY
Home for a fleeting weekend.

cians; New York Herald Tribune Publisher John Hay Whitney; and Trib President Walter Thayer, a big Nixon fund raiser in 1960. But Scranton so far has refused to be crowned.

At Last, to Work? But Oregon changed a lot of things. The vote there could hardly help shaking prospective convention delegates who lean toward Goldwater but are not absolutely pledged to him. If Goldwater loses to Rocky in California, his strength could melt rapidly down to 200-plus diehard delegates who will stay with him until the last or, if he withdraws, vote pretty much the way he tells them. Last weekend, even while expressing confidence for his future and downplaying the importance of Oregon, Goldwater himself indicated that his own second choice would be Nixon: "Nixon has surprising strength around the country. Remember, a Republican candidate wouldn't even get out of bed without the South. Rockefeller and Lodge would be pure death in the South, but Nixon and I would have strength there."

There is no assurance that Nixon would make it even then, and there is an increasing possibility that Republicans will head for their July convention in San Francisco in a state of complete stalemate. Unless, of course, the party's top movers and shakers finally get to work.

On the Course. The man who could best coalesce an impressive array of wealth, brains and political capital behind a particular candidate is Dwight Eisenhower. "He's the real kingmaker if he wants to be," says New York's Sidney Weinberg, a nominal Democrat whose fund-raising feats for Ike and Nixon have made him a backstage power in the G.O.P. But for the past five months Ike has been soaking up California sunshine at his \$175,000 Palm Desert home, got his biggest kick out

of breaking 80 in golf a couple of weeks ago (he fired a 40 going out, a 39 coming back). A steady stream of G.O.P. bigwigs came calling, but Ike steadfastly refused to get involved in the campaign. Though he occasionally talked of reassembling his old crowd to back a candidate, he entertained what one Republican leader calls the "visionary hope" that the candidate would be his brother Milton.

Last week, when Ike returned to Pennsylvania aboard his private Pullman car, he talked as though his mind were still on the golf course, telling reporters: "Whoever is nominated, I am going to support. I should not be in the position of trying to dictate to the Republican Party. I, by no means, believe it is proper for me to say, 'This is the man,' and expect all the Republicans, just like a herd of sheep, to run that way."

Oregon and its potential results just may change his mind. In any event, the weekend after the California primary, Ike is due in Cleveland to address a Governors' conference, will have a chance to talk to many of the 16 G.O.P. Governors (who, incidentally, lean 13 to 3 against Goldwater) and a slew of other party powers about the situation.

A Different Way of Thinking. The dilemma for any G.O.P. candidate in 1964 is much like one that William McKinley faced during the 1892 G.O.P. convention, when the delegates came close to nominating him against his will but finally settled on Benjamin Harrison. After the balloting, Kingmaker Mark Hanna burst into McKinley's hotel room, visibly upset, and thundered: "My God, William, that was a damned close squeak. You almost got nominated. This is the year we're going to lose!" Hanna turned out to be right. Democrat Grover Cleveland trounced Harrison, but four years later McKinley came back to win it all.

Yet Nelson Rockefeller doesn't think like that—and in Oregon he demonstrated that perhaps it is a pretty poor way of thinking.



AND THIRD IN THE POLLS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN



"DO GO ON!"

THE PRESIDENCY

This Old House . . .

We must give to all Americans, those on the farms and those in the cities, a chance to drink from the cup of plenty. I just came from visiting a home that has used the food stamp plan, that lives off an old-age pension that tries to feed a grandmother, seven children, a mother and father—a family of ten—off nine acres of tobacco and ten acres of cotton on an advance of \$20 a week with a charge of 10% interest.

—President Johnson in Rocky Mount, N.C., May 7, 1964

The President, once a poor boy himself, really feels deeply about poverty. But he is also striding high with it as a political issue, and last week he got tripped up.

A couple of Republican Congressmen, Nebraska's David Martin and Kentucky's Gene Snyder, journeyed South and returned with a tale of dire poverty in Lyndon's own backyard—or, more precisely, Lady Bird's. In Alabama's Autauga County, Lady Bird owns about 3,000 acres of land that she inherited from her family. Much of the land, once cotton-producing, has been turned to timber, but four Negro tenant families still live on some of the property, occupying rundown houses that do more than Lyndon Johnson's words to dramatize poverty.

If They Cared? "We were shocked at the squalor we found," reported the Congressmen when they returned with a telling set of photographs. The tenants are "living in deplorable poverty with little evidence of concern by their millionaire landlords," said Snyder: "We found tenants living in three- and four-room shacks with cracks in the flooring, leaking roofs, broken wood-burning cook stoves, some at least 50 years old, and no toilet facilities." Said Martin: "If I owned property like that, I'd feel it a moral obligation to make it comfortable and adequate. At least so the roof doesn't leak every time it rains, so the water doesn't fall on the bed." Added Snyder: "We saw nothing here that could not easily be corrected by the Johnsons themselves, without a nickel of federal funds or a single federal program—if, of course, they really cared."

Among Lady Bird's tenants, said Martin and Snyder, were Charles Cutler, 75, and his wife Willie. They pay Lady Bird \$5 a month for a four-room house and an old barn on four acres, and have a cash income from public welfare of \$150 a month. "We have lived here for 50 years," said Mrs. Cutler. "We like it. I want to stay here until the good Lord takes me away. But I do wish that Mrs. Johnson would fix the roof. This old house leaks bad."

Making It Possible. While newsmen flocked to Autauga County to see for themselves, Lady Bird's press secretary, Elizabeth Carpenter, hastily explained the Johnson side of the story. It seemed that Lady Bird actually wanted to turn

all of her land to timber, but expressly instructed her overseer to permit the old tenants on the land to stay as long as they liked. "Most of the families are very elderly and have no place to go," said Mrs. Carpenter. "They want to stay there. She is really making it possible for them to live out their days at \$5 a month, and she sends them boxes of clothes."

Sure enough, Farmer Cutler showed newsmen three tailor-made suits that Lyndon had sent him. "They makes me feel just like I'm a Senator myself," he chuckled.

As to whether the President's anti-poverty program is likely to affect them, Mrs. Cutler allowed as how she

abolish the jury system, although it was wavering for a while when my speakers were attacking it. When they brought in the votes, the first vote was affirmative, and that pleased me. The next one was negative, the next vote was affirmative, the next one was negative, and there was a great deal of suspense there for a moment. The next vote was negative—and I got sick at my stomach."

The Open Road. The President also delivered a rousing speech to a meeting of the Alliance for Progress ambassadors (see THE HEMISPHERE), and buttonholed a group of businessmen on the subject of civil rights and equal employment. For the businessmen he had



LADY BIRD'S TENANT CUTLER & WIFE
Tailor-made suits are just fine, but what about the roof?

was not familiar with the specifics, but that if Lyndon Johnson runs it, "it's sure gonna be a fine thing." And maybe, before the good Lord takes her, that roof will get fixed.

Multiple Exposure

Waiting in the Garden for the President last week were officials from the National Forensic League who were resolved to make the President an honorary member. This was eminently fitting, for if Lyndon Johnson isn't the best forensicist around, he will do until a better one comes along.

For the Forensic officials, he had a little story. "I think the greatest disappointment that I ever experienced was not in being defeated in a political campaign, but in losing a state championship of Texas the first year that I coached debating. I always attributed the loss to the fact that I drew the wrong side of the subject instead of the right side. We had a subject: Resolved, that the jury system should be abolished. My team drew the affirmative, but the people weren't ready to

a joke, although its relevance was not quite clear. "I heard the story last night of a woman who telephoned her bank," he said. "She wanted to arrange for the disposal of a \$1,000 bond. The clerk asked her, 'Madam, is the bond for redemption or conversion?' There was a long pause, and the woman said, 'Well, am I talking to the First National Bank or the First Baptist Church?'"

To a visiting contingent of farm editors, the President had words of encouragement for the farming community, made it a point to slip in a reminder that the farmers have one of their kind in the White House. "I never forget," he recalled, "the road of opportunity. I have walked from my father's tenant farmhouse, where I was born 56 years ago, to the White House, where I am today. I want to keep that road open for children today, whether they live on hard-rock farms along the Pedernales River, or whether they grow up on hard, concrete sidewalks." Whereupon he invited the editors on a tour of his private quarters, exhibiting his green pajamas and dressing robe laid

put on his bed, and Lady Bird's own bed, without a spread on it. All the while, he rambled on, mostly about beef prices. "I've got a good many more registered bulls than I can sell," he complained. "I hate to be feeding them all year."

Free Advice. And then he was out in the Garden again to present the William Randolph Hearst Foundation's annual intercollegiate journalism awards to some budding newsmen.

"I was a college editor once," said Lyndon. "But as you can see, I did not do as well as you have done, so I did the next best thing and went into politics. William Allen White once said that the newspaper is the embodiment of democracy. I guess this explains why newspapermen are so free in their advice about how to run the country. Someone said the other day that I was seeing the press so much that they were worried about my overexposure. I am not sure whose overexposure they meant—mine or the press's. I enjoy seeing the press. I learn much from reporters. In the White House press corps alone, there are at least half a dozen experts already on animal husbandry. It was Wendell Phillips who said that we live under a government of men and morning newspapers. Mr. Phillips apparently lived before there were afternoon newspapers." And—he might have added—before the Administration of Lyndon Johnson, who knows how to get his name in the papers all day long.

THE CONGRESS

The Guardian

Millions remember him mostly from the televised sessions of Democratic National Conventions. He was the hunched-over little hobgoblin who always seemed to be whispering parliamentary advice into the ear of Permanent Chairman Sam Rayburn. He had a big splotchy nose, squinty eyes and a mouth that always made it appear as though he had just eaten a peck of green persimmons. He wore black shoes, black socks, a black suit and a black tie. He was grumpy as all get-out, and he seemed to take a perverse pride in being unpopular.

Yet when he died last week at 85, more than 40 colleagues and President Johnson flew out to his funeral in Elsberry, Mo. Clarence Cannon had been 40 years in the U.S. House of Representatives, was its foremost parliamentarian, and had performed a considerable public service as an Appropriations Committee chairman who spent the taxpayers' money as charily as if it were his own.

The Bloody Ninth. Cannon's career began in 1911 when he gave up his law practice in Troy, Mo., and went to Washington as confidential secretary to House Speaker Champ Clark. With Clark's encouragement, he became a specialist in parliamentary procedure,



MISSOURI'S CANNON
He wrote the bible.

was made the House Parliamentarian, later wrote the House parliamentary bible *Cannon's Procedure and Cannon's Precedents*.

In 1920, Clark, who represented Missouri's "Bloody Ninth" district, was defeated in the Harding landslide. In 1922, Cannon ran for the seat and won. He was re-elected 20 times, and on the day following his last election in 1962, he filed for his 22nd term. In all those years, he stood free of all political commitments by stubbornly refusing to accept campaign contributions of any size or sort.

Targets. In 1941, Cannon became chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and in that capacity he saw himself as the guardian of the nation's wallet. "We've got to keep people from taking more and more money out of the U.S. Treasury," he stormed. "Every day they devise a thousand new ways to do it." To maintain tight control, he made himself a member of every one of his dozen or so subcommittees, so

that he could attend their meetings and vote when the occasion arose. Pleas from Presidents to restore money cuts were often ignored; once Cannon deliberately refused to take a telephone call from President Kennedy, who wanted to cajole him into releasing a money bill.

Cannon simply figured that a budget had never been made that could not be cut. To prove it, he spent long nights wearing a black eyeshade, seated behind a gallimaufry of reports, books and papers, studying and slicing. He especially delighted in heckling the military. In an annual spring ritual, he would arise with flailing arms to castigate the Pentagon. Starting with Philip of Macedon's tactics, he would trace the history of warfare through Henry V down to the first and second World Wars. Military men, he protested, were not susceptible to change—especially changes that might save money. "We had a deuce of a time getting them to give up the cavalry," he cried. "They liked to ride those horses."

For all his thriftiness, Cannon could be generous when it came to dealing with his own pet programs for power projects and farm subsidies. When an opponent called him two-faced, Cannon exploded. "My God!" he roared. "If I had another face, don't you think I'd use it?"

"I'm easily the most unpopular man in the Congress," said Clarence Cannon, and occasionally he found it necessary to live up to that billing with his fists. In 1933, he and Missouri's Democratic Representative Milton Romjue tangled and had to be pulled apart. Nineteen years ago, Cannon and New York Republican John Taber had a scuffle; Taber got a cut lip. Six years later, he had a fight with California Republican John Phillips. And on one occasion there was a big set-to with Tennessee's Democratic Senator Kenneth McKellar, who nearly gaveled Cannon on the skull, while Cannon took after the Senator with a cane.

New Man. Although his colleagues did not like Cannon, they will surely miss him; he was by way of being a House institution, and he was loyal and dedicated. Succeeding him as chairman of the Appropriations Committee is a considerably less controversial man: Texas' rangy, easygoing Democratic Congressman George H. Mahon, 63, who was first elected to the House in 1934. Methodist lay leader, attorney, teacher and farmer, Mahon has made a specialty of military appropriations. At Mahon's accession to the Appropriations chair, there was an almost automatic assumption that he would cooperate with the spending programs of his old friend and fellow Texan Lyndon Johnson. But that is not necessarily so: in fact, Mahon is almost as thrifty as Cannon, still carries an old-fashioned black change purse from which he reluctantly pulls out nickels and dimes for his personal spending.



TEXAS' MAHON
He carries a black coin purse.

Ev's Law

Last week the civil rights filibuster became the longest in Senate history," and Minnesota Democrat Hubert Humphrey, the bill's floor manager, was mad. "The whole procedure is disgusting," he cried. "All that is being accomplished here is a display of adult delinquency. Any intransigent minority can run the Senate if a majority stands around with jelly for a spine."

Humphrey put the blame not on bill-stalling Southerners, whose "obstructionist tactics were to be expected," but on Senators who profess to support civil rights but are opposed to shutting off the Southerners by cloture. Humphrey demanded that "the Senate start to act like a Senate, and that Senators start to earn their wages, and that Senators abide by the Constitution, which says that a majority shall constitute a quorum to do business."

Even mild Mike Mansfield, the Senate majority leader, was running out of patience. "We are witnessing a travesty on the legislative process," he snapped. "The majority is being told what it can and cannot do." The anger stemmed from what the bill's supporters considered a broken pledge by the Southern leader, Georgia Democrat Richard Russell. They claimed he had promised to permit votes on more amendments this week. But after a Southern caucus, Russell declared there would be none. In retaliation, Senate leaders announced that the Senate's working hours would be stretched to midnight. "That doesn't scare us," scoffed Russell. "We're ready for it."

An Agreement. And all this while, Republican leader Everett Dirksen was calmly and even quietly tidying up a carefully wrapped package of some 40 amendments. He presented them in conferences with Attorney General Robert Kennedy, Justice Department lawyers and Humphrey. Dirksen emerged from one all-day session in his office to announce: "We have a good agreement." Said Kennedy: "This bill is perfectly satisfactory to me." Added Humphrey: "We have done nothing to injure the objectives of this bill."

Many of Dirksen's amendments are technical, serve to tighten sloppy wording in the House-passed bill. But some are substantive, aimed at limiting the speed and frequency with which the Attorney General could move into local cases of discrimination. For example, in states that have agencies for handling bias complaints under public accommodations laws, the Federal Government would have to give the state agency at least 30 days to act before

initiating federal action. In both public accommodations and fair employment, the Government would have to show that a pattern of discrimination existed before it could move in, but in no case could the Attorney General institute suit on behalf of an individual. To prosecute an employer, the Federal Government would have to prove that his refusal to hire a Negro was "willful"—often a tough matter to pin down in court.

25 Votes. Dirksen plans to discuss his package with Republican Senators this week. Mansfield and Humphrey, also, will present it at a meeting of Democrats. In practical terms, all that really matters is the Republican reaction, since some 25 of their votes are needed to shut off the filibuster. If Dirksen can persuade them to go along, there will be a new civil rights law—and it will be a significant degree be Ev Dirksen's law.



CANDIDATE HADDAD & WIFE
In Chinatown, perhaps a chance.

NEW YORK

A Jew in Sheikh's Clothing?

In New York City, politicians were asking this question: Can a bright, young, energetic, ambitious Jew get elected to Congress from a heavily Jewish district if he has an Arab name?

Some question! But it was one that last week confronted Democratic Candidate William Haddad. At 35, Haddad has been around. He was a merchant marine officer during World War II, an aide to Senator Estes Kefauver, a prize-winning investigative newspaper reporter, an assistant to Bobby Kennedy during the 1960 presidential campaign, and a top administrator in the Peace Corps. Further enhancing his political credentials among Democrats is the fact that he is married to Franklin Roosevelt's granddaughter Kate. Her parents, California's Democratic Congressman James

Roosevelt and Betsey Cushing Roosevelt, were divorced when Kate was four; Betsey later married New York Herald Tribune Publisher John Hay Whitney, who legally adopted Kate.

Such Talk Can Ruin. All this would seem to make Bill Haddad a likely Democratic reform candidate in the June 2 primary against Congressman Leonard Farbstein, 61, a Tammany type who is seeking a fifth term in Manhattan's meandering 19th Congressional District. But, of all things, Haddad did not count on getting hurt by the district's Jewish vote.

Last week he complained that Farbstein, who likes to remind his constituency that he is the only Jew on the House Foreign Affairs Committee and is an ardent supporter of Israel, was spreading rumors all over the district that Haddad is an Arab. Not only that; people were sending around anonymous notes about him ("Can you trust an Arab to fight for the interests of Jews and for Israel?"). Even worse, said Haddad, Farbstein was going about telling folks that Haddad was born an Egyptian, that he got married in the Protestant Episcopal Church and thus was a *meshumad* (an apostate from Judaism). In the 19th District, where 50% of the voters are Jews, such talk can ruin a politician.

All for Ethics. Haddad, naturally, was outraged over the whispering campaign. He tried to catch up with the rumors by pointing out that his mother is a Russian-born Jew who keeps a kosher home, and that his father had the misfortune of having been born in Cairo to Egyptian Jews. He protested to the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, issued statements, got Jimmy Roosevelt to make a public statement on his behalf, and met with Yiddish-language newspaper editors in an attempt to convince them that he is just as Jewish as Farbstein.

Though he knows that he is a goner without the Jewish vote, he decried the necessity of having to defend his Jewish credentials. Said he: "If I have to be Jewish to win this campaign, it's not worth winning. I don't want the voters to elect me to Congress because I am a Jew. I hope they won't reject me because I am married to a Protestant. And I don't want the Farbstein organization to brand me an Arab because my father was born an Egyptian Jew."

But unless Haddad can steer the campaign back to worthier issues, he probably does not stand a Chinaman's chance of winning—except perhaps in Chinatown, which is also part of the 19th District. In Manhattan neighborhoods, many foreign-born voters judge a candidate's ethnic background above everything else, care little or nothing about other considerations. As one woman on the Lower East Side said last week when she was asked if ethnic considerations should play any role in a candidate's campaign: "Ethnic-shmethnic, so long as he's Jewish."

* The Senate first began discussing civil rights on March 9, by week's end had worked 69 calendar days without considering any other major legislation. The longest previous filibuster was a 65-day talkathon in 1846 on the Oregon bill, by which the U.S. resolved to end its agreement with Great Britain providing for joint occupancy of the Oregon Territory.

DEMOCRATS

Uninvited Guest

"I don't want to bring on trouble," purred Alabama's segregationist Governor George Wallace. "I'm a guest in Maryland." But he wasn't a guest to Maryland's Democratic Senator Daniel Brewster.

Running against Wallace as Lyndon Johnson's proxy in this week's Maryland presidential primary, Brewster called Wallace a "trespasser," a "stumblebum," and "a dangerous joke." And as for bringing on trouble Wallace's name might as well have been Joe Btfsplk.

Scheduled to speak at Cambridge (pop. 12,500), the Eastern Shore scene of bloody race riots last summer, Wal-

lace, Cundiff urged: "Why don't we see if some of us can't get in there?" Out into the warm night poured the Negroes, with Gloria Richardson in the lead.

At Race Street, Cambridge's black-white dividing line, a row of Guardsmen, bayonets fixed on their empty rifles, blocked the marchers' way. "Stop this and take them back!" Brigadier General George Gelston, commander of the Guard unit, yelled through a bullhorn to Gloria Richardson. The Wallace meeting, he told them, "is a complete flop. Don't ruin your chances by going over there. It's only half full." A bottle arced out of the darkness and smashed on Gelston's Jeep. Rocks were thrown at the Guardsmen, striking

demonstrators, while other Guardsmen hurled gas grenades. The Negroes fell back, weeping. When the gas cloud lifted, 13 marchers were arrested.

For the next three nights, Cambridge's bitter, frustrated Negroes demonstrated with bricks and bottles. And even the town's segregationist whites could wonder if a visit by George Wallace had been worth it.

Position Wanted

In the six months since his brother's death, Attorney General Robert Kennedy has been casting about for a future—and so far has found none. He has considered teaching, perhaps taking a college presidency. But inevitably, his search has centered on politics.

A few weeks ago, Pundit Walter Lippmann suggested that Kennedy run for Governor of New York in 1966. But Lippmann did not check his facts; Bobby did, and discovered that the state requires legal residence of at least five years for any gubernatorial candidate.

When One's Enough. How about returning to Massachusetts to make the first run of his life for elective office? Well, there are problems there too. Democratic Governor Endicott Peabody is up this fall for a second two-year term, but it would hardly seem sporting for Bobby to shove him aside. He could, of course, wait until 1966 and run for Republican Sen. Saltonstall's Senate seat, but Brother Teddy is already in the Senate, and even Massachusetts might feel that one Senator Kennedy at a time is enough.

There was, and still is, talk that Lyndon Johnson might want Bobby to be his running mate this year. But that talk blows hot and cold—mostly cold. Johnson has not discussed the possibility with Bobby, and Bobby, who never was an intimate of the President, has not broached it.

Under serious consideration last week was still another possibility—running for the U.S. Senate from New York against Republican Kenneth Keating. Though Kennedy's legal voting residence is still in Massachusetts, that would not bar him from running from New York, since he would merely be required to be an inhabitant of the state at the time of his election.*

Launching Pad. Bobby's brother-in-law, Steve Smith, an experienced Kennedy political troubleshooter, has recently been scouting out Bobby's chances for the New York seat. The idea appeals greatly to many New York Democratic leaders; they have been desperately looking for a strong candidate to contest Keating, who has a formidable following. But there are dissonant voices as well. Upstate Democratic Congressman Samuel Stratton



GLORIA RICHARDSON (IN WHITE BLOUSE) & CAMBRIDGE MARCHERS
Across Race Street and into the gas.

lace was apprehensive. But when he was assured that besides his own small army of bodyguards, 50 state troopers and 400 Maryland National Guardsmen would be on hand to protect him, Wallace decided to keep the engagement.

At Cambridge's volunteer firemen's arena, he harangued a smaller-than-expected crowd of 1,200. "If you're tired of the trend in this nation today," he said, "you have an opportunity to do something about it on May 19. We shocked the liberals to their eyeteeth in Wisconsin and Indiana, and we've got a chance to make their eyeteeth drop out here." The crowd cheered.

The Other Side. Across town, 300 Cambridge Negroes were meeting at the Negro Elks Hall. For two hours they were exhorted by their local leader, gaunt, hot-eyed Mrs. Gloria Richardson, and a handful of outside speakers. But it remained for Lawrence Cundiff, 25, a worker for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, to really set them off.

"This is war!" cried Cundiff. "Wallace is nothing but an Alabama neck without an ounce of common sense." Denouncing Wallace's rally, which was going on just four blocks

some. At length, Gloria persuaded the grumbling Negroes to retreat.

"Get That Man." An hour later they were back. By now, Wallace was driving away toward Baltimore, but it made little difference to the Negroes. At Race Street they were again stopped by bayonets, and they sat down where they were. Shouted Colonel Maurice Tawes, a cousin of Maryland's Democratic Governor J. Millard Tawes: "Go back to your area or we are going to lock you up." The marchers stayed seated. "Do you want us to use tear gas on them?" Tawes demanded of Gloria Richardson. "We'll sit here quietly," she replied.

Tawes ordered the arrest of Gloria and three of her lieutenants. With that, a young Negro demanded to know why Wallace supporters had not been arrested. Angered, Tawes ordered the Guardsmen: "Get that man." The Negroes piled themselves in a human pyramid to hide the offender, and the Guardsmen rushed to dig him out. Rocks flew. Shouted Tawes: "Give 'em the gas."

A Guardsman with gas tanks strapped to his back moved up and sprayed a choking cloud over the

* "No Person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the Age of thirty years, and been nine Years a Citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an Inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen." (Article I, Section 3, U.S. Constitution.)

wants the nomination himself. New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner mumbled his reluctant acquiescence, but he would just as soon not deal with any threats to his party leadership, and the New York Times was plainly against it. While there is nothing illegal about a Kennedy candidacy in New York, said a Times editorial, "there is plenty that is cynical about it . . . He would merely be choosing New York as a convenient launching pad for the political ambitions of himself and others."

Notwithstanding all the flurry, Robert Kennedy as of last week still hadn't made up his mind.

DEFENSE

A Decade of Deadly Birds

The people who have been writing these things that annoy me have been talking about a 3,000-mile, high-angle rocket, shot from one continent to another, carrying an atomic bomb, and so directed as to be a precise weapon, which would land exactly on a certain target, such as a city. I say, technically I don't think anybody in the world knows how to do such a thing, and I feel confident it will not be done for a very long period of time to come. I wish the American public would leave that out of their thinking.

—Dr. Vannevar Bush, Director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development
December 1945

Even then, a few brilliant U.S. scientists and military leaders were thinking about little else but the feasibility of a nuclear-armed intercontinental ballistic missile. Yet because of the arguments—like Bush's—against it, it was not until May 1954, just ten years ago next week, that the Air Force launched a crash program to develop the Atlas ICBM.

Flock of Birds. In the span of the ensuing decade of strategic missilery, the U.S. has accomplished one of the greatest scientific, engineering and construction feats in history. It has produced and deployed a versatile flock of big birds: the pioneering Atlas, the more powerful two-stage Titan, the stopgap IRBMs Thor and Jupiter, and those truly pushbutton solid-fueled mainstays of the nuclear arsenal, the mass-produced Minuteman and the elusive, submarine-borne Polaris.

The Navy had such heroes as Vice Admirals William Raborn Jr. and Hyman Rickover in development of the Polaris system. The Army's German-born Werner von Braun pushed Jupiter before turning to space research. All of the other projects were Air Force—and no one in blue has the slightest doubt about who whiplashed those massive projects. He is the deceptively quiet and young-looking General Bernard Schriever, 53 (TIME Cover, April 1, 1957), boss of the Air Force Systems Command. What Schriever does is develop the missiles until they are declared operational, train the missile crews, then turn everything over

to the Strategic Air Command. His assignment came about because such Air Force officials as Brigadier General John W. Sessums and Research and Development Specialist Trevor Gardner had insisted that an ICBM should be built, and Princeton Atomic Scientist Dr. John von Neumann had argued that nuclear explosives could be made compact enough for missile delivery.

Evasive Action. Despite the size of Schriever's task, there was nothing grand about his facilities when he was named commander of the obscurely titled Western Development Division and

WALTER BENNETT



MISSILEMAN SCHRIEVER
After the gap, the go-ahead.

sent to Inglewood, Calif., in 1954. He set up shop in three buildings of a Roman Catholic parochial school that had been abandoned because they were not modern. The staff always wore civies, shuttled in and out of a side door, lunched at a sidewalk hot-dog stand dubbed "the officers' club." Inglewood neighbors stared and wondered. "I never had to take so much evasive action," recalls Schriever.

For Schriever, the first few years seemed to hold nothing but pressure and frustration. Unknown to the public, U.S. radar snooping from Turkey and U-2 aircraft flying over Russia confirmed the fact that the U.S.S.R. was developing both IRBMs and ICBMs. Says Schriever: "They were well ahead of us with the IRBM, at least a year ahead in their ICBM program. A missile gap did exist." After the Sputnik launching in 1957, the thrust superiority of Soviet rocketry was obvious.

Lowest Apogee. U.S. missiles, meanwhile, mainly blew up or fizzled like soggy Roman candles. The first Thor simply fell off its pad. In its second test,

it rose ten inches, collapsed. "It must have had the lowest apogee of any missile ever fired," recalls Schriever ruefully. The first Atlas flight in 1957 failed. At one point in 1959, five consecutive Atlas firings were flops.

Schriever spent many hours rolled up in a blanket in a DC-7 shuttling to Washington to answer the complaints of congressional critics. But he kept insisting that Atlas would work, proved it by turning the first operational Atlas over to a Strategic Air Command crew late in 1959. Despite the anguish, those were exciting days. "Every damn firing was just like having a baby," Schriever says. "There was just as much emotional excitement for a success and just as much depression for a failure. Now shots are just good or bad. Missiles are old hat."

Even as the U.S. began to deploy Atlas, it pushed on to develop Titan, which could carry a heavier warhead. Yet U.S. intelligence painted a frightening picture of Soviet missile capability. Defense Department experts predicted that the U.S.S.R. could have some 400 long-range missiles by mid-1963, while the U.S. would have only about half that number. This was the so-called "missile gap," which became a 1960 presidential campaign issue. To help plug the anticipated gap, the U.S. deployed 1,500-mile Thor and Jupiter missiles in Europe, then gambled heavily on Polaris and Minuteman. Since their solid fuel could be stored almost indefinitely inside the missiles, they could be fired more quickly and maintained more easily than the liquid-fueled, long-count-down Atlas and early Titan. They could also be built more cheaply.

The Yo-Yo Effect. Schriever was so confident of Minuteman's feasibility that he saved a full year by ordering all three stages and all systems of a Minuteman fired as a unit on the first test—an unheard-of procedure in the normal piece-by-piece sequence of missile development. Reports an official Air Force history: "The results were sensational. All stages worked perfectly, the guidance system performed accurately, and the instrumented re-entry vehicle made a very near miss on a target some 4,000 miles downrange." Minuteman, in Schriever's view, has tipped the missile scales heavily in favor of the U.S.

Looking back, Schriever contends that the projected 1963 "missile gap" failed to develop only because the U.S.S.R. did not meet the production schedule of which it was capable. And looking ahead, Schriever worries less about what the Russians might do in missile and space weaponry than about the danger that the U.S. might fail to live up to its full capability. Declares Ben Schriever at the end of a fantastic decade: "What I am concerned over is this Yo-Yo effect in this country. At a time like this, when we are ahead, the people and Congress might draw back and not appropriate money. This is a serious danger. We have to keep up with our technology."

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

"Something Is Moving"

"This is Radio Free Cuba, the anti-Communist voice of Cuba broadcasting on the 40-meter band. Worker, militiaman, rebel soldier, radio ham—help topple the despot! Close ranks so that the fatherland, today bloodied by Russian imperialism, becomes the tomb of Communism in America. This is Radio Free Cuba transmitting from a point in Cuban territory."

In Cuban exile communities from Miami to Caracas, the word was out: *"Algo se mueve"*—Something is moving. First came the faint, crackling anti-Castro broadcast last week from inside Cuba. Then 24 hours later came word of the biggest raid in months on Castro's fortress. The raiders identified themselves as members of the Movement for Revolutionary Recuperation, led by Manuel Artime, who headed the abortive Bay of Pigs landing.

At 10:30 p.m., said an M.R.R. spokesman in Miami, Artime and a "strong force of commandos" had gone ashore at Puerto Pilón, 145 miles from Guantánamo on Cuba's southern coast. Linking up with a second force of guerrillas from the nearby Sierra Maestra mountains, the exiles had captured the town and held it for three hours against Castro's militia, during that time declaring it a "free territory of Cuba." They then blew up the Caba Cruz sugar mill and disappeared. Puerto Pilón, the exiles noted with satisfaction, was only a few miles from the spot where Castro himself originally landed in 1956, and the Sierra Maestra was his sanctuary in the early stages of the revolution.

Within hours, Radio Havana was on the air railing about the attack. Castro

denied that the exiles had sent in a landing party. The mill, he fumed, was bombed from the sea "by a pirate vessel of the Rex type, which the CIA operates from bases located in Florida, Puerto Rico and Central America." Nevertheless, he admitted damage to shore installations and cried that "70,000 sacks of sugar" had been destroyed. Naturally, he blamed "a new criminal, vandalistic act by the United States Government." Two days later, Castro's internal radio reported two more landings—one by Artime on the southern coast, and the other by Underground Leader Manolo Ray somewhere in the north. But exile groups in Miami would neither confirm nor deny the new raids.

Recruits & Munitions. In Washington, the State Department blandly denied all. "These attacks," said a spokesman, "are neither supported nor condoned by the Government." Perhaps not, but Miami was alive last week with exile activity. Once again, Cubans were turning up at the old clapboard house on 23rd Street that served as a recruiting center for the Bay of Pigs operation, getting physical exams, then mysteriously dropping out of sight. Small groups of Cubans were training at isolated farms outside Miami. At Key Largo, a 28-ft. launch loaded with exile munitions caught fire, was popping while firemen were trying to douse the blaze.

No one believes that a second frontal invasion is in the offing. The exiles agree that it would amount to suicide. What does seem to be in the works is an attempt at infiltration, sabotage and guerrilla warfare. Right now, three main groups are operating:

► The M.R.R., headed by Artime, reportedly has the strong backing of Nicaragua's Tachito Somoza and other anti-Castroites in Central America. Artime, say exile sources, operates from camps stretching from Costa Rica north to Honduras. A U.S. hunter in the northeastern jungles of Costa Rica recently stumbled onto a camp with three large buildings and a landing strip that was in constant use by light aircraft. "Cubans," said his guide. Artime does not have the kind of support inside Cuba to operate a major underground, is gearing his efforts to sabotage teams inside Cuba and commando raids against 17 coastal targets.

► The *Junta Revolucionaria Cubana* (Jure), led by Ray, a onetime Castro leader and a popular man inside Cuba. Ray gets his moral—and reportedly considerable material—support from Venezuela's former President Rómulo Betancourt and Puerto Rico's Muñoz Marín, is said to operate training camps in both countries. He has widely publicized May 20 as his deadline for returning to Cuba to revitalize the island's anti-Castro underground. Last week Ray resigned his job as a con-

sultant to the Puerto Rican Planning Board, and dropped out of sight. He is tough, shrewd—and a man of his word. "We are not worried," he says. "Castro is the man who must worry."

► A coalition of Alpha 66, the Revolutionary Movement of the People, the Second National Front of Escambray and one or two smaller outfits, led by Eloy Gutiérrez Menoyo, a long-time guerrilla leader who fought against Batista. Menoyo plans to infiltrate a small force into Cuba—probably into the central Escambray Mountains—and start up a guerrilla network. Two weeks ago, Menoyo left Miami. The exiles say he is in Cuba.

Turn of the Screw. If the U.S. is not directly involved, some U.S. influence and support seem apparent. Washing-



EXILE ARTIME

Callers at a clapboard house.

ton reportedly gave Artime the green light last July. Recruiting personnel and collecting arms would also be difficult without at least tacit U.S. approval. And then there is the U.S. economic embargo. The British and French deals for buses, trucks and locomotives notwithstanding, Castro remains virtually cut off from free-world trade: As another turn of the screw, Washington last week tightened controls on U.S. exports of food and drugs to Cuba. Both had been exempted from the general U.S. trade embargo. Now exporters will need Government approval for shipments.

Brazil last week finally took the action everyone had expected since the revolution that overthrew leftist President João Goulart. Cuban agents, said the Brazilian government, had been engaging in "offensive" propaganda "incompatible with democratic and Christian principles. Such interference in the internal affairs of Brazil can no longer be tolerated." Diplomatic relations with Cuba were therefore formally and officially severed.



EXILE RAY

Trips to some isolated farms.

PANAMA

More Votes than Crowds

Going into Panama's presidential election, the candidate who drew the crowds was Arnulfo Arias, 62, the messianic ex-President and self-proclaimed champion of the masses. But when the cheering stopped last week, the man who got the votes was Marco Aurelio Robles, 58, the government candidate and cousin of President Roberto F. Chiari, who constitutionally cannot succeed himself. In a stunning upset, Robles swept most of the backland provinces and sliced into some urban strongholds where Arias was supposed to be unbeatable. The final count: Robles 134,627, Arias 123,186.

Cattle & the Canal. The son of a judge, Robles displays none of the big money usually associated with political success in Panama. Though his kinsman Chiari is one of the country's richest men, Robles himself lives with his schoolteacher wife and three children in a mortgaged, three-bedroom house in Panama City. He held a string of government jobs before Chiari appointed him Minister of Government and Justice in 1960. Panamanians quickly found him to be an honest, extremely determined administrator. When he noticed that stray cattle were causing a number of serious auto accidents and that nobody was doing anything about it, Robles ordered National Guard patrols to shoot all cattle found on highways. Influential cattlemen raised a storm but finally fenced in their herds.

On the stump during the campaign, Robles was no match for Arias and his fiery oratory. But he strongly supported the Chiari government's demands for revision of the canal treaty with the U.S. and pledged to "rescue for our country the commerce of the Canal Zone, which should have been rightfully ours since 1903." In the slums and backlands, he promised to provide unemployment compensation and some moderate reforms in housing and schools. Repeatedly, he professed independence of the country's powerful ruling elite: "I'm not an oligarch, and not responsible to them." That remains to be seen—Panamanian politics being what they are.

Up to the People. Thwarted and embittered, Arnulfo Arias immediately cried theft, claimed that the government had stolen the victory. His supporters charged that in several rural precincts, Arias ballots failed to arrive in time for anyone to vote for him. In Chiriqui province, a man wearing the uniform of Panama's National Guard reportedly scared away Indian voters with pistol shots in the air. Arias' lawyers are also investigating the voting in two provinces where government figures are said to show that Arias failed to win a single precinct.

Many Panamanians expect tense days before Robles assumes office on Oct. 1. Some angry Arias supporters



PRESIDENT-ELECT ROBLES
What comes after victory?

were calling for a nationwide general strike and threatening to take to the streets. Arias himself was playing it cool. "I am convinced that I won the election," said he. "But I intend to do nothing about it. I will let the people do it." At week's end a national electoral board met at the Legislative Palace to begin reviewing the returns, while National Guard troops in battle dress stood guard.

THE ALIANZA

Zippy-Do-Dah!

To the White House last week went diplomats from 21 hemisphere nations for a little chat with President Johnson about the Alliance for Progress. They departed wondering why anyone had ever doubted L.B.J.'s consuming interest in the Alianza.

In three hours of zippy-do-dah, he promised—without quite saying how—"twice as much action, twice as much accomplishment" in the next year, reported that loans (\$430 million since December) were already flowing at almost twice the year-ago rate, personally signed twelve new loans worth \$46 million. After the formalities, Johnson conducted his guests into the Cabinet Room for tea and another demonstration of maximum effort. When an ambassador wondered why Congress was holding up a U.S. appropriation to the World Bank's International Development Association, Johnson grabbed a phone to call White House Legislative Aide Larry O'Brien: "What's going on with the IDA bill? How many votes have we got?" Said Johnson, turning to the diplomats: "There's been a lot of talk about ideals in the Alianza. We are going to put those ideals into action."

Next day the House passed the \$312 million IDA bill, and L.B.J. gave the Latinos something else to cheer about. Into Teodoro Moscoso's old job as U.S. representative to the Inter-American Committee (CIAP), which guides the

Alianza, went Walt Whitman Rostow, 47, chairman of the State Department Policy Planning Council and a man with both the prestige and power to cut through the Alianza's bureaucratic underbrush. The total performance left Peru's Ambassador Celso Pastor bedazzled. "This marks the beginning of a new era," he said. Or as one Administration adviser put it: "Latin Americans are learning that corn pone can be as nourishing as crepes suzette."

VENEZUELA

Progressing on Its Own

One country was conspicuous by its absence from the list of nations receiving increased Alianza aid: Venezuela. With its close cooperation between government and industry (see WORLD BUSINESS), the oil-rich nation is in the happy position of not needing massive infusions of U.S. dollars; in the judgment of economists, it is already past the takeoff point and able to generate its own momentum for progress. The proof? While President Johnson was speaking in Washington last week, Venezuela's President Raúl Leoni went before his Congress in Caracas to announce a four-year, \$850 million public spending project.

The program, supplementing Venezuela's annual \$1.3 billion budget, is Leoni's way of "consolidating and widening" the economic boom that began in 1962 under Rómulo Betancourt. Leoni will use the money to develop the country's interior, stimulate more private enterprise and relieve unemployment (still running 13.7%) by creating 20,000 new jobs. Some 90% of the funds will go toward increasing Venezuela's productive capacity and developing its "basic social capital," meaning everything from electric power to new schools. The other 10% will go for public health and for shoring up debt-plagued regional and district governments, as well as other federal dependencies. Among the projects:

- ▶ \$191 million for irrigation and flood-control development to bring 3,000,000 more acres of cropland into production by 1980, making the country self-sufficient in farm production. Last year Venezuela spent almost \$60 million on food imports.
- ▶ \$248 million for airport, dock and road construction to connect backwater towns with larger population centers.
- ▶ \$48 million for an explosives plant and the expansion of the government's \$155 million petrochemical industry.
- ▶ \$11 million for a high-tension distribution grid that will be able to carry 220,000 kw. of power from hydroelectric projects in northern Venezuela to central and western parts of the country.

To pay for it all, Leoni is counting on \$180 million from foreign credits, \$88 million more from a government bond issue going mostly to private Venezuelan banks, and the rest from annual budget surpluses.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

More Men, More Aid

Only six months ago, U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara was talking hopefully of pulling most U.S. troops out of Viet Nam by the end of 1965. Last week, after his fifth visit to the war front, McNamara called for stepping up American military and economic assistance to Saigon, currently pegged at 15,500 "advisers" and \$500 million a year. McNamara's reversal was a reflection of how far the U.S.-supported war against the Communist Viet Cong has deteriorated of late.

Miserable Story. Casualty totals for April, during which the Viet Cong continued to roam the Mekong Delta almost at will, were the highest so far. The government suffered 610 killed, 1,630 wounded, 390 missing or captured (v. an officially estimated 1,700 Viet Cong dead). The toll of Americans last month was six killed, 101 wounded. According to one U.S. official, General Nguyen Khanh's "clear-and-hold" program in the delta is making "practically no indent at all," and Long An province south of Saigon is "a miserable story."

Terrorism is on the increase, not only in provincial villages, where local administrators have been beheaded by the Reds, but in Saigon. A few days before McNamara's arrival, police surprised two Viet Cong mining a bridge over which his car was to pass. Driving through the streets of the capital, McNamara was cloaked in a bulletproof jacket. It was, in a way, the most revealing aspect of his visit; never before had McNamara found it necessary to adopt such rigid measures in Saigon.

Again, the Buddhists. During a two-hour conference with McNamara, Khanh reported still another problem: lingering animosity between his country's Buddhists and Roman Catholics, which has been fanned anew by Buddhist demands that a former Catholic army officer who had served under the late President Diem be executed for ordering troops to fire on Buddhists demonstrating in Hue last May.^{*} Last week the progovernment head of the Buddhists' political bureau, Thich Tam Chau, resigned, charging other monks

with trying to stir up trouble. The resignation meant increasing influence for another leading monk, Thich Tri Quang, who enjoyed refuge last year in the U.S. embassy, but who is considered antigovernment and potentially neutralist.

Back in Washington, McNamara reported to President Johnson, congressional leaders and the National Security Council, announced to newsmen that because Viet Cong terrorism "has in-

built in 1949 as a trainer, and the B-26, a twin-engine World War II bomber originally designated the A-26. About 100 of these planes were sent in after the U.S. entered Viet Nam in earnest in 1961, chiefly because 1) owing to slow speeds and short turning radii, they could be adapted to the close-support missions needed in counterinsurgency warfare, and 2) they were available.

Probably the most accurate explanation of why they were there was offered last week by an Air Force colonel in Saigon: "We looked around for the first things we could lay hands on, and there was a bunch of stockpiled B-26s and T-28s, so we shipped them off to Viet Nam. After that, it was a combination of necessity to make do with what you've got and Pentagon lethargy."

Mme. Nhu Cocktails. While the Army's ubiquitous helicopters have won most of the glory, "the Peanut Air Force," as pilots wryly call it, compiled its own respectable record, plastering the Viet Cong with everything from bombs to "Mme. Nhu cocktails" (napalm mixed with charcoal). The Air Force claims that it has accounted for 35% of Viet Cong casualties.

The fact remains that the 28s and 26s, even though beefed-up for combat, were ill-prepared to take the beating of a drawn-out war in Viet Nam—and were kept too long. Many of the T-28s were flown 4,000 hours or more; a B-26 once returned riddled by 40 bullet holes, was back in the air two days later. When Viet Cong firepower increased, so did the stresses on the motley fleet's wings—already loaded down with armament—as pilots pulled up more abruptly from attack dives. Last week Air Force Secretary Eugene Zuckert conceded that "structural failure may have been a contributing factor" in the crashes of three T-28s. The Air Force also announced that Viet Nam's entire squadron of B-26s was phased out, ending last month, after a B-26 lost a wing last February during a strafing exhibition at Eglin Air Force Base, Fla., killing its two crewmen.

Belated Beef-Up. Last week Pentagon sources revealed that around 50 sturdier Douglas Skyraider dive bombers have already been shipped to Viet Nam and that 75 more would arrive by the end of the summer—to replace both the B-26s and the remaining combat T-28s. Though also a prop-driven World War II craft, the Skyraider is a much more powerful warplane and almost twice as fast as the B-26. Armed with 20-mm. cannon, Skyriders distinguished themselves in Korea for their close support of the Marines. But the improvement is belated. As to the question, "Why not jets?", Air Force men insist that slower planes are better for Viet Nam's kind of jungle war.



McNAMARA & KHANH IN SAIGON

The guest wore bulletproof.

creased very substantially in recent weeks, it is absolutely essential that we consider ways and means through increased economic assistance and increased military support to assist the government of Viet Nam. We have agreed with them that their regular military forces and their paramilitary forces must be increased in size very substantially and very soon . . . And we consider it desirable to increase by 100% the number of Vietnamese pilots." Again, McNamara stressed that Viet Nam "is a long, hard war," warned: "It may be necessary to send over certain additional U.S. personnel."

The Peanut Air Force

While McNamara was calling for additional U.S. muscle, something of an uproar developed over how the U.S. has been fighting the air war in South Viet Nam. News dispatches from Viet Nam reported that at least two American pilots had died when the wings of their prop-driven T-28 planes ripped off. In Washington, Chairman Carl Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee demanded an explanation from McNamara of whether the U.S. had been using obsolescent aircraft.

The Air Force has indeed operated a mixed-bag of aging airplanes in the war—most notably the T-28, originally

^{*} Speaking in Los Angeles, a U.S. State Department official somewhat tardily questioned the Buddhists' charge that they were persecuted under Diem. Richard I. Phillips, the Department's chief press officer, suggested that the Buddhists had been victims of "favoritism in favor of the Diem family and the Catholic Vietnamese." But pinned down as to whether they suffered "persecution," Phillips replied: "I would say no." He added that "they carried on a very effective public relations program in getting their story before the American people," and noted that they had been supported by fellow Buddhists in neutralist Burma and Ceylon and in Red China.

GREAT BRITAIN

Three Out of Four for the Tories

"I think this is a pointer," said Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home triumphantly, "that we will do well in the autumn." At the very least, it was a pointer that a great many journalists and pollsters had been dead wrong about the Tories' political position. Defending four Conservative constituencies in by-elections this week, the party had been told by virtually everyone that it was in for trouble. At best, it was expected to hold the two safest of the seats, and some thought that the Tories might lose all four. Instead, Labor managed to win only one. The four battles:

► In Devizes, a sprawling, largely rural community in Wiltshire, Labor was heavily favored because of a recent influx of 4,000 industrial workers. It was widely admitted that if the Tories could win here, they would have a real chance in the fall. As it turned out, the Labor candidate, a Bristol schoolteacher, was defeated by Etonian Charles Morrison, 31, who talked welfare issues, visited old people's homes and was aided by no fewer than 14 relations, including his charming wife Sara ("I know you won't believe a word I say about him, but . . ."). More help came from eight Tory backbenchers calling themselves the "S O S" (for "Save Our Seat") squad.

► In Bury St. Edmunds, in the farm country of East Anglia, Conservative Eldon Griffiths, 38, beat out Labor's Noel Insley, another teacher, even though Insley's own determinedly optimistic poll forecast a clear-cut Labor victory. A correspondent for *TIME* and *Newsweek* before he became a speechwriter for the Conservatives, Griffiths was accused by Labor of feeding the Prime Minister uncharacteristic lines full of unfashionable alliterations: on one occasion, Home had referred to Harold Wilson as "this slick salesman of synthetic science." Griffiths, however, proved himself a slick and energetic salesman of Conservatism. Drawing on his experience as a pig farmer, he spoke tirelessly about practical issues (agriculture, housing, jobs), got up at dawn to help the stableboys at Newmarket exercise their horses.

► In Winchester, in Hampshire, a stronghold of Conservatism and site of one of Britain's best public schools, Rear Admiral Morgan Giles, 50, won as expected from Laborite Patrick Seyd, 23, a teacher at Southampton's redbrick university. Though he lost, Seyd had a good time proclaiming the injustice of the British public school system, which heavily favors the rich and socially prominent, advocated more scholarships to schools like Winchester.

► In Rutherglen, outside Glasgow, Laborite J. Gregor Mackenzie, 36, a Glasgow city councilman, won over Iain Sproat, 25, a journalist of whom the *New Statesman* wrote: "If he was any

further to the Right, he would be in the North Sea."

While the three Tory successes were impressive, the Laborites managed to narrow the Conservative 1959 margins of victory: from 7,962 to 2,459 in Bury St. Edmunds, from 3,838 to 1,670 in Devizes, and from 12,792 to 6,064 in Winchester. London's bookmakers made only a minor change in their forecast for the general election in October; they dropped the odds a point, still favoring Labor, 3-1. But the Tories felt more hopeful than they had in months. A sizable number of voters



WINNER GRIFFITHS & WIFE

The writer was up with the stableboys.

had, after all, accepted the Tory line, which essentially came down to this: things are good enough right now, and you can't be sure what Labor will do if it gets in power.

NATO

Literature

The trouble with alliances, Pericles said 2,395 years ago, is that "the common cause imperceptibly decays." NATO's common cause is not decaying—but it has vastly changed in the 15 years since NATO's founding. As the threat of Soviet aggression in Western Europe receded, the alliance became a political assembly of independent-minded states rather than a military coalition huddling under the exclusive U.S. nuclear umbrella. What NATO has yet to prove is that it can rise to broader, subtler challenges. As Dean Rusk put it: "NATO must adapt itself to a situation in which the Communist threat takes more diversified and sophisticated forms, to a situation in which the cohesive element in this alliance must depend upon something more than an imminent military threat."

Top Technician. At last week's NATO foreign ministers' conference in The Hague, the U.S. sought—with some apparent success—its allies' participa-

tion in the multilateral nuclear force, also urged their backing for the Cuba blockade, and their "psychological support" for the war in South Viet Nam. West Germany demanded, and got, a strong resolution reaffirming NATO's position that Germany must be reunited on the basis of self-determination. Greece and Turkey came to hurl acrimonious charges and countercharges about the Cyprus conflict, finally agreed to a mild compromise by which NATO's outgoing Secretary-General Dirk Stikker was asked to lend a hand in ending the dispute.

On one question the allies for once were unanimous: to succeed Stikker they picked Manlio Brosio, 66, Italy's Ambassador to France. The new NATO Secretary-General is less well known than any of his predecessors, which suggests a downgrading of NATO's top job; but Brosio is respected as a skilled diplomatic technician, is liked and trusted by Charles de Gaulle.

"Melancholy Sympathy." There was general agreement that the NATO command structure is outmoded. Example: the military standing group (the U.S., France and Britain), which supposedly coordinates strategy, is located in Washington, while most command posts are in Europe; West Germany is not a member of the standing group, though it contributes nearly 50% of the ground forces under NATO command. But no matter how well NATO might be organized on paper, what really matters is France's resistance to integrated Western military force and to overriding U.S. leadership.

This nettlesome issue was grasped by dynamic, unpredictable Paul-Henri Spaak, Belgium's Foreign Minister and onetime (1957-61) NATO Secretary-General. In the sharpest attack yet on Charles de Gaulle's policy of "independence" within the alliance, Spaak cried that those who undermined NATO should be "ashamed" of themselves. Without actually naming France—his speech was toned down at Rusk's urging—Spaak challenged the Gaullists to "spell out just what you think is wrong with NATO, and how it should be put right. Otherwise, quit rocking the boat." In a brilliant defense of Gaullist boat rocking, France's Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville also put his finger on one of the endemic ailments of all alliances. When no clear, common danger threatens, he argued suavely, their members naturally concentrate on their own problems, usually with little help from their allies. During its bitter wars for Indo-China and Algeria, France got only "melancholy sympathy" from NATO—as did Britain at Suez, Belgium in the Congo, The Netherlands in New Guinea, Portugal in Angola, the U.S. in Cuba and Viet Nam. But, in the Gaullist view, "if Russia threatens, NATO exists." Couve's seathing summation of the Hague conference: "The main current issue was Cyprus. The rest was literature."



NASSER & KHRUSHCHEV PUSHING INAUGURAL BUTTONS*



BLAST OPENING DIVERSION CHANNEL

EGYPT

Gods, Men & the River

The scene could have been played in Dante's nethermost pit. The sun—or perhaps it was the moon—whirling like a ball of molten lead above a billowing grey dust cloud that made any hour seem torrid twilight. An ear-numbing cacophony of whines, snarls, splashes, roars and curses engulfed the 35,000 laborers who went about their tasks.

Huge chunks of granite, some weighing as much as 15 tons, toppled in a steady, clattering stream into the greasy green water below the crude escarpment. Three red-painted vibrators, as tall as ten-story buildings, sent their yards-long steel fingers combing through sand that gushed from giant tubes. Then, suddenly, there was silence. High on a granite crag overlooking the scene, two men pressed two tiny buttons. A muffled explosion sent rock whirling into the sky, and as the smoke cleared the River Nile changed its course for the first time under the hand of man.

Thus last week Gamal Abdel Nasser and Nikita Khrushchev, accompanied at the console by the Presidents of Iraq and Yemen, formally completed the first stage of the Aswan Dam project. After 1,550 days of work, the laborers had finished piling up enough rock for the cofferdam to stem the river; the explosion set off by Nasser

and his visitors opened up a diversion channel through which the Nile will now flow until the High Dam itself is completed. As the white-crested Nile rushed into the new channel, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko muttered in an unwontedly poetic mood: "It's like white horses." Even Khrushchev took time out from his attacks on the Western imperialists and said in awe: "This river is alive." As fireworks exploded all around, the Arab crowds shouted: "Allah akhbar [God is great]."

It was the greatest construction project in the history of Egypt—a nation whose ancient pyramid builders had given the art of grand construction to the world. But the Great Pyramid of Khufu at Giza was dedicated to the sterile memory of a dead man. As Khrushchev said as he rubbernecked through Cairo last week: "Artistic standards are higher now." So are pragmatic goals.

Green Acres. First planned by the U.S., until John Foster Dulles withdrew American aid, the project is being built largely by Russian engineers and money. When the \$1 billion dam is completed in 1970, a 300-mile-long reser-

voir—dubbed Lake Nasser, of course—will add 2,000,000 green acres to Egypt's narrow thread of 6,000,000 acres of arable land. In a nation only a third larger than Texas and quite a bit bleaker, that is a considerable expansion, even if it will not by itself cure Egypt's terrible poverty. Egypt's 27 million inhabitants—twice as many as when Nasser was born 46 years ago—are crammed into a mere 4% of the land. And the pinch gets tighter all the time: each year, 800,000 more Egyptians come into the world. The dam will not only ease this pressure by providing one-third more cultivable land, but with its hydroelectric plant will also triple Egypt's power output and cut power costs significantly.

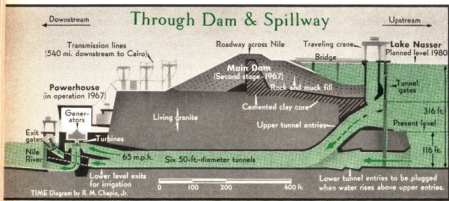
The High Dam will accomplish all this by harnessing the Nile's flood—that annual, June-to-October inundation of silt and water that since the beginning of history has brought life and uncertainty to Lower Egypt. Not only does the rain-fed flood vary in volume year by year, producing the "seven fat years and seven lean years," but at best spills some 9 billion gallons of fresh water into the sea annually, often leaving Egypt's cash crops of cotton and cane thirsty between floods.

The High Dam will contain the flood behind its massive wall, allow water out of Lake Nasser when needed. After aeons of capriciousness, the Nile will have to take orders.

Response to Challenge. Rising from its twin sources in Ethiopia and East Africa, the longest river in the world begins its course 4,150 miles from the sea. Its longest leg, called the White Nile, pours out of Lake Victoria through Uganda's Owen Falls Dam, drops swiftly to the Sudan, where it snarls itself in the tangled vegetation of the Sudd—50,000 sq. mi. of swamp, amidst whose 14-ft.-papyrus thickets and convoluted blue *ambatch* flowers the river loses half its water in evaporation and drainage. The Blue Nile dashes headlong down the rain-wreathed mountains from Lake Tana, smoking through unnavigable gorges and scouring tons of rich earth from the Ethiopian highlands. Where the two meet at Khartoum, the darker

* With them: Iraq's President Abdul Salam Aref and Yemen's President Abdullah Salal.

† Corrupted into "Cheops" 2,400 years ago by the Greek historian Herodotus.



A MIGHTY NEW DAM TO TAME THE NILE



ASWAN COFFERDAM, seen from upstream, juts into Nile (left) as workmen finish diversion channel and tunnels (right) to carry water around dam. Scheduled for comple-

tion in 1967, High Dam will extend 21 miles along line of road above tunnels, will back up water to form Lake Nasser, 300 miles long and an average six miles from bank to bank.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY LAURENCE LOWMY



INSIDE TUNNEL, some of 35,000 Egyptian workmen labor to complete upper entrance where control gates are to be

installed. To oversee construction of dam, 17 times as large as Great Pyramid of Khufu, Russia has sent 1,500 technicians.

OUTSIDE EXIT of tunnels, night work lights illuminate construction of turbine housings and foundation of power plant. To ready dam, overlapping shifts work round the clock.

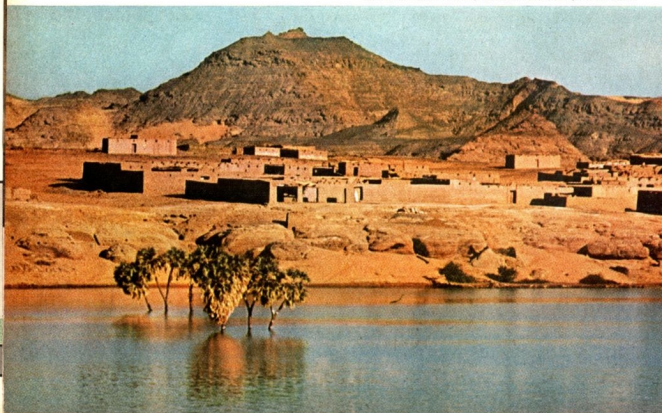


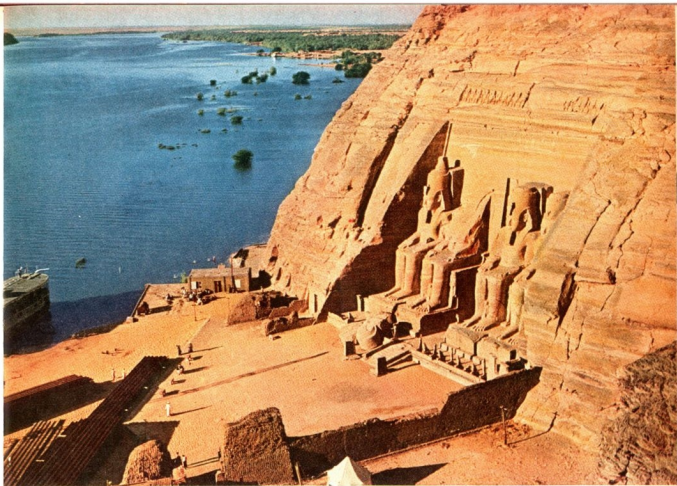




THREATENED MONUMENTS. 175 miles above dam, are 3,000-year-old temples of Queen Nefertari (*above*) and Ramses II (*right*), side by side at Abu Simbel.

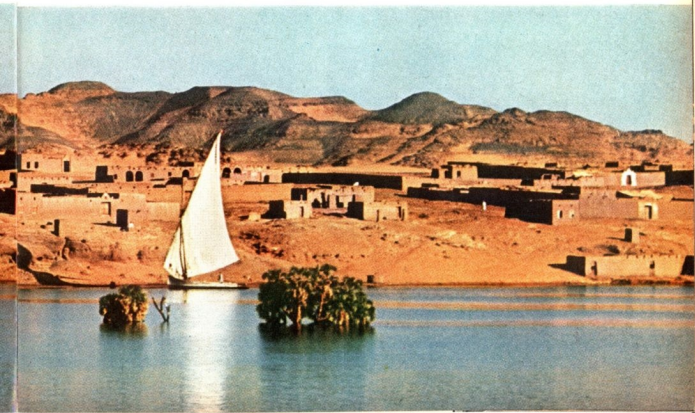
ABANDONED VILLAGE, soon to disappear beneath waters of Lake Nasser, is Thomas, a mud-brick settlement 139 miles above Aswan, and once home of 1,948 Nubians.

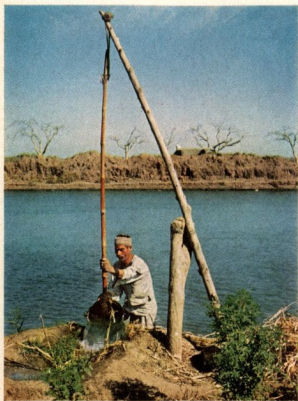




RESCUE OPERATION is under way at Abu Simbel where engineers plan to cut temples into 30-ton sandstone blocks,

hoist them 200 ft. to cliff top and reassemble them. Project cost: \$36 million. UNESCO is conducting global fund drive.

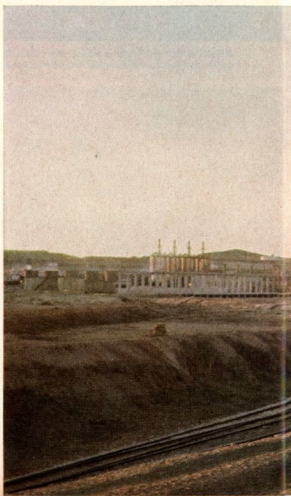


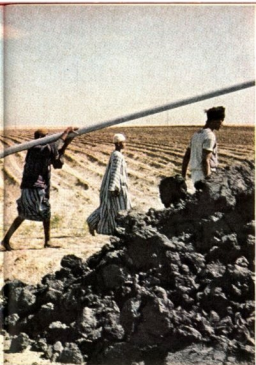


OLD EGYPT was irrigated bucket by bucket by shadoof, a wooden sweep and pail still used (*above*) outside Cairo, or by a water buffalo laboriously turning a wheel called a sakieh, shown (*below*) outside Luxor, ancient spa of the Pharaohs.

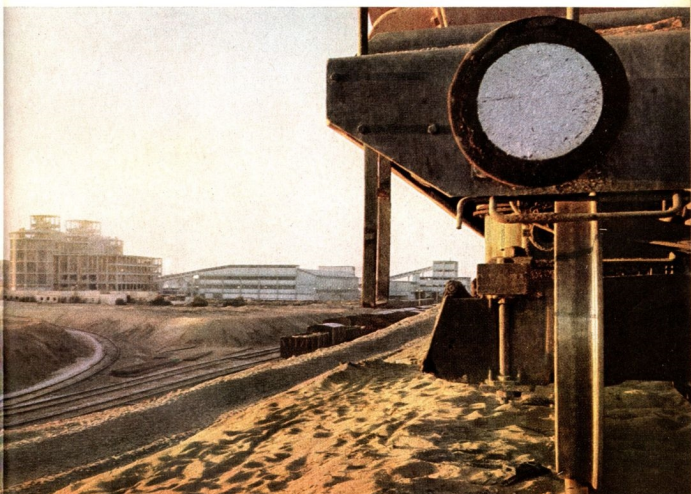


NEW EGYPT will use the Nile's waters to irrigate cash crops—sugar cane, cotton—in fields north of the Aswan High Dam. For flooded-out Nubians like those eating their first meal in New Daboud (*right*), Nasser





has built concrete-block villages for 50,000 in the newly irrigated areas. Aswan itself is becoming an industrial center, already has such industry as the German-built nitrogen-fixation and nitrate-fertilizer plant (below).





THE DIFFERENCE WATER MAKES is shown at Giza, on outskirts of Cairo, where pyramids built by Khufu and his descendants loom over desert wasteland. Reaching toward

them are neatly geometrical fields irrigated to produce date palms, orange and olive trees. When finished, the \$1 billion dam project will increase Egypt's croplands by one-third.

tide of the Blue shoulders the White aside, bringing 84% of the system's total water volume into the resultant river.

From Khartoum to Aswan, the Nile runs through bleak desert. This is Nubia, the land of the Cush, of the mud-building Fung people, of temples and heat, where the Nile hurriedly bears its load of diluted loam over transverse ribs of crystalline rock, granite and diorite—the Six Cataracts. Below the Second Cataract, it skids through a 100-mile chute, the Batn el Hagar (Belly of Stones), studded with gleaming black islets. Then below Aswan it enters the Egypt of antiquity. Here the neolithic men of North Africa gathered as the grassy Saharan plains dried up into desert following the Ice Age, and here they acted out the first classic example, according to Historian Arnold Toynbee, of "response to challenge"—the challenge of the flood.

Levers & Virgins. Out of the ancient Egyptian attempts to tame the Nile floods developed the tools of civilization: a 365-day calendar to predict the coming of the flood; a crude astronomy to further refine forecasts; systems of accounting, and, ultimately, written language to handle the stores of grain needed to tide the society over the lean months between the floods; building implements like the wedge, the lever, the screw, the pulley, the inclined plane.

As the dynasties flourished and Egyptian culture inseminated Crete and Greece, great temples and pyramids rose along the Nile's banks at Giza, Karnak, Luxor, Thebes—clear up through Nubia. Each year, the flood climbed the bench marks of the Nilometers, and Egyptians thanked that most beneficent of gods, pottbelied, Nile-green Hapi, the flood deity. To keep Hapi happy, the Egyptians threw bejeweled virgins into the river each year on the feast of Waffa el Nil (Aug. 22), which Nasser has vowed and pledged to preserve. Though Egypt's Arab conquerors put an end to human sacrifice 13 centuries ago in the name of Mohammed, Egyptians still throw elaborately costumed dolls into the Nile every year on the holiday. Still echoing through history are the hymns that the great Pharaoh Amenhotep IV, history's first known monotheist, composed in honor of his god:

*How excellent are thy designs
O lord of eternity!*

There is a Nile in the sky . . .

Work Is Pride. To stem the Nile on earth and to tame its flood, the Russian engineers directing the Aswan project settled on a two-stage construction plan. Choosing a site four miles above the already existing and inadequate Low Dam at the town of Aswan, they first cut a diversion channel through one bank of the Nile. This channel contains six long, Y-mouthed shafts cut through the rock and lined with cement to house a dozen 180,000-kw. turbines; with the aid of boosting generators, these will crank out the dam's annual 10 billion kw-h of power.

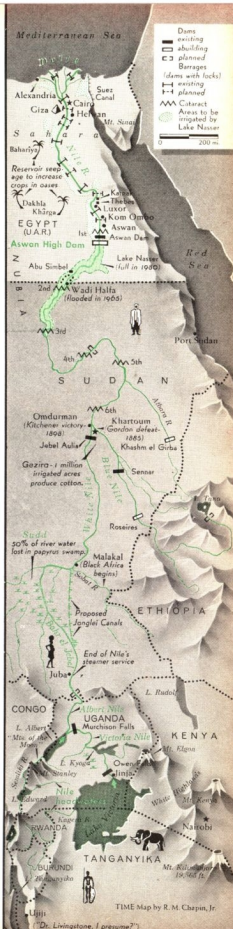
The rock removed in the cutting of the diversion channel meanwhile was dumped into the Nile proper, forming the foundation of the High Dam. Only when this 1,750-ft. cofferdam foundation was laid clear across the Nile could the diversion channel be opened. Last week's explosions accomplished this. The Nile, now held back by the cofferdam, turned slowly into the diversion channel, swooped into the six great turbine shafts (where one tardy worker was trapped and drowned), and re-emerged into the Nile below the dam site. With the Nile thus diverted from the main riverbed, work can proceed on stage two—the raising of the High Dam itself to its ultimate height of 364 ft., forming a flattened, inverted V more than two miles across.

No sooner did the Russians begin work on the first stage in January 1960 than they learned that the Nile is not the Volga. Aswan's temperatures reach 135° in the summer, and the river's east bank, where they chose to cut the diversion channel, is a lunar landscape of tortured volcanic granite. The slow, heavy Russian drills jammed. As the project slipped nearly a year behind schedule because of Russian-equipment failures, Nasser ignored Moscow's objections and brought in outside help—light, rubberized Swedish drills, British-built tractors, crawlers, scrapers and dump trucks, which were soon roaring between loading tips and dockside like Percherons among Arab donkeys.

Excavation quotas increased from 25,000 tons of rock a day to a Pharaonic 170,000 tons during last week's closing surge. Vast crews of Egyptian and Russian workers in four overlapping shifts put in 48 working hours a day, goaded by signs in Arabic that read "Work is Duty, Work is Honor, Work is Pride."

Though the Russians, despite their equipment failures, performed well under difficult conditions, the real "heroes of labor" on the Aswan job were the Egyptian fellahin. Swarming to the site in quest of the relatively high pay (up to \$1.20 a day including overtime), the Egyptians often slept under tarpaulins that flapped in the blast-furnace desert wind, ate their rice and drank their syrupy tea mixed with sand. When blasting shocks crumpled a temporary dam above the diversion channel last July, and the onrushing Nile threatened 5,000 workers in the incomplete turbine shafts, thousands of fellahin swarmed in with sand and other fill, saved the whole project from disaster. An amazing spirit swept through the hot, dusty camp as D (for Diversion) Day neared. Drivers actually wept when their trucks broke down; Arab laborers swarmed in like ants when Soviet excavators halted for maintenance, toted tons of granite in baskets on their backs. More than 200 workers died in accidents.

Lost Traces. The dam project already has changed the life of Upper Egypt. The once-sleepy resort of As-



wan, where thin-blooded Edwardians and the Aga Khan wintered, has become a boom town; its population has effectively tripled in the past four years to 140,000. Steel mills, nucleonic plants, and vast chemical complexes that will provide fertilizer to replace the lost Nile silt, are rising in what the Cairo press calls "the Pittsburgh of Egypt." Four resort hotels, plus the Aswan Hilton currently abuilding, loom glassy and air-conditioned ("TV in every room") above the Old Cataract Hotel, where oldtimers still sip icy martinis on the veranda and watch the river ride by. The presence of the High Dam and the threatened antiquities above Aswan have bred a burgeoning tourist trade, and each day the 50-passenger hydrofoil *Cleopatra* roars up from Aswan at 30 m.p.h. to visit the historic sites that will soon be lost to mankind.

As it slowly fills, Lake Nasser will obliterate the last traces of one of history's richest archaeological deposits. Bone-dry Nubia, the "land of gold," over which black men and white battled for 50 centuries, will be drowned. Though the Nubians themselves once ruled all Egypt (750-656 B.C.), they were frequently the victims of invaders. The Pharaoh Snefru 4,600 years ago reported "Nubia hacked to pieces: 7,000 men and women, 200,000 cattle and sheep led away." Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Turks and British followed, leaving hundreds of monuments, temples, fortresses, churches and works of art buried in the sand or exposed along the scar Nile Banks.

Drowning the Past. As the dam deadline approached, two dozen archaeological teams from 14 countries swarmed over the land searching for last-minute finds. At least 23 of Nubia's major historical sites have been or will be rescued from the waters—some of them simply by being cut up and carted away. A West German engineering firm won a UNESCO contract to save the Upper River's most famous temple: the sandstone statuary and columns carved 3,000 years ago on the order of Pharaoh Ramses II at Abu Simbel, 180 miles above Aswan.

Already many lesser structures have gone under. The distinctive mud houses of some 50,000 Nubians, their walls of *tobey* (from which Spanish takes the word *adobe*) gaudily painted with symbols ranging from scorpions to flowering steamboats, dissolve and collapse as the Nile laps among them. Of 43 villages, 33 have already been evacuated, their citizens relocated in stone-and-cement villages replete with grocery markets and food-processing plants, at Kom Ombo, 40 miles north of Aswan. Many Nubians resent the move. Their culture, which survived waves of invaders from the Egyptians to the Turks, seems doomed to certain dilution in the new settlements. But as one Egyptian said: "What is left to us but to drown the past in order to save the future?"

RUSSIA

Regards from an Outcast

The Soviet Union treats any of its citizens who choose to live in the West as traitors and outcasts, and to become involved in such cases is one of the riskiest things that a foreigner in Russia can do. That is precisely what happened to Peter Reddaway, a British exchange student, whose story once again dramatizes the continuing war between the Soviet government and the defectors.

Reddaway, 24, had done well at Cambridge University and at Harvard graduate school, was happily pursuing postgraduate work in Russian literature

When Lenchevsky rejected the thinly veiled threats of Soviet embassy officials designed to make him go home, he was informed that his letter would not be delivered. He thereupon published it in the London Observer. Acknowledging many merits in socialism, Lenchevsky declared himself "unable any longer to continue to subscribe to the doctrine of merciless and irreconcilable class and anti-religious struggles, which form the foundation stone of Communist teaching. For tolerance is the only salvation for humanity from mass fratricide and degeneration." Resigning formally from the party and from Soviet citizenship, Lenchevsky concluded: "In Moscow, in Frunzenskaya Naberezhnaya 36, Apt.



DEFECTOR LENCHEVSKY LOLLING IN LONDON'S HYDE PARK

"People here are good."

and history at Moscow University when, abruptly, he was accused by Soviet authorities of subversive activities and expelled. Reason: twice in January he had briefly visited plump, greying Valentina Lenchevsky and delivered regards from her scientist husband, now in the West. But then Oleg Lenchevsky is no ordinary scientist: he is one of the most unusual of the millions of Russians who since 1917 have left their families and their country to live in exile.

A Letter Undelivered. Lenchevsky's physician father was killed fighting on the Red side during the Russian Revolution, and Oleg was raised by his dentist mother. He emerged after World War II as a Communist Party member and one of Russia's leading experts on water purification. Leaving his seamstress wife and two teen-aged daughters in Moscow, he went to England in 1961 on a UNESCO fellowship. It took only a month for Lenchevsky to conclude that "though capitalism has more sores than dogs have fleas," people here are good. Though tortured by the knowledge that his defection would leave his wife and daughters to face reprisals, he nevertheless decided that he could not go back, applied to British authorities for asylum. At the same time he sent a proud and patriotic letter to Nikita Khrushchev in care of the Soviet embassy in London, carefully explaining his decision and begging that his family be allowed to join him in the West.

81, live my wife and two daughters, whom I educated to unconditional support and approval of everything done by the Communist Party. I entreat you to inflict no penalty upon them, and to allow them to come to England to discuss with me our future in a proper manner."

An Answer of Foreboding. Since then Lenchevsky has published three other letters to Nikita Khrushchev, in every case after waiting in vain for months for the originals to be delivered. Though letters and packages sent directly to his family were returned, he received two letters from them: one signed by his daughter Masha, 19, obviously dictated by Soviet authorities, charged him with "a serious crime" and urged him to return "before it is too late."

Now working in The Netherlands as an engineer, Lenchevsky had met Peter Reddaway during a visit to Cambridge. Learning that Reddaway was about to go to Moscow, he asked him to deliver news and greetings to the family from which he had been cut off for three years. Reddaway paid the price for having done what he described, on his return to Britain last week, as the kindly thing. For millions in both East and West the episode was a reminder that, though Russian Communism has become less brutal, as witnessed by the fact that Valentina Lenchevsky and her daughters are still alive and working, Russia remains a closed society.

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JAPAN

Goodness, Beauty & Benefit— But for Whom?

The vast auditorium of Tokyo's Nihon University seats 10,000, but it bulged with twice that many people as local and regional leaders of Soka Gakkai packed the hall to hear an announcement: their religious society will enter the political field in earnest by running 30 candidates in the next election to the 467-member lower house of the Diet.

Japan's political parties were as rattled as the Emperor had suddenly reclaimed his forsaken divinity. Soka Gakkai, a society of Buddhist laymen, already holds 15 seats in the 250-member upper house, plus some 4,000 seats on local councils. Soka Gakkai (the Value-Creation Society) is more than just another party; it is a militantly organized, crusading sect vaguely combining Buddhism with left-wing reform or perhaps revolutionary politics, and its confessed ambition is to convert Japan and then the world.

Fuji's Foot. The movement mixes the evangelism of Moral Rearmament with the get-out-the-vote discipline of the Communist Party and lots of show biz. Founded in 1930, it was suppressed during World War II and began sweeping the nation in 1947 under a talented organizer and ex-schoolteacher named Josei Toda. Soka Gakkai now claims 13 million members and 100,000 converts a month. While some critics question these figures, there is no doubt that the movement is gaining impressively. Last month, at ceremonies featuring martial bands, a waltz-playing orchestra, an all-girl chorus and sutra-chanting priests, Soka Gakkai formally dedicated a \$4,500,000 recreation-and-workshop center at the foot of Mount Fuji.

Soka Gakkai is tightly organized into squads (each composed of 20 to 30 families), companies (made up of six squads), districts (formed by ten companies) and regional chapters. In thou-

sands of local meetings held throughout Japan on any night of the week, members discuss their spiritual progress and prepare for their highest duty, which is *shakubuku* (literally, break and subdue), or gaining converts. Until some years ago *shakubuku* was accomplished by relays of devotees chanting sutras round the clock in a prospective recruit's home and literally wearing him down. In other cases, members burned a family's Shinto altar, or prevented a doctor from treating a sick devotee on grounds that faith alone would cure him. Because of public protest, Soka Gakkai eased off on such tactics, but even today it stresses obedience, and members must vote for the sect's political candidates as a religious duty.

Highest Values. Just what its faith and its political program consist of is not easy to discern. The society propagates a simplified, modernized version of doctrines taught by the 13th century Buddhist reformer, Nichiren, who maintained that happiness consisted of pursuing the highest values in life—"goodness, beauty and benefit." Grandly promising its followers material as well as spiritual benefits, Soka Gakkai, operating through a political affiliate called Koseiren, is competing with Japan's Communists and Socialists for the support of the discontented urban poor, who have missed out on the country's industrial boom. A Tokyo newspaper explains, "Soka Gakkai is more appealing because religion sounds better than Communism." Soka Gakkai collects no dues, instead selects 400,000 families a year to provide 1,000 yen (\$2.78) apiece; being allowed to contribute is considered a great honor. The sect derives even more income from a vast publishing empire that puts out a newspaper, two monthly magazines, a picture magazine and a children's magazine, boasting a combined circulation of 5,000,000.

Domestically, the society visualizes a powerful welfare state, attacks corruption, political bosses, waste of taxpay-

ers' money and favoritism for big business. In the Diet, Soka Gakkai has supported aid to small businessmen and most welfare measures. In contrast to the easygoing approach of many of their fellow representatives, Soka Gakkai Deputies painstakingly investigate every bill, carefully compile factual data on which to base their support or opposition.

In foreign policy, the society calls for diplomatic relations with both Nationalist China, which Japan already recognizes, and Red China, friendly relations with South Korea, and the return of U.S.-occupied Okinawa to Japanese control. Explains a Soka Gakkai spokesman: "We do not think it is good to be friendly to the U.S. and the Western nations to the exclusion of others."

Fixing Fences. Many Japanese are sure that there is far more to the movement than this sort of crusading reform spirit. They worry about Soka Gakkai's militant organization, its occasional signs of fanaticism. Many hope that the movement may prove a passing phenomenon, but Japan's political pros are not so sure. One fact that particularly impresses them: the society's converts are mainly young adults under 30. Soka Gakkai's president, Daisaku Ikeda (no kin to Japan's Premier), is himself only 36. Before the war, Ikeda says, the Japanese did have an ideal of sorts—to conquer Asia by force. But since then, his argument goes, nothing has been advanced to take its place. Says he: "We give the young a principle, a practical and sincere ideal."

Just what that ideal is, and where it might lead, is another question. Last week Premier Hayato Ikeda's Liberal-Democratic Party, as well as the Socialists, began discussing ways to repair their political fences among the masses and counteract Soka Gakkai.



SOKA GAKKAI'S NEW \$4,500,000 CENTER



GIRL BAND

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PEOPLE

He is an old man, and could be excused for not making the effort. But for **Joseph Kennedy**, 75, effort has always been worthwhile. Last week the former Ambassador to Britain had recovered sufficiently from his 1961 stroke to walk slowly under his own power into Manhattan's Caravelle restaurant for dinner. A wooden cane helped, and so did his niece and constant companion, Ann Gargan, but the fact remained that he can walk across a room. He can also rise from a chair using just the cane, and his speech is showing improvement. Now in Hyannis Port, he has spent the last three weeks at Philadelphia's Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential doing a carefully mapped-out regimen of exercises. In the end, though, it was a question of not giving up hope.

Among the 800 items, there are first editions of Homer, Aristotle, Petrararch, *The Faerie Queene*, *Don Quixote*, *Divine Comedy*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, just to mention a few. It took Chicago Lawyer **Louis Silver** a lifetime to compile his rare-book collection, and by the time he died last October at 61, he had spent \$1,500,000. Now it belongs to Chicago's private Newberry Library, which shelled out \$2,750,000 to get it from his estate. That upsets the rare-book-hungry University of Texas, which had agreed to buy the collection for the same price five months ago. But Texas' lawyers had been haggling over details, and interest on that kind of money mounts up. That's when the Newberry came along. Crowded Library Vice President **Hermion Dunlap Smith**, who engineered the coup: "It's the greatest collection ever acquired by an institution."

He was on his way to be introduced to the Church of England and to get a name. The Most Rev. **Arthur Ramsey**,



MOM & JAMES ROBERT BRUCE
Yip.

Archbishop of Canterbury, was preparing to do the honors; seven godparents, starting with his Queen, were waiting; water from the River Jordan was sent for the occasion; and the christening robe made for Queen Victoria's children was dug out of the attic for him to wear. But none of that made the slightest impression on the son of Princess Alexandra and Angus Ogilvy. Just like any other healthy ten-week-old, he let out a sharp little yip as he was baptized **James Robert Bruce Ogilvy**.

Carefully the honeymoon couple peeked out. Nope, nobody around. Out came chairs, mats and other sunbathing essentials. A photographer poised across the street from the hotel near Naples briefly eyed Spain's Prince Hugo Car-



PRINCESS IRENE
Click.

los. But when Dutch **Princess Irene**, 24, came out, he clicked away, for her bikini was as brief as her form was royal.

Napoleon was her great-great-grandfather's godfather, and she hasn't been able to shake the bit ever since. Born in Corsica (just like him), she moved to Paris (just like him) and studied law (mostly written under him). Then in 1956 **Micheline Muselli Pozzo di Borgo**, now 35, met Alan Jay Lerner, now 45, and was soon wooed and wed. That didn't change things. As his fourth wife, she sailed into their English-style East 71st Street Manhattan manse and transformed the 16 rooms (plus eight water loos) into a plush Napoleonic empire. Now she has struck a Wellington of her own. Lerner, she says, spends little precious time at home, and when the mil-



MRS. LERNER
Slam.

lionaire lyricist cut off all her charge accounts around town, his lady finally said no fair. As a counterploy she locked him out on the street where he lives, then sued for separate maintenance. But she still loves him; so of course, said a source, no divorce.

III lay: Violinist **David Oistrakh**, 55, in a Leningrad hospital after a heart attack; Authoress **Dorothy Parker**, 70, in her Manhattan home, recuperating from a fractured shoulder; Columnist **Walter Winchell**, 67, treated and released in Los Angeles after suffering a whiplash neck injury when his car was hit from behind.

Midst laurels stood: Stunty Girl **Barbra Streisand**, 22, named to two Grammys, the recording industry's top honor—best pop album, best female vocalist; U.S. Socialist Leader **Norman Thomas**, 79, decorated with the Star of Solidarity First Class, Italy's highest citation, for his support of the fight to free Italy from Fascism; **Paul Hoffman**, 73, managing director of the U.N. Special Fund, presented with the American Freedom Association's 1964 World Peace Award; Film Cowboy and Multi-millionaire Investor **Gene Autry**, 56, Novelist **Pearl Buck**, 71, Litton Industries Chairman **Charles ("Tex") Thornton**, 50, and Architect **Minoru Yamasaki**, 41, each given a Horatio Alger Award for a noteworthy rise from "humble beginnings"; Federal Judge **Thurgood Marshall**, 55, who successfully argued against segregated schools before the U.S. Supreme Court ten years ago, granted the N.A.A.C.P.'s Liberty Bell Award; Physiologist **Wallace Fenn**, 70, who demonstrated loss of muscular tension with increasing speed of contraction, and Dr. **Albert Sabin**, 57, who developed the oral polio vaccine, both recipients of \$40,000 Antonio Feltrinelli awards presented by the Lincei National Academy, Italy's leading arts and sciences institute.

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SHOW BUSINESS

MOVIES

King of the Birds

The waves that day on the beach on Kauai had muscle behind them, and the woman went under almost instantly. The man fought the current to get to her, but wound up 50 yards farther out and some 100 yards from shore. Friends heard the couple cry for help, but could not buck the waves. In the end it took four men, one surfboard, one rope and the local fire department to bring them in. The woman was in pretty good shape, but the man was unconscious and needed artificial respiration, was carted home on a stretcher and put to bed. Friends were astonished when he got up at 7 o'clock sharp the following morning and started on his day's work. But then, Frank Sinatra was not in Hawaii to drown. He was there to establish that he is not only a bang-up movie star and the top vocalist in all the world, but also to launch a new career as a film director.

Sinatra is 48 years old, and it is his first time out on a job to which he brings no technical experience. But he has always had what it takes to come out on top—wherever the game, whatever the odds.

Everyone's Freddy. "My desire to direct," he says, "became acute about five years ago." It took almost that long to find and prepare a suitable script, and *None but the Brave* seems worth the delay. A sort of World War II in miniature, the story tells of two groups of Japanese and American soldiers on a Pacific island who bicker internally and battle externally until they are driven to declare a truce. But the hard-won armistice ends in mutual and inevitable

annihilation. Defined by the director as "an integrated picture," its stars are 17 Japanese actors who cannot speak English, 18 Americans who insist that they can, and Sinatra's singing son-in-law, Tommy Sands (married to Sinatra's daughter Nancy). The old man himself steps in front of the camera to play a small part as a boozing, brawling Navy pharmacist, runs back behind it crying "Perfect! Cut!" after completing a scene.

But on the job, Sinatra is a fulltime professional who personally supervises every phase of production from the ordering of ten gallons of concentrated "blood" (needed to provide 50 gallons of gore when mixed with water) to learning the script so thoroughly that he never has to look at the screenplay. He knows every cast and crew member by name, though he calls most of the Japanese "Freddy," thinks privately "they should all be called Kim." The cast and crew are impressed. A prop man claims "He really listens to you." Actor Tatsuya Mihashi, "the Japanese Robert Taylor," calls him a director "who knows what secrets an actor should have." U.S. Actor Brad Dexter credits him with "tremendous radar." Uniformly, they are agreed that only the movie is an unknown quantity. Director Sinatra is visibly a pro.

No more Clyde. It seems an odd role for a fellow who was supposed to end his days as a careless carouser and muscular seducer. But then times have changed. The celebrated Rat Pack has dispersed and left its leader not much the worse for wear, and maybe just

* In the film, English subtitles will do it for them.

a little bit better. Even the widely publicized vocabulary that once catered to the smallest lingual group on the globe has changed; gone with the wind are "Dullsville," "Spooksville," and "Clyde." Sinatra's new lingo consists largely of a single all-purpose noun—"bird"—that has a thousand meanings. Sinatra loves them all, last week inquired of a friend, "Did you grow any orchids in your bird over the weekend?" and said of a bumbling Hollywood producer, "He does have a way of stepping on his bird."

He has a rented \$2,000-a-month beach-front house, which the owner had decorated (for \$20,000) in orange. The draperies, ashtrays, towels and dishes are orange. And so are the silk pajamas Sinatra sits around in, drinking Jack Daniels whisky, which is reddish-brown, but which goes well with what the new pack calls the "national color."

TELEVISION

Poor Emmy

The movies have Oscars, the theater Tonys, so in 1948 television got itself Emmys.

It might better have got itself a case of foot-and-mouth disease. For one thing, there are so many TV programs that nobody can begin to see them all. Then there are the absurd lengths to which the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences has gone to spread the joy around, with complicated categories that still leave such impossible competitions as this year's between Leonard Bernstein and Vic Damone for the Outstanding Program Achievement in the Field of Music. And to make it all even sillier, the networks often pay for their employees' memberships in the academy—big heartedness that fosters the cynical notion that network loyalty is expected come ballot time.

Last week, with the awards due on May 25, CBS News Chief Fred W. Friendly came right out and called Emmy a tart. "Insofar as CBS News is concerned," he wrote in a memo to the staff, "we have not and shall not purchase memberships for our employees; we shall not participate in the awards ceremonies, and I recommend that we even desist from voting in this so-called competition."

President James T. Aubrey Jr. followed suit for the entire CBS network, and so did President Thomas Moore of ABC although many CBS and ABC shows are independently produced. That left NBC and Emmy going steady by default, at least until May 25. The network rose gallantly to the occasion, tongue-lashing the girl's deserters—a "classic of sham and hypocrisy" and "an effective publicity stunt." Curiosity about what they would do about the flock of absentee award winners may well give the show its highest Nielsen rating yet.

The lady's last gasp may be her best moment.



SINATRA WITH CAMERA



WITH JAPANESE SOLDIER
Desire became acute.



WITH DAUGHTER

ust what does "classic" mean to you?
It means that, for the first time in history,
you can enjoy a light Scotch blended from
the world's largest selection of fine whiskies.

Maybe every Scotch-maker uses "light" in a different sense. It's that kind of word.

What we mean by "lightness" is smoothness.

Then follow the same procedure with a glass of Chivas Regal, every drop of which is aged 12 years.

(The age of Chivas has a lot to do with it. So have the prize Glenlivet whiskies we use.)

But please feel free to call it lighter, mellower, rounder, softer, gentler or just plain better.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Extra Light

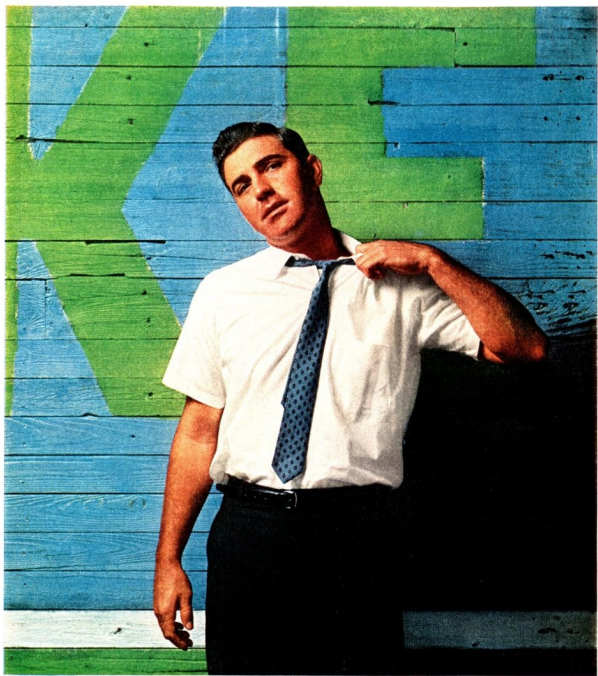
WORLD'S
BRIGHTEST SCOTCH

Above all...it's light!

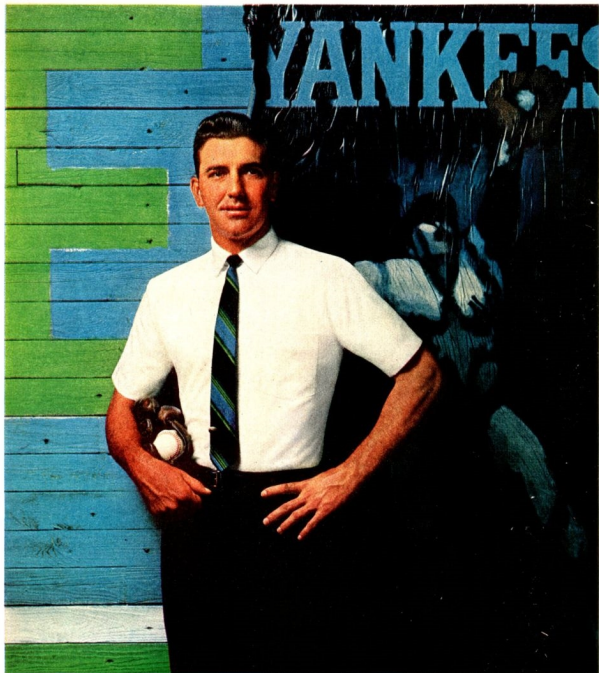
the first and only
light-mellow Scotch
Revolutionary

Some people would call it "lightness."
Glenlivet whiskies from Scotland
distillery are

first light Scotch



Clete Boyer has loosened his collar.



Clete Boyer has loosened his collar.

(the new V-Matic™ adjustable collar by Manhattan®)

Sure, you know your neck size. But what happens after a big meal, a weight gain or loss, or a change in the weather? V-Matic, exclusive with Manhattan®, is the first collar ever that you can adjust invisibly, easily, neatly. Just loosen your tie knot to loosen the collar. You look neat. You feel great. You'll never get hot under the collar again. V-Matic comes in Mantrim® contour-cut body styling that slims and flatters. In a variety of collar styles and fabrics. From \$5.



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Adjust your tie knot to enjoy V-Matic comfort.



Did you ever drive 82,000 miles in 10 months?



R. P. Jackson did.

R. P. "Red" Jackson, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, not only covered 82,000 miles in 10 months—he did it all in one car. A Chrysler. "Red" drove through 15 states including Alaska, and western Canada. Over some of the roughest roads in the world.

Yet he needed repairs only once—to replace a rear wheel bearing. And his dealer took care of that.

Now he's off again, in the only car he trusts—a Chrysler, a '64.

If you'd like a car like that, one that's big, tough and looks as good as the one below—see your Chrysler dealer. A Newport 4-door sedan similar to Mr. Jackson's has a manufacturer's suggested retail price of \$2901, before state and local taxes, destination charges, options. Interested? **CHRYSLER: engineered better than any car in its class**

Be sure to watch Bob Hope and the Chrysler Theater, NBC-TV, Fridays



Chrysler 300 4-Door Hardtop

CHRYSLER DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

MODERN LIVING

LEISURE

But How Many Readers?

Reading is an arcane art. Nobody but a man, his conscience and possibly his wife can ever know whether he has opened the books that line his shelves. But publishers are interested in sales, not consumption, and any market researcher can tell them who buys what, when and where. The latest survey of book-buying habits, printed in *Publishers' Weekly* and based on interviews in New York, Washington and San Francisco, confirms some old publishing assumptions and springs a few mild surprises. Among the findings:

► The most inveterate book buyers, by age, belong to the 18-to-34 age group, known in market-research jargon as "the age of acquisition"; roughly half of them bought at least one book in the past month.

► 40% of the total population questioned bought one or more books in the past month, and men bought as many as women.

► Hardcover and paperback sales were evenly divided.

► An erudite 9% of the population (representing upper income and education brackets) bought 54% of all the books sold.

RETIREMENT

Down Mexico Way

Where can a man go to get some real living out of a pension check—a place where it's a sunny 70° all year round, where a five-room house can be had for \$40 a month and a live-in maid for \$16, where the family food bill may be measured in pennies per day, with beer at 8¢ a bottle and gin at 98¢ a quart? The answer to this daydreaming question is not nowhere; it's Mexico.

More and more retired U.S. citizens are discovering a bargain *dolce vita*

across the Rio Grande. And the Mexican government is doing its best to help the process of discovery. This month speakers from the National Council of Tourism, headed by ex-president Miguel Alemán, are campaigning throughout North America to build up Mexico's *industria de los viejitos*—the oldest industry—which the council estimates would be worth \$400 million a year if Mexico could attract only 1% of the annual retirees in the U.S. and Canada.

Mexico's imported gringos include all kinds. At the peak there are the sleek fat cats of Cuernavaca and Acapulco, reading their air-mailed New York Times in their white-walled gardens and practicing kitchen-Spanish on the servants, who have servants of their own. At the other end of the scale, and potentially more important to both Mexico and the U.S., are Americans who have worked out a comfortable design for living in such modest places as Chapala and Ajijic.

Paseos & Tortillas. In these two pretty towns on 48-mile-long Lake Chapala, 30 miles south of Guadalajara, some 900 retired men and women from the U.S. are living with—not away from—the Mexicans. The wife of a retired mining engineer may not invite the wife of a Mexican fisherman for tea, but she lives two doors away, she haggles in the same market for the same kind of food, and when they meet on the street, Doña Margarita greets Doña Margaret as a neighbor.

The Americans of Chapala and Ajijic have adopted many Mexican ways as their own. They look forward to the Thursday and Saturday *paseo* of boys and girls circling the town plaza in opposite directions to look each other over and flirt their way into marriage. They are careful to cover their mouths against the night air "to avoid

catching cold," and not to gush over a Mexican baby, out of respect for the Indians' belief that this will give the child the evil eye. They say "This is your home" when guests enter their houses, and they serve frijoles instead of potatoes and *tortillas* instead of white bread.

On their part, the Mexicans of Lake Chapala have gained far more than the \$200,000 their American neighbors spend there each month and the employment they give to maids and houseboys, gardeners and mechanics. The Americans have helped build a road and two schools. Their wants have nudged local markets into a wider range of merchandise.

Happiness with Highballs. Some of the retirees of the area are Korean war veterans living on pensions that are too low to give them the official status of "immigrant retired." This is a category instituted two years ago by the Mexican government, granting to those of 55 and over who have incomes of at least \$240 a month per man (and \$80 for his wife and every child of 15 or over) the privilege of entering Mexico duty-free with their own household furniture and a car and living in the country without the exit and re-entry required every six months for those on tourist visas. After five years' residence, they may become full residents of Mexico, with permission to take jobs, and most of the privileges of citizenship except voting.

More affluent retirees are Laurence and Helen Hartmus, both 60, who have lived in Ajijic for ten years, where they bought a four-bedroom house with all modern conveniences plus a swimming pool, garden, garage and workshop for \$16,000. Mining Engineer George W. Mitchell, 64, and his wife Pauline have some \$500 a month, but they find that they spend only about \$300 of it living in a comfortable house and employing two housemaids and a gardener. "We retired here because the climate is the best in the world and living is



AMERICAN HOMES NEAR LAKE CHAPALA
Where even the servants have servants.



TUMTHONG IN ELEPHANT-RAMA

so cheap that you can almost laugh," says Mitchell.

Even for the country club set. Dues at the Chapala Country Club are \$5.60 a month for two, caddy fees 35¢ for 18 holes, and back at the 19th afterward, a rum highball comes to 16¢.

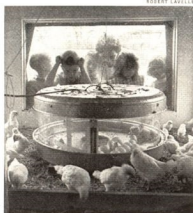
THE CITY

News in Zoos

There seems to be something both pleasing and prestigious in having wild animals where you want them. The bachelor Prince Rainier of Monaco made a lasting impression on Movie Actress Grace Kelly by showing her around his private zoo, and he had plenty of royal precedent. Some 3,000 years ago, Egypt's Empress Hatshepsut sent out a whole fleet in search of new animals to stock her private menagerie; Emperor Wen, the first of China's Chou dynasty (12th century B.C.), had a collection of animals he called "the Garden of Intelligence"; Roman Emperor Octavian Augustus had no fewer than 420 tigers, 260 lions and 600 assorted other specimens from Africa.

Wild animals are mostly a municipal matter today, but they are more popular than ever. Of the 30 largest cities in the U.S. only two do not have at least one zoo (Minneapolis and Newark). Recently Los Angeles announced plans for a new \$6,600,000 zoo designed by Architect Charles Luckman. Indianapolis has just opened a twelve-acre, \$800,000 children's zoo as a mere preliminary to a 38-acre main zoo to be added within the next four years.

The Indianapolis children's zoo contains a Japanese garden, with pagoda, pool and bridge, in which a collection of Japanese wildlife run free; a miniature train tours the grounds behind a replica of an 1863 locomotive; a walk-in whale has an aquarium in his stomach; there is an underwater glass panel for viewing submarine life and an underground panel to watch burrowing animals at work. An "elephant-rama" houses a baby elephant named Tumthong, bought with the nickels and dimes of 100,000 Indianapolis and Marion County school-children. And of course there is a chick-



HATCHERY AT INDIANAPOLIS



ARCHITECT EVERLY
Behind the moat.

en hatchery—a staple of children's zoos because they are not only educational for the small fry but also supply live food for a grownups' zoo's snakes.

Paddling Through Animals. Dreamer-up of all this zoological ingenuity is North America's No. 1 architect to the animal world, Robert Everly, 58, of Winnetka, Ill. Everly got into zoo designing ten years ago as a byproduct of planning recreation areas, and has traveled all over the world studying old zoos and planning new ones.

Most zoos, says Everly, suffer from lack of long-range planning, plus ignorance on the part of architects, who have a tendency to treat the buildings as monuments, making them too big, impossible to heat, and badly ventilated. Then, too, the modern conception of a zoo's function is quite different from what it was 50 years ago, when the main idea was to display curious creatures. Today the emphasis is on presenting a representative selection of the world's animals in surroundings that simulate their native environments.

Carrying out the principle pioneered by Hamburg's Hagenbeck Zoo, Everly and most modern zoomakers do away with bars and cages as far as possible, separate animals from people by relatively invisible barriers, such as moats—a technique that Chicago's Brookfield zoo and the excellent St. Louis zoo pioneered in the U.S. The most advanced arrangement, to be followed in Los Angeles' new zoo, is to group animals geo-



MODEL FOR OMAHA

graphically. In Everly's Angrignon Park Zoo in Montreal, he plans an "African Veld" with antelope, eland, ostrich, rhinoceros, hippopotamus; "South American pampas" with tapir, llama, deer; and an "Asian Plain" (antelope, sheep, deer and birds). A navigable river will flow through the zoo's center so that visitors can paddle by and watch the wildlife grazing on the shore.

Everly plots the movements of the humans as carefully in the modern zoo as those of the animals. In the zoo he is building in Omaha, for instance, visitors start at the top of a gentle slope and walk downhill all the way—sometimes above the animals, sometimes on the same level—to meet their buses at the foot.

Up-to-date zoos separate outsiders and inmates with glass—sometimes electrified to discourage assault!—which also serves to protect the animals from human germs and the lethal things people are so fond of offering animals to eat. Glass, though, is not for lions. "Enclose a lion in a glass cage and you'll drive him crazy," says Everly.

Saving the Species. Zoos are going in for more showmanship, such as the red-light rooms, in which nocturnal animals are tricked by the red lights into thinking day is night, therefore moving around for the audience instead of snoozing the visiting hours away. They are also expanding. San Diego, which already has the largest animal collection in the world, is planning to add six acres, and Zoo Designer Everly currently has enlargement programs under way at Denver, Columbus, Boston and Johannesburg.

"Zoos are more important, as well as more popular than they used to be," says Everly, "because of the number of species that are disappearing from the earth. It's estimated that one species of animal has disappeared every year for the past 50 years." With the great game preserves of Africa being cut into, the only place to protect all kinds of species is in our zoos.*

* Among them: Barbary lion, Rufous gazelle, Florida wolf, Carolina parakeet and Henshaw's grizzly.



Carlton

FLAVOR-FILTER

ANALYSES OF THE SMOKE OF SAMPLES OF CARLTON CIGARETTES ARE MADE PERIODICALLY BY AN INDEPENDENT RESEARCH LABORATORY. ANALYSES DURING THE MOST RECENT TEST PERIOD PRIOR TO THE MANUFACTURE OF THE CIGARETTES IN THIS PACKAGE AVERAGED:



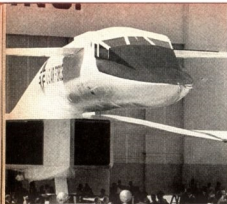
"TAR"* 2.7 MGPER CIGARETTE
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This is Carlton, the unusual new cigarette from The American Tobacco Company. Everything about Carlton is selected and crafted to produce this one result: (Low "tar" and nicotine, with real smoking pleasure.) It is so low in "tar" and nicotine we print test results on all packs and cartons. ■ Carlton has a distinctive blend, high porosity paper, special air vents, and a new "flavor filter" with activated charcoal which actually enriches the taste. ■ We believe you'll want to try Carlton. We also believe you will find it a new and pleasurable smoking experience. Give Carlton the time it takes you to smoke a carton. ■ See for yourself. Product of The American Tobacco Company



COCKPIT, CANARD & AIRSCOOPS
Speed can be dangerous.

AERONAUTICS

The Supersonic Cobra

The Air Force officers who christened their controversial new research plane the Valkyrie were probably confused. Valkyries were the screaming maidens of Nordic mythology who selected the warriors who were to fall in battle, and conducted them to Valhalla. But when the long-delayed XB-70A was finally rolled out of its hangar at North American Aviation last week, no one else knew what to call it either. Some said it looked like a hooded cobra; to others it was a praying mantis, a flying antelope, a banana split towing an orange crate. To Brigadier General Fred J. Ascani, Air Force chief of the project, the shining white monster was a beautiful flying bird. "It looks like it's doing Mach 3 just sitting on the ground," he said fondly.

Strange Design. According to present Defense Department plans, the XB-70A will never be used as a bomber, and only two prototypes will be built. But from its graceful curving nose to its folding wingtips the plane is radically new; into its strange, almost frightening design, \$1.3 billion of engineering and scientific imagination have already been poured. Heavier and longer than any other airplane, it is designed to cruise at three times the speed of sound (roughly 2,000 m.p.h.) for an "intercontinental" distance. The engineering innovations that were tried in its construction may well affect every high-speed airplane built in the foreseeable future.

One of the aerodynamic advances was the use of "compression lift." Every supersonic airplane generates shock waves in the air around it, and at three times the speed of sound those waves are extremely powerful. The engines and air intakes of the XB-70A are placed under its delta wing, and their bulk encourages a shock wave to form just where the upward force of its compressed air can be caught and used as free lift. Speedboats do something similar when they climb out of the water and plane along on their bottoms.

Compression lift will be a help, but the Valkyrie needs much more of a boost. It could not hope to succeed without unprecedented strength com-

bined with lightness and heat resistance. At 70,000 ft., where it will fly, the temperature is far below zero, but at Mach 3, air friction will heat parts of the structure to 650° F., which is well above the softening point of aluminum and magnesium. To avoid such dangers, some parts of the ship were made of titanium, that new miracle metal, lavishly used in the delta-wing A-11. But more than half of the XB-70A's structural weight is "stainless steel honeycomb sandwich." This sophisticated material, which is comparable to the light cellular wing bones of large birds, is made by brazing thin steel skins to hexagonal steel cells. It is extremely light, but almost as strong as if it were made of solid metal.

The steel sandwich is also an excellent insulator, keeping the searing heat outside from reaching the plane's vulnerable innards. The rear fuselage, though, is heated from inside by the engines and from outside by the racing air. In flight it will reach 1,000° F., so it is made of high-strength tool steel, which does not lose its strength even when white-hot.

Folding Tips. Like all delta-wing planes, the XB-70A tends to get nose-heavy at high speeds when the wing's center of lift shifts toward the stern. To counteract this tendency, two small wings called canards are set like large trim tabs, just aft of the cabin. But even the canards are not enough; as Mach 3 approaches, the tips of the delta wing will be folded downward. This will shift the center of lift forward and add directional stability. It also adds a hazardous complication to the plane's construction.

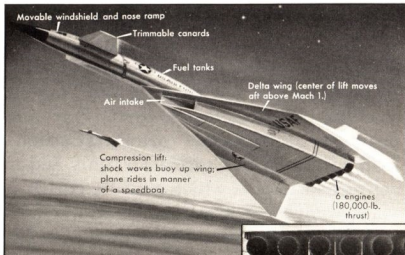
The 550,000-lb. XB-70A will be shovelled along by six General Electric YJ-93 engines, each with 30,000 lbs. of thrust. The engines' turbine blades are air-cooled to keep them from melting, and the afterburners, which are used

continuously at high speed, run white-hot. The two boxlike air intakes, each one feeding three engines, are 80 ft. long and high enough for a man to walk erect in their gaping maws. They are rigged with movable walls, ports and bypass doors to keep the entering air at the right pressure and temperature. The engines are grouped close to the centerline of the plane so that if one of them fails, the loss of thrust will not cause a dangerous yaw.

The hydraulic system that works the giant control surfaces uses up 2,000 h.p., more than the output of both engines of a wartime B-25 bomber. If built conventionally, it would have been far too heavy; for the XB-70A, fluid pressure was raised to 4,000 lbs. per sq. in. in unusually thin tubing. Such changes save weight, but they also increase the hazards of a system that has already proved a notorious source of aircraft trouble.

Protective Fuel. The fierce heat that will surround the XB-70A in flight was an overriding problem for its designers. Almost every part had to be heat-resistant. The tires, for example, are made by B.F. Goodrich out of material that stands twice the temperature that melts ordinary airplane tires. To dispel the heat that will fight its way toward the crew, North American's engineers decided to make the fuel carry it away. While the XB-70A is cruising at Mach 3, its fuel will circulate, cooling the interior, absorbing enough heat every minute to evaporate four gallons of water. Inside, if nothing goes wrong, an air-conditioning unit will be able to keep the cabin comfortable.

All through the plane are details that cause cold shudders as well as admiration. Titanium and stainless steel skins are "sculptured" chemically, sometimes to a thinness of .007 in. to save ounces of weight. Electric motors run at a

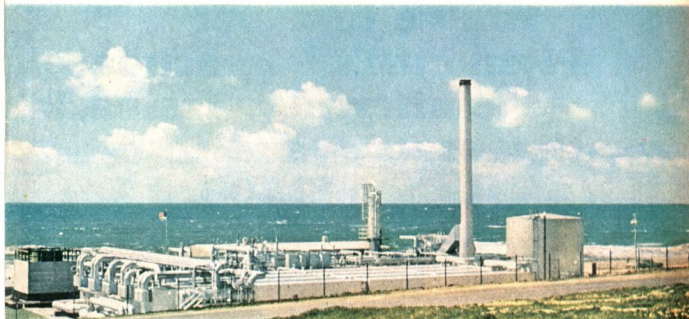


SKETCH OF XB-70A; AT RIGHT, TAILPIES





To give Guantanamo 2.2 million gallons of fresh water daily



Westinghouse has moved this seawater conversion plant to Cuba

Fresh water for our men in Cuba soon will flow abundantly from the Caribbean Sea. A plant Westinghouse built two years ago at San Diego has been moved to the Guantanamo Naval Base.

When Castro shut off water lines serving

the Base, the U.S. Navy decided to supply its own fresh water, completely independent of mainland sources.

The Navy Bureau of Yards and Docks asked Westinghouse to transfer the San Diego plant to Cuba, and build two addi-

tional units. When completed, they will provide the Base with all the water it needs.

There are 29 other Westinghouse desalting plants in operation or on order throughout the world.

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse

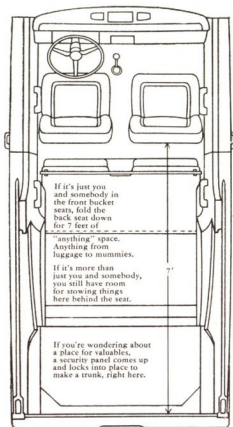




**You've just met
Plymouth's Barracuda:
the nifty new fastback
that seats 5, and costs
less than \$2500.**



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And get this: the back seat folds down, creating 7 feet of fully carpeted "anything" space.

The Barracuda is a true fastback.

It can be a sports car, family car, carry-all, anything you want it to be. (Except dull!)

Standard equipment includes front bucket seats, flip-down rear seat, tinted glass in rear window,

and trunk space for locking your valuables.

And all for less than \$2500.*

Optional equipment includes a 273-cubic-inch V-8 engine, floor-mounted 4-speed shift, racing-type steering wheel, and wheel

covers with exposed chrome-plated lugs. Sharp.

The spectacular new Barracuda is worth a trip to your Plymouth Dealer's, if only to open the trunk and look straight through to the windshield.

Barracuda

The spectacular new fastback by *Plymouth*

INNOVATION!



A NEW TECHNIQUE FOR COOLING SPACE METALS

(IT'S BASED ON THE PRINCIPLE OF THE LIQUID IMPREGNATED SPONGE)

Any time you've climbed out of a pool and into a dry breeze, you've felt the cooling effect of evaporation. GT&E scientists are studying the use of the effect to protect space vehicles, rocket nozzles and jet engine parts from melting when they are exposed to extremely high temperatures.

Making the metal porous, as you would a liquid impregnated sponge, is the key—powdered metal is compressed

under extreme pressure, but kept porous enough to soak up a vaporizable material. Intense heat causes this material to evaporate, removing some of the heat and leaving the original shape safely intact.

New advances in refractory metals—materials designed for high temperatures—have been coming from GT&E for some time. We make and use refractory metals in light bulbs, welding

electrodes and space systems, for instance.

These ideas are the result of an extensive research program, springing from a climate of innovation that fosters growth in our many fields—communications, electronics, lighting, chemistry, metallurgy and atomic energy. Research: our solid base for future growth. General Telephone & Electronics Laboratories, Inc., 730 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

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temperature that would bake a cake. Such novel techniques—and thousands more that have been used in the XB-70A—are interesting but highly experimental. They will call for elaborate and repeated testing before the dangerous cobra can attempt its first high-speed flight, scheduled for this summer.

ELECTRONICS

Quotations by Computer

No more eye-straining squint at changing figures on the office board. No more phone calls to the busy operators at the exchange. No more time wasted searching out symbols on a paper tape. Not for some New York stock brokers, anyway. If they are dealing in stocks listed on New York's American Stock Exchange and subscribe to the exchange's computerized Am-Quote service, they can dial for information and get it automatically by voice.

The Am-Quote system, built by Tele-register Corp. of Stamford, Conn., is based on a relatively simple computer that records all the figures reported from the floor of the exchange and holds them available for questioning. From the broker's telephone, an extra line runs to the computer. After pressing a button to activate the line, the broker merely dials the code numbers of the stock in which he is interested. In a second the computer answers in a toneless but pleasant voice. It repeats the stock's code letters, then gives the latest information—the bid price, the high, the low, etc.

The 57 words and letters of the machine's vocabulary* were originally spoken into a recording device by Walter Jennison, a Teleregister Corp. engineer who could speak with the necessary clarity. Then the words were recorded on a revolving magnetic drum. What the computer does is to extract the latest quotations from its continually refurbished memory, translate them into the proper words taken from the drum, and transmit them to the listening broker over the telephone line. It makes no mistakes, never gets tired, and costs \$100 per month.

Other companies present instant stock information visually. Scantlin Electronics Inc. prints figures on a tape when questioned in a proper code; Ultronic Systems Corp. uses small lights that give three digits of information at a time. In this fiercely competitive field, Teleregister will have an advanced entry: a desk device hooked to its computer that will flash the information on a screen. But none of these visual systems are likely to be quite so impressive as the embalmed voice of Walter Jennison speaking tonelessly for Am-Quote's computer.

* The 26 letters of the alphabet, 13 numbers (0 through 9, plus 11, 13, 15. Other numbers are spoken as separate digits); 18 words (offer, last, open, high, low, volume, up, off, even, and, half, none, quarter, eighth, tenth, quarters, eighths, tenths).

Culinary Emancipator

(epochal advance in prandial scheduling)



Prior to the conception and fabrication of the Robertshaw "cook and hold" control systems for domestic gas and electric range ovens, possible terminal absenteeism from the kitchen was circumscribed. Heretofore, viands prepared under automatic oven control had to be extricated immediately upon completion of the culinary process to preclude thermal over-exposure or desiccation. The new and revolutionary application of chronometric and calorimetric control initially brings virtuals to gustatory perfection, then instigates diminution of oven temperature to a lower level, terminating further cooking but sustaining the comestibles at their serving zenith throughout many hours duration. Presently available at your local merchants in your favorite brand-name kitchen range—superlative models primarily.

P.S. The last word in "automatic control" is still

Robertshaw

students: opportunity

(An invitation to college, graduate and part-time students)
You can earn substantial amounts of money throughout the year—and gain practical business experience—by making **TIME, LIFE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** subscriptions available to students. No previous experience necessary; no paperwork and billing involved. You will be given free selling supplies, make liberal commissions and set your own working hours. (You may also participate in special projects and marketing research at extra fees.)

For more than 30 years, TIME Inc. has authorized students as its representatives on campuses. Commission earnings have helped thousands of students underwrite portions of their educational expenses. If you are interested, you are invited to apply to the

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enclosing this notice with your letter. If you're eligible, and your application is accepted, you'll be notified immediately and receive your sales materials and instructions promptly.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch - Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository or ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

**Allied
moves more
executives to
new challenges
than any other
van line**



RELIGION

THEOLOGY

An Existential Way Of Reading the Bible

When God spoke to man centuries ago, it was far easier to believe that the sun stood still or water turned into wine. But what is science-minded man to make of the Bible? How can he extract its real meaning for today from a hard-to-swallow supernatural framework? These are not easy questions, and lately they have been getting a rather hard answer from Dr. Rudolf Bultmann's Marburg Disciples (TIME, June 21), who dominate German theology the way the Russians rule chess. They call their answer "the new hermeneutic."

Solving the problem of hermeneutic—meaning the theory of interpretation

tion of these principles. Far wider in scope, the new hermeneutic deals with the key issue of how to retranslate the Christian message for man today. "The meaning of the text in the situation of modern religion," as Robinson explains it. So conceived, hermeneutic, which derives from Hermes, messenger of the gods, becomes the central problem of theology.

The Marburg Disciples' interest in reinterpreting the scriptural message, says Robinson, stems from two landmarks in 20th century theology. One was Karl Barth's famous *Epistle to the Romans* of 1921, which rejected the rationalist, antiquarian approach of Protestant liberalism to scriptural texts and dramatically hurled at the church a modern interpretation of Paul that

are existential documents—that is, they are efforts to answer the basic questions man asks of life. Armed with his own understanding of the questions raised by existence, the theologian can look within Scripture for the equivalent questions raised by the Biblical writer, and for the answers given. Only then can the theologian turn his mind to the problem of retranslating that answer in a preaching word meaningful for contemporary man. One key existential answer of the Bible is found in Jesus' proclamation of the kingdom of God. In Fuchs's translation, this is an announcement of a "time of love," and Christian faith is faith in the victory of love over death.

Cultural Limitations. In his analysis of hermeneutic, Dillenberger argues that the abstract terminology employed by the Germans is too far removed from the language of daily life. Funk feels that the Marburgers sometimes fail to see the relativity of their own position as interpreters. Far from being a philosophical absolute, existentialism is itself a product of history and thus subject to the limitations of language. Theologians therefore must remember that their own expression of the existential questions may be quite as limited as was St. Paul's. Wilder, who is a brother of Playwright Thornton, criticizes Fuchs's emphasis on faith as obedience, ignoring the New Testament concern for the content of faith. In a chatty postscript, Fuchs answers that his colleagues are aware of the cultural limitations of existentialism; but they still believe it is the most useful starting point for their Biblical reinterpretation.

Robinson and Cobb are pleased that their series' first volume, *The Later Heidegger and Theology*, has already been translated into German, showing that a dialogue is in process. Although both books are forbidding in tone and terminology, the editors argue that the problems considered are not purely academic. Far from being a blue-sky issue, hermeneutic grapples with something that faces every preacher—how to make God's word vivid for a congregation—and represents a link between the pastoral ministry and academic theology. Says Robinson: "The new hermeneutic is designed to help the pastor do what he's paid to do: to tell people about Christianity in terms of their own lives."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Flying Red Hats

Inspired, perhaps, by travel-minded Pope Paul—who is likely to follow up his Holy Land trip with a visit to Bombay's Eucharistic Congress this fall—European cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church are on the move these days, and lately the red hats have been popping up all over the U.S.

Bearded Eugene Cardinal Tisserant of the Roman Curia, 80, dean of the Sacred College, stopped in on old clerical friends in New York, Chicago, St.



THEOLOGIAN EBELING & FUCHS

Invented: a new hermeneutic.

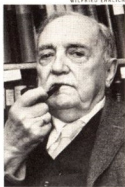
—is a game that Americans can play too. In the jet age, sages from Basle and Marburg can breeze in to enlighten their U.S. colleagues at a brisk three-day seminar, and theology has become increasingly international. One proof is a new book called *The New Hermeneutic* (Harper & Row; \$5), the second in a series devoted to a dialogue between Continental and American theologians on major religious issues. Edited by James M. Robinson and John B. Cobb Jr. of the Southern California School of Theology, the book contains essays on hermeneutic by Ernst Fuchs of Marburg and Gerhard Ebeling of Zurich. Their contributions are analyzed by three topflight U.S. thinkers: Amos Wilder of Harvard Divinity School, Robert Funk of Drew, and John Dillenberger of San Francisco Theological Seminary.

The Central Problem. Robinson distinguishes the new hermeneutic (without the s) of the Marburgers and the traditional science of hermeneutics. This now somewhat neglected branch of theology outlined the basic principles of interpreting a text, in contrast to exegesis, which was practical applica-

tioned to capture the spirit instead of the letter of his message. A more immediate source is Bultmann's demand that the Bible must be demythologized—that is, stripped of its fictional heaven-above, hell-below framework, and its message restated in ideas that make sense now.

The Inner Meaning. The new hermeneutic tries to establish the principles for this task of translation. Fuchs and Ebeling agree that one basic problem is understanding how language itself not only expressed what the Biblical writers had to say, but also, by the nature of language, limited what they could say. Thus, the peculiar qualities of 1st century *koinon* Greek, a rough-hewn language less graceful than the classical tongue of Sophocles, may have prevented St. Paul from expressing all he meant to say. Hermeneutic seeks to analyze the degree to which the Biblical writer's inner meaning was helped or hindered by the cultural instruments available to him.

But how is this inner meaning to be recovered? The hermeneutical answer is: through one's own understanding of the problems of existence. Fuchs and Ebeling believe that the Biblical books



BULTMANN

Louis and Spokane, emerged from the shadows for only a few public functions: one of them was representing Pope Paul at the dedication of Notre Dame's new \$8,000,000 library. Another Curia officer, Paolo Cardinal Marella, 69, presided over the unveiling of the *Pietà* at the New York World's Fair, and brought Francis Cardinal Spellman a sentimental gift from Pope Paul: a topaz brooch once worn by Pius XII on state occasions. Marella returned home with four honorary doctorates, including one from Catholic University, which last year barred four progressive theologians from giving lectures there; conservative Marella commended the university for its loyalty to the teachings of the Holy See.

Two ranking progressive cardinals flew in from northern Europe and made some headlines. Franziskus Cardinal König of Vienna, 58, chief negotiator between the Vatican and Hungary over Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, reported that Mindszenty would leave his exile in the U.S. consulate if the Pope directly asked him to, but was determined to stay in Budapest until the government gave the church an ironclad guarantee of freedom from persecution. König also predicted a Vatican Council ruling on mixed Protestant-Catholic marriages and the formation of a senate of bishops to help the Pope govern the church after the council completes its fourth and final session next year.

Leo Josef Cardinal Suenens, 59, the debonair and witty Archbishop of Malines-Brussels and primate of Belgium, had his hardest (and finest) moment at the University of Chicago Divinity School, where he spent two days fielding questions from his Protestant hosts, including prestigious Theologian Paul Tillich. "The most difficult examination I've ever faced," he said. There and elsewhere, Suenens predicted that new medical research might call for new applications of the church's teaching on birth control. He also suggested that after the Vatican Council the church might take the first steps toward cooperation with Protestant and Orthodox bodies in areas that did not require doctrinal agreement. "We must," said Suenens, "make more of certain forms of practical collabora-

tion, notably in the social and humanitarian field—the problems of hunger in the world, sickness and disasters, birth and housing, illiteracy and the redistribution of wealth."

JUDAISM

The Jews of Britain

Thanks to Hitler, England can now boast of having the largest Jewish community in Europe. Currently 450,000 strong, it is a proud, placid and curiously mixed branch of Judaism. Some of its members are descendants of Sephardic Jews who fled the Spanish and Portuguese Inquisitions for the safety of Cromwell's England in the 17th century. Others belong to the wealthy, literate Anglo-Jewish families, such as the banking Rothschilds, who began to leave the ghettos of Europe 100 years later and came to exert great economic and political power in Britain. Liberal in outlook, sometimes casual in religious observance, traditional Anglo-Jewry is oddly yoked with more recent immigrants from Eastern Europe—rigidly Orthodox Jews, fearful that their traditional beliefs will be corrupted by the alien world of the goyim.

Abrogating Laws. Last week British Judaism was split by its worst schism ever—over whether it should adapt to modern life or reject it for the sake of Israel's carefully nourished beliefs. Cause of the schism is the modern-minded theological outlook of Dr. Louis Jacobs, 43, a Biblical scholar who between 1954 and 1960 was rabbi of the New West End Synagogue in Bayswater, a traditional center of worship for many Anglo-Jewish families. Although he is Orthodox in practice, Jacobs has long shocked his bearded rabbinical colleagues in the Orthodox-controlled United Synagogue, Britain's largest Jewish organization, by arguing that the Torah contains human as well as divine elements. Jacobs believes that the sacred first five books of the Bible should be interpreted in the light of historical and archaeological evidence. For example, he believes that some dietary laws stem from ancient Hebrew hygienic practice rather than divine command, and therefore might be abrogated.

Jacobs' modernism might be *Chillul*



COLEMAN JACOBS—THE CREATOR

RABBI JACOBS
Suspected: Chillul Hashem.

Hashem (desecration of God's name) to the United Synagogue, but his views were just right for New West End, which last January asked him to return as its rabbi. Dr. Israel Brodie, the ailing Orthodox chief rabbi of the British Commonwealth, refused to approve the appointment. Eventually the United Synagogue Council, composed exclusively of laymen, voted to expel the New West End board of lay managers.

Standing by the Truth. To Dr. Brodie, the issue was clear-cut: British Judaism must stand by the divine inspiration and literal truth of the Torah. "An attitude to the Torah which denies the divine source and unity," he said, "is directly opposed to Orthodox Jewish teaching." A number of Jews felt that Brodie was defending not Orthodoxy but fundamentalism; when nearly half of the New West End congregation set up an independent synagogue with Jacobs as rabbi, they received membership applications and offers of help from many Jews outside of London. Last week, in the influential *Jewish Chronicle*, Jacobs answered the chief rabbi and defended the rebels' liberal approach to the Torah. "If by 'Orthodox' Dr. Brodie means fundamentalist, then indeed I am not Orthodox," he wrote. "But since when has Orthodoxy in Anglo-Jewry been equated with fundamentalism?"



SUENENS (CENTER) AT CHICAGO DIVINITY SCHOOL



TISSERANT (WITH MITER & CROSIER) AT NOTRE DAME

Predicted: a senate of bishops.

THE THEATER

Hit & Miss in Minnesota

The second season of the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis opened with a palpable hit, *Henry V*, and a palpable miss, *Saint Joan*. There are shortcomings in both. After a year of playing *Minneapolis*, the company has adopted a broader style, giving the Midwest audience the kind of easy laughs it seems to demand. The play choices are scarcely venturesome. On the record of the Guthrie Theater so far, the oft-expressed hope that decentralized regional theater might revitalize the enfeebled condition of the drama in the U.S. must be deferred.

Henry V. Something resembling a thunderbolt is heard offstage. Out of nowhere, what seem like a hundred men are shouting, sweating, straining as they haul a cannon to stage center. It belches smoke. It is hidden in smoke. The whole theater is going up in smoke. A man has mounted the cannon, but it is difficult to see him, let alone hear him. He is King Henry V (George Grizzard), and what he is saying is, "God for Harry, England and St. George." What the scene is saying is—the prop's the thing.

Yet this cannon is virtually the only conversation piece that Director Tyrone Guthrie has permitted himself. His *Henry V* is the least tricked-up Shakespearean production that Guthrie has ever been associated with in the U.S. Except for cutting some lines for pace, he trusts the author and the playgoer, for a change, and the play flashes like an unsheathed sword, keen, virile, inescapably compelling. It is a patriot's poem of

valor, a memorial ode written in the bright and acrid air of combat for all men who ever fought, bled and died for their country's honor.

For those who may legitimately have felt that Olivier's magnificent film would dwarf future stage productions of *Henry V*, Guthrie's production is a revelation. The scope and sweep of action that he crams into "the wooden O" are astonishing. The arena stage helps, since action initiated offstage picks up tremendous momentum by the time it hits the stage: Guthrie sends soldiers winging down the aisles like javelins.

He is a master of crowd scenes, never moving bunches of people about aimlessly or frantically. Like the great film directors, D. W. Griffith and Eisenstein, he achieves compositions of masses in motion that have esthetic force and balance. When the soldiers circle their king, they are humble spokes of fealty wheeling around the hub of majesty. Men wounded and dying are draped onstage with the comely anguish of *Pietas* of the battlefield.

If Guthrie competes handsomely with the Olivier film, his leading actor does not. The pattern of George Grizzard's gifts and limitations comes clearer with each performance he gives. When there is a broad streak of nastiness in a character, Grizzard plays the role splendidly, but something sly, evasive and insecure in his countenance and bearing saps all conviction from his attempts to play parts like Hamlet and Henry V. His "Once more unto the breach, dear friends" and St. Crispin's Day ("we happy few") speeches are not plunges of passion but sputterings of saliva.

Henry V alternates between high spirits and desolation of spirit, and Grizzard is best when the morale of the play and the troops is lowest. When one of Henry's brothers, Gloucester, speaks fearfully of the French, the king quietly says, "We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs." Again, Grizzard is touchingly good as he comforts his tattered band on the eve of Agincourt with "a little touch of Harry in the night." On balance, however, he does not drive the play forward. He is hauled through it, rather like the cannon.

Saint Joan. Bernard Shaw has aged greatly since his death. His plays are beginning to settle like old houses. More and more cracks show in the dramatic structure. The carpeting of ideas is faded, overfamiliar and, in spots, threadbare. Even the wit is surprisingly creaky: "Oh! You are an Englishman, are you?" "Certainly not, my lord: I am a gentleman." The ghost of Shaw haunts all the rooms, but his voice sounds more garrulous than eloquent, and he speaks with pedantry rather than passion.

The play is more than ever a star vehicle, since only star fire will kindle the dramatic deadwood. As Joan, Ellen Geer puts her teeth into the part and not much else. There have been earthy peasant Joans (Siobhan McKenna) and eternal-child Joans (Julie Harris). At a guess, Director Douglas Campbell or Actress Geer conceived of the saint as tomboy. This tomboy Joan wants to conquer the English at Orléans for the sheer roughhousing fun of it. Thus, when she is captured, imprisoned and questioned by her inquisitors, it is merely as if her playmates were being taken away from her, and there is no anguishing foretaste of martyrdom.

The rest of the cast cannot fill the vacuum left by this Joan, but George Grizzard achieves a telling comic portrait of the Dauphin. He is petulant, epicene; he oozes suppressed venom. Wandering erratically about the stage like an uncooped hen, he scratches up laugh after laugh.

Time has worked a peculiar irony on playwrights like Shaw and Ibsen. Their liberal, independent-minded heroes and heroines are beginning to sound like stubborn, self-willed children who refuse to grow up to reality. At the same time, ironically, their reactionary clerics and villainous statesmen are beginning to sound like paragons of good sense. The doctrine Shaw preaches in *Saint Joan* is every woman her own woman, every man his own king and commoner, his own lawgiver and lawbreaker, his own god and creature. The very adoption of these ideas has exposed their limitations as panaceas for a better and happier world.

Shaw persisted in thinking that total freedom fosters total reason and total reason begets complete virtue. He used his pen like a sword, and plays that live by the polemical sword die that way.



GRIZZARD ATOP CANNON IN "HENRY V"
In the acrid air of combat, an ode for all warriors.

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Ordinarily, he's just a quiet guy in a dark suit who comes around once in a while to talk insurance.

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And we figure the more we help him help you, the more of your insurance he'll place with us. (He has his choice of many companies, you know.)

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If you think you might need the services of a Superman some day, get to know your mild-mannered Continental agent now.

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He wants your business.

How else is he going to pay for all those suits he keeps leaving in phone booths?



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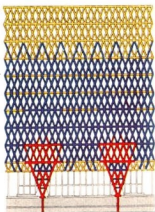
USS Special Report: Look what's happened to the steel skeleton



There isn't a vertical column in the lacy steel exterior of the new IBM Building, 5 Gateway Center, in Pittsburgh. The criss-crossing structurals 'grow' upward like lattice-work for 13 stories from eight points at ground level. The 'inside out' framework is sheathed in stainless steel, eliminating the need for an independent wall system. The entire building seems to float on air and since there are no columns between the building's

walls and its service core, total and unrestricted use of office floor space is possible.

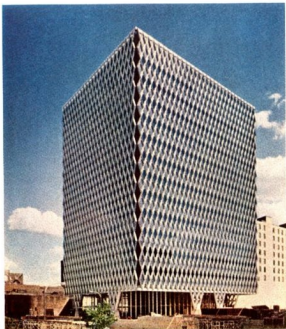
In rejecting the traditional post and beam concepts, the designers turned to two special USS steels and a 'combination of steels' concept, widely



promoted by U.S. Steel, to make the stunning design idea practical. It is the world's first high-rise

building to combine steels of three different strength levels in the framework in such a way that each structural member works at peak efficiency.

Two of the extra-strength steels used in the IBM Building were developed by U.S. Steel. USS 'T-1' type A Steel (painted red





used in the members subjected to lower stresses.

Saved by the 'combination of steels' concept: 250 tons of steel. In the past, this U.S. Steel-promoted idea has saved thousands of tons of dead weight and millions of dollars



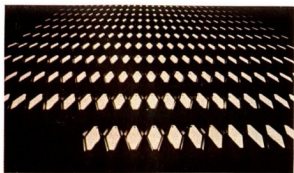
in the exposed framework) shoulders the heaviest loads. 'T-1' Steel is almost three times as strong

in major bridges. And as the IBM Building demonstrates, it permits beauty that is far more

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combines weldability, 40% greater strength, and toughness. A36 structural carbon steel (yellow) is



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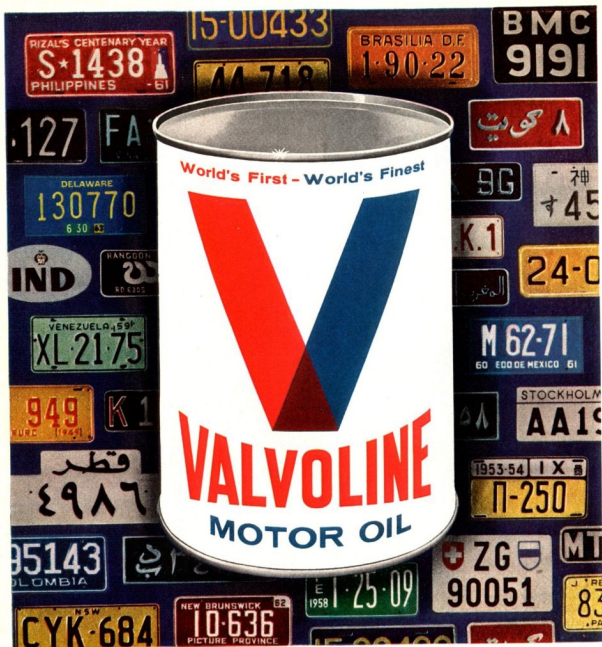
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advanced research. Valvoline with Chemaloy makes sure your engine stays clean, resists wear, delivers top power. Result? Longer engine life, savings on gas and repairs. So change now to Valvoline, world's first—world's finest motor oil. Ask for it at service stations, garages, new car dealers and speed shops.

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THE PRESS

CENSORSHIP

It's Very Hard to Do, Even in South Africa

In 1951 South Africa's Nationalist Party government ordered a sweeping investigation of the press. Party leaders were annoyed by the tendency of the country's English-language papers, which predominate, to criticize nearly everything the government did. A seven-member press commission was appointed to study such unseemly journalistic behavior, and it was granted a free hand and, ultimately, \$500,000 to do the job. Last week, more than 13 years later, the commission finally dropped its findings before Parliament.

Dropped was the right word. The report ran to nine thick volumes, 4,262 pages, and more than 1,000,000 words. Obviously, the commissioners had taken their assignment seriously. One of them had died during the long labor, and five had been replaced. The commission had sifted through truckloads of press dispatches, and had exhausted seven secretaries in reaching its conclusions, which added up to an unpleasant surprise. What the commission recommended was nothing short of absolute government control over all press copy leaving South Africa.

Unscrupulously Tendentious. The report proposed registration of all foreign correspondents. It also recommended a Parliament-appointed press council with power to censor all outgoing copy and to levy unlimited—and unappealable—fines against correspondents whose stories failed to meet the government's standards of good journalism.

What those standards were the report made exhaustively clear. Every dispatch examined during the years of inquiry—billions of words in all—was meticulously measured against the commission's four hand-picked news classifications: very bad, bad, faulty and good. Hardly any got a passing score. The proportion of "scandalous lies" in correspondence that got out of the country was put at 90%.

Copy sent to the New York Times and TIME was indicted jointly as "inaccurate, frequently dishonest, overpartisan and hostile to South Africa and whites particularly the Afrikaner and the Nationalist Party." Times Correspondent C. S. Sulzberger was rated "100% very bad." Reuters, Ltd., the British wire service, was found guilty of "deliberately hiding the illiteracy and semibarbarism of the mass of the native people." United Press International transmissions rated no higher: "Blindly prejudiced, unscrupulously tendentious." Associated Press reports "had the appearance of having been made for the purpose of conducting a campaign against South Africa and for use in journals opposed to South Africa, its gov-

ernment and those supporting its traditional race policy."

Verbose Irrelevance. Such overblown nonsense was greeted by jeers from the opposition bench in Parliament. But even Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd himself could not have been entirely pleased. He had, after all, expected something else: a hatchet job on his press critics at home. Verwoerd had not asked for a broadside against the foreign press, nor had he requested concrete proposals of any sort.

It was all extremely embarrassing, as a few bold voices noted as soon as the mocking laughter died. "For verbose irrelevance," said the Johannesburg Star, "the Press Commission's report has no equal in South Africa, and probably few equals anywhere." Observed the Rand Daily Mail, another English-language daily: "This report, read as it stands, will do more damage to South Africa's reputation overseas than 500 of the press messages which it condemns so vigorously." The only foe of apartheid in Parliament added what could serve handsomely as the last word. Said Mrs. Helen Suzman, member for the country's Progressive Party (TIME, April 17): "There is nothing more calculated than this report to make South Africa the laughingstock of the civilized world."

MAGAZINES

Si Elle Lit Elle Lit Elle

"My, you look chic, Jeanne," said Mme. Georges Pompidou, wife of France's Prime Minister, to the milkmaid at the Pompidous' country place. Jeanne was indeed a fetching sight: gold sandals, gay striped frock in the latest mode, gleaming pearl fingertips. "Merci, madame," replied Jeanne. Then she explained how a farmer's daughter so far from Paris could keep up so surely with style changes: "I read *Elle*."

Mme. Pompidou also reads *Elle*. So does Mme. Charles de Gaulle. So do 800,000 other French women every week. The numbers justify a popular saying: "*Si elle lit elle lit Elle* (If she reads, she reads *Elle*)." And so, of course, do all the arbiters, pace setters and proprietors of Parisian *haute couture*, the people whose very names spell female elegance around the world: Chanel, Givenchy, St. Laurent, Balenciaga, Dior, Courrèges. None of them stand higher in the world of high fashion than Hélène Gordon Lazareff, 56, the tiny, self-assured, golden-haired editor of *Elle*.

Triumphant Catalogue. *Elle* does not so much reflect fashion as decree it. That sudden hemline plunge that Dior called the New Look did not descend from the salons to the boulevards until Hélène had endorsed it in the pages of her magazine. The *parfum* house of



EDITOR LAZAREFF IN HER COUNTRY HOUSE OUTSIDE PARIS
Not so much reflecting fashion as decreeing it.

Don't Promise What You Can't Deliver

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



"I love a rooster," Josh Billings used to say, "for two things: the crow what's in him, and the spur what's on him to back up the crow."

For the past ten years these little columns have contained some fairly persistent crowing about the uniquely satisfying flavor of our old-fashioned sour-mash bourbon.

But only if you have critically savored our famous OLD FITZGERALD can you really know if the "spur" in its flavor backs up my crow.

One of our customers writes, —"When I have a social glass I don't want a 'panty waist' whiskey. I enjoy the robust flavor of OLD FITZGERALD."

And it is true that, starting with our secret family recipe to the far-distant day of final aging, our bourbon is made solely for our friend and others like him who want to *taste* their whiskey.

But there are those who don't! If you are one who seeks the "meek and mild," our OLD FITZGERALD may be a bit too vigorous for your taste.

Yet this you'll never know until you try. To you I recommend the open-mindedness of the old vaudevillian who, asked if he played the violin, invariably replied: "Don't know, I've never tried!"

It may well be that after your first bottle of OLD FITZGERALD the blandness of your present whiskey may be so pale on your palate that you will join an inner circle of Bourbon Elite who have made Old Fitz the final choice of their mature tasters.

If you will make this honest test, then write and tell me if my "crow" has been too loud, or—if you find it so, not loud enough.—I will return the favor by sending you our patented "Proof-Selector" jigger which measures out the desired amount of flavor from your bottle of OLD FITZGERALD.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Mellow 100 Proof

Chanel, which folded its fashion line in 1940, returned to eminence in 1956 via the same route. "Coco would eventually have launched herself," says Mme. Lazareff modestly, "but we first explained why it wasn't obvious how chic she is." "Everything that goes into the magazine," says Hélène Lazareff, "I must like myself. I would rather go astray doing something too far out than to be too conservative. I don't worry about what the *couture* thinks. I've given the *couture* much more than I've taken."

In a recent issue, *Elle* catalogued a host of *Elle*-inspired fashion notes that the trade had pirated: Dior's heavy knit stockings, for example, Nina Ricci's elegant T shirt, everybody's insouciant high boots. When *Elle*'s ten-woman fashion crew find nothing worthy in the *boutiques*, they return with suggested Lazareff designs. *Couturiers* are usually happy to execute them at once, knowing that with *Elle*'s imprimatur they are sure to sell.

Like French Bread. As the extension of one woman's confident taste, *Elle* has enlarged its influence steadily since 1945, when Hélène Lazareff published the first issue, on paper so coarse and yellow that it reminded her of French bread. Experience on *Harper's Bazaar* and the women's section of the New York Times while she was a World War II refugee had encouraged her to think she could do as well, if not better, at home in France. Her husband Pierre, editor of Paris' daily *France-Soir*, indulged the venture by giving it two cramped offices in France-Soir headquarters on the Rue Réaumur. Today *Elle* occupies all the fifth floor, parts of the fourth and third.

From birth, *Elle* exhibited a driving urge to counsel the French woman in every facet of her life. That first winter was a cold one, and *Elle* advised its readers to fight the chill in slacks, a suggestion so sensible that it promptly set a postwar style. As the magazine grew, its interests expanded: vacation planning, advice on romance, cooking and sewing instruction, even history in the form of a series of famous accouchements. Its contents made *Elle* as attractive to factory girls—21% of its readership—as to manufacturers' wives.

Like a Chanel Gown. Editor Lazareff runs her magazine with the graceful enthusiasm of a woman who wears command like a Chanel gown. Visitors to *Elle*'s offices—among them delegations regularly sent over by the French Foreign Ministry's section on cultural affairs—frequently remark that all the girls seem to be in uniform. And in a way they are. If Madame shows up one morning in a navy suit, next day navy suits will bloom all over the staff.

But by then, Hélène Lazareff is likely to have demonstrated some new enthusiasm. France's host of other fashion magazines, some 50 in all, can only emulate. They can scarcely compete with an influence so pervasive it can turn a shepherdess into a mannequin.

"It's almost criminal the way your magazine is breaking down traditions," complained an elegant woman from Languedoc to an editor from *Elle*. "You can no longer tell the difference between my maid, my neighbor and myself."

SCHOOLS

New Curator for the Fellows

Since 1938, some 300 selected newsmen have left their beats to spend a thoughtful academic year at Harvard, taking whatever courses appealed to them. These permissive annual fellowships were made possible by a gift from Mrs. Lucius W. Nieman in memory of her husband, founder of the Milwaukee Journal. Except for the first year's class when Poet Archibald MacLeish was curator, every Nieman fellow has shared the same counselor during his days at Harvard. But last week Nieman Curator Louis M. Lyons, 66, was preparing to retire.

A taciturn, scholarly, pipe-smoking

LOUIS LYONS

WILL RUFFUTT



JAMES KAVALLINE
—N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE



DWIGHT SARGENT

Bostonian who spent most of his professional years on Massachusetts papers, Lyons was a logical choice for the post. His reporting was often concerned with the campus. One of his first scoops, for the Springfield, Mass., Republican, concerned an academic scandal at Amherst College that led to the forced resignation of Amherst President Alexander Meiklejohn. And even before departing the Boston Globe, his last paper, Lyons began doubling as a public relations aide to James B. Conant, then Harvard's president.

To find a successor for Curator Lyons, Harvard President Nathan M. Pusey looked no farther than the Nieman alumni list. There, with a little help from Lyons, Pusey found Dwight E. Sargent, 47, a Nieman fellow (1950-51) who newspapered in Maine and, since 1959, has edited the New York Herald Tribune's editorial page. The transition next July should be smooth. Like Lyons, Sargent warms to journalism's scholastic overtones. Moreover, says Lyons, "he's a very comfortable person to have around." Which was just how Dwight Sargent and all the other fellows felt about Louis Lyons.



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ART

Commanding Painter

To some painters these days, the highest ideal is impersonality. They do not sign their works. They are not interested in painting out their mental turmoil on canvas, as were abstract expressionists. One such artist in search of anonymity is Robert Indiana, 36, who adopted that surname from his native state rather than endure the pangs of his actual identity.

Nonetheless, last week the young Hoosier was getting quite a name for himself. On the side of the New York State Pavilion at the World's Fair is an Indiana "mural" made up of the letters E, A and T in a crisscross, which draws an occasional visitor in search of hot dogs or pizza. It is supposed to flash on and off with hundreds of lights, but every time the fair people plug it in, it blows its own fuse. His poster for the opening of the ballet theater hangs in Lincoln Center. A show of recent work opened at Manhattan's Stable Gallery, and to top it off, somebody who obviously cared stole one of his paintings from another gallery.

ERR? Indiana is primarily known for his emblematic circles set in plane-geometry shapes like road signs. Their bright, unmixed colors are so unapologetically that his brush stroke cannot be detected, because, as he says, "impasto is visual indigestion." Usually they are ringed with inscriptions: phrases from Melville and Whitman, or commands in broken stencil type such as EAT, HUG, LOVE, DIE, or ERR. These curt verbs, he believes, represent the vocabulary of the American dream, the "optimistic, generous, and naive" philosophy of plenty that is often mistaken for all the philosophy that the U.S. lives by.

Though Pop artists shun identifying the social satire in their work, Indiana admits that he thinks "it is pretty hard to swallow the whole thing about the American dream. It started from the day the Pilgrims landed, the dream, the idea that Americans have more to eat than anyone else. But I remember going to bed without enough to eat."

YIELD? Indiana spent nine years studying art, right through a fellowship to the University of Edinburgh. Nevertheless, he believes that art should not demand head-scratching analysis. His esthetic is frankly skin-deep, but "its comprehension can be as immediate as a crucifixion." So can his emblems, during these times of integration struggles, that proclaim **YIELD BROTHER**. His newest work, a diptych called *A Mother Is a Mother* and *A Father Is a Father*, returns to the figure, shows a barefoot man in hat and overcoat and a disheveled, bare-breasted, scarlet-coated woman, each getting out of a Model T Ford. The figures are Indiana's parents, and the license-plate date is the year before his birth. "I have a notion that I was conceived in the back seat of a tin lizzie," Indiana explains.

Indiana's ancestors in hard-edge imagery are Charles Sheeler, Charles Demuth, and other U.S. precisionists; the lettering is akin to Stuart Davis. His waterfront studio overlooks the Brooklyn Bridge, and among his recent works are images that recall Joseph Stella's adoration of the bridge in paint. But Indiana circles them with poetry from Hart Crane, as he circles salvaged sailing-ship masts in his show with staccato words. Commanding, yes, but the weakness of his work is that the wordiness relates more to literature than painting, and the forms more to highly repetitive geometry than art.

FRED W. MC DANAN



INDIANA & DIPTYCH

The American dream in one-syllable words.



SUTHERLAND & "BEES"

Reality in a polyp's plop.

A Harsh Ecology

Graham Sutherland began his career as an engineer, and underneath his soft brushwork there still are ruled lines that lend a cubistic solidity to his work. He has designed posters, ceramics, a tapestry for the new Coventry cathedral. His portraits of Winston Churchill, Somerset Maugham, Lord Beaverbrook are masterful interpretations of character. But when Sutherland works impulsively, he always returns to surreal scenes of natural forms, 25 of which went on view last week in Manhattan's Paul Rosenberg & Co. galleries.

His aim, says Sutherland, is "to catch and pin down the essence of that aspect of reality which moves me—to fix and mark out the shape of my sensations." Sutherland's sensations when he faces nature are far from rhapsodic. He is like a perverse Picasso run riot in a vegetable patch: he draws polyps plopping limply atop earthen walls, a skull looking as if it were a spider's web peering from a lattice of green leaves. Once he caught a huge toad, put it in a jar and made 50 drawings of it. "He was a very bad sitter," said Sutherland. "He turned his back on me all the time."

Sutherland, 60, searches for what he calls "emotional paraphrases of reality." He sketches while roaming the English countryside or the foothills of the French Maritime Alps near his home in sunny Menton. But he says: "Can you imagine anything more boring than painting mountain gorges?" And what emerges on canvas, as recollected in his studio, is less like Turner than the work of his close friend Francis Bacon, the painter of screaming popes. Sutherland's is a world that bristles with spiky artichokes and cacti or the angular postures of grasshoppers and mantises.

In *Torso*, the artist paraphrases anat-

BRITAIN'S BRUTAL NATURALIST

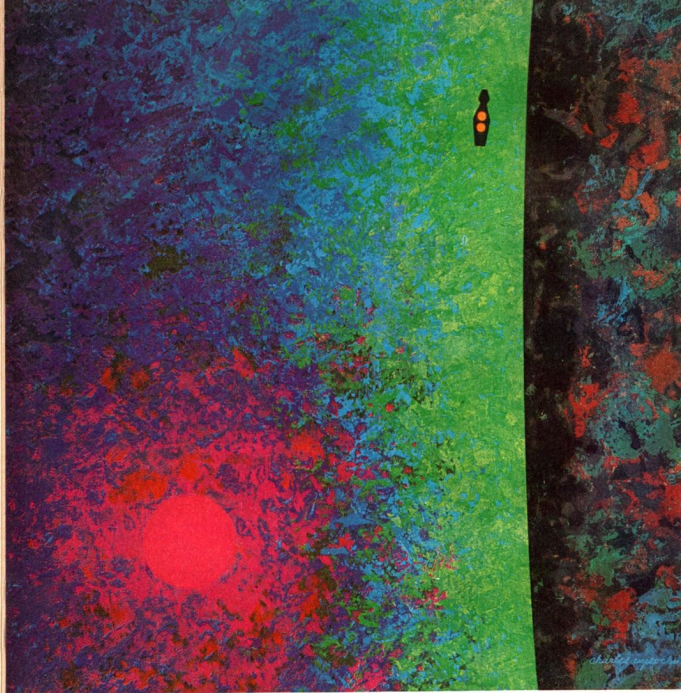
"Torso"

Graham Sutherland leans a mangled body against the drag of gravity, as if to show man racked by his struggle with hellish nature.



"The Fountain"

While water bathed in mossy hues trickles from a tranquil fount, a snake abruptly slithers up, suggesting Eden rather than Elysium.



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omy down to a mere presence, where its force is greater than in a slickly limned nude. In *The Fountain*, he portrays humid decay draping blunt forms that seem relics of a distant past. There is always agony in Sutherland's garden—or at least, as his biographer, Douglas Cooper, dryly admits, "little evidence of gaiety."

Thumbs Under the Hammer

Gentle, high-minded and peaceable stands the artist at his easel, mind, heart and soul intent on creation. Shrewd, suspicious and materialistic stands the artist in the marketplace, protecting his interests with a zeal that would make a pawnbroker blush. The most meaningful U.S. marketplace is the auction room at Parke-Bernet Galleries in Manhattan; and when Parke-Bernet announced for last week an end-of-season clearance sale of modern masters that promised to set prices, the art world got alert.

The loudest fury raged around three paintings presented as works of Jackson Pollock. The Van Gogh of the abstract expressionists has sold in private dealings of his best work for more than \$100,000; a price sharply below that could hurt the Pollock market. His widow, Painter Lee Krasner, who owns many Pollocks, dropped in anxiously on Parke-Bernet to see the works. She pronounced that her husband never dripped these and hurried off to the state attorney general's office to sign a restraining order to stop the sale. Parke-Bernet had no alternative but to withdraw the paintings.

That act, of course, trod hard on the toes of the consigner, a California artist named Manuel B. Tolegian. Though his own work is stolidly academic, he claims that Pollock was a high school chum, a "constant companion," and a co-worker in the 1930s. He, for one, stood behind their authenticity 100%. How could Mrs. Pollock judge the paintings, he asked, when they were done before she knew the artist? "I didn't even know Pollock had a wife until recently," added Tolegian innocently.

There were two other withdrawals. A rather Hartleyesque still life, signed M. H., was blacklisted by a New York expert who knows Marsden Hartley. Then a bumbling Franz Kline was yanked because its owner could not be reached to defend it.

Lost in the shuffle were the prices that other modern works set; most were lower than dealers hoped. A Milton Resnick abstraction brought only \$550. A 1948 semiabstract De Kooning brought \$9,000. Abstract expressionists won no enthusiasm. A huge Mathieu went for a paltry \$5,250. Hartigan hit \$3,000 but had a low of \$700; Okada hit \$2,000, Marca-Relli \$3,000. The real surprise of the evening was a quiet, 1952 still life of ceramic ware, plain as a cupboard and less abstract than a Cézanne, by 73-year-old Giorgio Morandi. Winning bid: \$9,500.

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PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Legacy of a Princess

The view overlooking Honolulu from Diamond Head to Pearl Harbor is splendid. Dotting the 500-acre hillside site are an Olympic-sized swimming pool, tennis courts and other lavish facilities, valued at \$25 million. Hawaii's latest tourist haven? Not at all. The spread belongs to the Kamehameha Schools, sole beneficiary of a philanthropic native princess of the last century, whose legacy in real estate encompasses 9% of the state's area (including land leased by the Royal Hawaiian and new Kahala Hilton hotels) and is worth at least \$250 million. This year the holdings will earn \$3,500,000 in leases and grazing fees to finance the education of 2,000 boys and girls from kindergarten through high school.

Although the "Kam" Schools have a bigger endowment than any other private school in the U.S., for most of the last 77 years they have been nothing more than unambitious vocational institutions. Now, under President James W. Bushong, 53, who learned how to spend money on quality education while superintendent of schools in rich Grosse Pointe, Mich., the Kam Schools have pushed up standards fast and turned chisely to college preparation.

Haole Trustees. The vast estates were royal holdings inherited by Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop, last direct descendant of King Kamehameha the Great and wife of a native of Glens Falls, N.Y., who founded Hawaii's Bishop National Bank. At her death in 1884, the Princess left her property in perpetual trust to establish separate



PRESIDENT BUSHONG

schools for the boys and girls of the islands. The five haole (white) trustees of the Bishop estate, rich and paternalistic descendants of missionaries, construed this phrase to mean children of Hawaiian blood, and thought that the kids should get a "Christian industrial education." Girls were required to take four years of domestic science, including a course in "cottage living," where they learned to cook, sew, wash and care for a live infant (which the school always managed to provide). Boys were trained as field workers for sugar plantations or as semiskilled laborers, so that they might enter "happy service in our basic industries."

Such patronizing benevolence persisted until after World War II, when the trustees (who are appointed for life by the state Supreme Court) came under increasing pressure from politically active Japanese-Americans and part-Hawaiians to let the Kam Schools prepare students for intellectual leadership as well as vocational jobs. In 1960 the trustees hired the management consultant firm of Booz, Allen & Hamilton to survey the schools. The firm recommended a broadened school curriculum that would allow graduates to go either to college or directly to work.

80% to College. In the fall of 1962 Bushong took over as the \$40,000-a-year president of the Kam Schools to carry out the switch. He made trade-school courses optional, turned over other vocational subjects to public technical schools, with Kam picking up the tab. He established new academic departments in language, science, math, English and social studies. As a result, this fall 80% of the graduates will go on to college, compared with 7% in 1950, 47% in 1959.

From the faculty of 165, he cut away deadwood, hired bright mainlanders, introduced a merit system of raises that could bring a teacher with a doc-

torate \$11,078 a year. Over a three-year period Bushong insists that teachers spend one summer in a campus workshop and one summer taking college credit courses before getting the third summer off.

Problems of Wealth. The school picks students on the basis of home visits and academic achievement, rejecting about half. The torrent of money that pours into Kam pays all board and room and most teaching costs, although students still must pay up to \$137 in tuition. Wealth clearly relieves Bushong of the most serious problem headmasters face, but the terms of his riches make other headaches. The princess' will, for example, specifies that Kam teachers must be Protestants (although the student body is 30% Roman Catholic, 15% Mormon, and the rest Protestant or unaffiliated), but a new state fair employment practices law bars such restrictions.

Race also creates an issue. Bushong, the trustees and Hawaiians in general are willing to go along with the Hawaiian-blood clause for student admission, partly because such students seem worthy beneficiaries of the princess' wealth and partly because intermarriage has given a big portion of Hawaiians some native blood (almost four-fifths of last year's Kam graduates had non-Hawaiian surnames). Yet such discrimination runs against civil rights principles and may have to be changed.

It also forces Bushong to send his two daughters to another school. He is satisfied with the education they are getting—but it is a measure of his confidence in Kam's fast advance and "virtually unlimited potential" that he says, "I'd rather have them here."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Common-Sense Compromise

If endowed by Providence with the right to perform one solitary, spectacular miracle, most school boards in Northern U.S. cities would use it to solve the deadlocked problems of *de facto* segregation. The Gary, Ind., board, for example, concluded that it would not take any responsibility for desegregating its schools, and made its decision stick in the courts; the U.S. Supreme Court a fortnight ago turned down a chance to hear the case. Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia are bogged down for reasons that range from white backlash to school-board inertia. New York City's Board of Education hesitantly advanced and then ignominiously cut back a proposal for big-scale pairing of mostly white and mostly Negro schools, which implied bussing many children back and forth.

Groping for another way out, the New York City board asked help from State Education Commissioner James E. Allen Jr., who turned to a commit-

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tee* that seemed to have no better chance of finding a solution than the board itself. Instead, last week, after a two-month study, the committee made proposals that struck almost everyone with their common-sense compromise, originality and insistence on excellence. Essence of the plan was a drastic re-vamping of the existing school system, dividing a child's twelve years of basic education into three four-year segments.

► Primary schools would be neighborhood schools and thus segregated to the degree that the surrounding housing is segregated. But they would be better schools in ways that would particularly help culturally deficient slum children. Ungraded classes would let youngsters proceed at their own pace, aided by team teaching "and the imaginative use of space, materials and teaching devices." And primary education should be preceded by two or even three years of nursery and kindergarten to give slum kids the basic tools of learning. ► Middle schools would start the integration process by drawing from districts designed to contain both white and Negro primary feeder schools, which would require some bussing. ► High schools offering both academic and vocational courses would be open to any student in the city and thus provide the highest possible measure of integration.

► Off in the future, the committee envisioned giant "educational parks" where as many as 15,000 kids from 10 to 13 would troop each day.

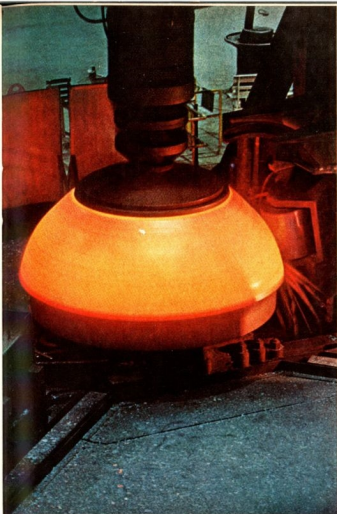
The committee accused the Board of Education not only of failing to "stimulate even slight progress toward desegregation" but of letting segregation get worse in recent years. Whether Allen's advisers will accomplish anything more is mostly a matter of money and time. The state plan would cost an extra \$250 million a year (current school budget: \$840 million), and it could easily take a decade to fulfill.

UNIVERSITIES

Moriturus Publicabo

Judged and found guilty by the hard law of "publish or perish" (*TIME*, April 24), Woodrow Wilson Sayre perished last week as assistant philosophy professor at Tufts University in Medford, Mass. He took his case, that eloquent classroom teaching is as worthy a trait in a professor as scholarship proved by publication, to a committee of his faculty peers—who concluded that "it is not at all evident" that Professor Sayre's teaching "outshines that of his colleagues." The school then dropped his contract. Sayre got several job offers almost at once—but thinks he will first settle down and get his 1957 Ph.D. thesis into hard covers.

* John H. Fischer, president of Columbia University's Teachers College; Kenneth Clark, City College psychology professor and Negro leader; Rabbi Judah Cahn of the Metropolitan Synagogue.



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Titan III-C is a four-stage space launch vehicle expected to be the Air Force's "workhorse" space launcher. Twin boosters provide the power for the first stage; each generates more than 1 million pounds of thrust.

The forward and aft heads for the motor cases of these boosters called for steel hemispheres—10 ft in diameter and 5 ft deep. Until recently, such hemispheres couldn't be spun. But Curtiss-Wright Corporation, fabricator of the rocket motor cases for United Technology Center, wanted them spun . . . and

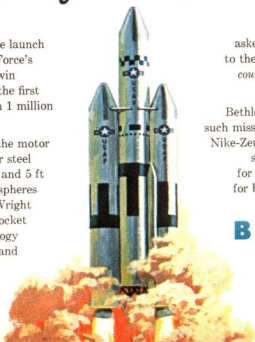
asked us if we could do it. Thanks to the new machine shown above we could spin them . . . in the world's record size that was needed.

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GENETICS

The Improvement of Man

"The most striking advance in the biological sciences in this century has been the cracking of the genetic code." After that ringing statement, Pediatrician Robert E. Cooke's address at the 75th anniversary celebration of Baltimore's prestigious Johns Hopkins Hospital took on a different tone: "The



DR. COOKE & PATIENT
Immaturity is a blessing.

application of these findings to man's improvement has resulted in a negative contribution." No man could have been more anxious to see hope of positive gain in the genetic findings. Dr. Cooke, 43, has two children handicapped by mental retardation, some forms of which are now known to be linked with genetic abnormalities.

Dr. Cooke explained his down-to-earth conclusion simply: "The genetic message is an assembly of so many small pieces that improvement by planned rearrangement seems virtually impossible." Yet he was not altogether pessimistic. Genetics, he suggested, can play a useful role, "not as the primary modifier of men," but as one of the many branches of scientific research which together will find ways to recognize those victims of genetic misfortune who can be most helped by special care. Already, Dr. Cooke notes, it has been shown that some victims of mongolism can attain I.Q.s as high as 80.

The main feature of the Hopkins' anniversary celebration was the dedication of a new \$15 million Children's Medical and Surgical Center, with Dr. Cooke as pediatrician-in-chief. Thus he added: "I speak not of the achievements of men, but of the contributions of the child to man and of higher horizons to be attained thereby."

The fact that human young are born

more helpless than those of most animals, and remain dependent longer than any others, is sometimes seen as a disadvantage. Not so, said Dr. Cooke: "The greatest single advantage that the species *Homo sapiens* possesses is to be born immature and to remain immature for a long time." It is this, he declared, that creates the opportunity for the improvement of man. He suggested that it is not so important to know how much intelligence is determined by inheritance and how much it is affected by environment, as to know how each of these factors affects it. Some day, he concluded hopefully, man can learn to make "a considerable increase in his intellectual performance."

PEDIATRICS

A New Kind of Hospital

The physical plant of the Hopkins Children's Center (see above) is as different from that of an ordinary hospital as Dr. Robert E. Cooke and other inventive pediatricians could make it. Not surprisingly, it boasts almost as much space for researchers' laboratories as for its 270 children's beds and medical and nursing services. But the hospital is built on the premise that a sick child is not simply a small replica of a sick adult.

Permissive Faces. When an adult is sick, the Hopkins pediatricians hold, he wants to suffer in privacy. Not the child: his medical progress may be hindered by the strange and awesome structure and atmosphere of the ordinary hospital. He wants things to be like home. He wants to see other children, sick or well, and he wants to be seen. So although virtually all the new children's hospital beds are on the two-to-a-room

plan, the rooms themselves are divided by glass walls above a three-foot dado. If the kids make faces at each other through the glass, that is fine with today's permissive doctors. For nursing or medical privacy, curtains are drawn to cover the glass.

Every child well enough to get out of bed takes his meals in one of the playrooms that double as dining rooms and classrooms. Unless the doctor orders otherwise, patients may indulge the common childhood taste for hot dogs and hamburgers. They are spared broccoli and beets (rated as "inedibles" by the center's dietitians) and have a wide choice of other vegetables. Hopkins dietitians have learned that children in hospitals do not go for pie, so they offer a choice of ice cream, cake, cookies, puddings and fruit.

Premie Protection. Mothers of very sick children may sleep in, at \$6.50 a night (including breakfast and lunch). For the most helpless of all immature humans, the premature baby, there is a special wing consisting of six rooms, each containing four incubators. As each room is emptied, it is completely sterilized, thus greatly reducing the risk of infection for the next occupants. (With a single, large premie ward, which can never be emptied, this practice is impossible.) And premies enjoy an electronic monitoring system which, the Hopkins believes, is the first of its kind in the world. Under each armpit of the premie an electrode is taped. One records the baby's temperature, the other its heartbeat. Both signals are transmitted to a central nursing station and can be wired to sound an alarm if either measurement gets out of line.

As an overall protection to reduce the risk of infection, the entire pediatric hospital wing is not only comfortably air-conditioned, but is kept under higher pressure than the outside air. In



PLAYROOM AT THE HOPKINS CHILDREN'S CENTER
Not just small replicas of sick adults.

operating rooms and preemie rooms, the air pressure is still higher. Whenever a door is opened, air moves out, and no rush of incoming air can carry germs from personnel to patients.

DIAGNOSIS

Pictures By Sound

For millions of years, bats and porpoises have been using ultrasonic echoes to locate their prey. Now physicians and surgeons are learning to use the same technique to hunt for different targets. With pulses of "sound" far too high for human hearing, they are locating tumors that must be cut out, livers that must be treated for cirrhosis, babies' heads that are too big to pass through the mother's pelvic arch, even

PAT COFFEY

trastound diagnosis is completely painless and does not require even a local anesthetic. The simpler machines used in many procedures are portable and can be taken to the patient's bedside or to the emergency room. The cost to the hospital is about the same as for X-ray machines, from \$3,500 to \$15,000, depending on purpose and complexity. Cost to the patient is about the same as for X rays.

Hold That Shot. In the simplest procedures, a pulse generator sends bursts of current to a crystal, which then produces sonic energy at frequencies ranging from one million to as high as 10 million cycles per second. The pulses pass through a transducer, a combined transmitter-receiver the size of a microphone, which may be simply moistened with water and held against a patient's skull. For a pregnant woman, the transducer is held against the abdomen, which is smeared with light oil.

The crystal puts out from 200 to 400 bursts of ultrasound every second. The silent intervals give it time to pick up the echoes, which are then converted into electrical impulses and fed into an oscilloscope. More complex scanners can give the equivalent of a three-dimensional picture. On the oscilloscope screen, the ultrasound echoes make a picture that may look like Lord Cornwallis' breastworks at Yorktown. Additional circuitry can make the oscilloscope hold the picture long enough for the doctor to snap a photograph of it.

How Thick a Liver. What ultrasound registers best is the "interface" where one kind of tissue with a certain amount of resistance meets another with a different resistance. An examining physician can press on a patient's belly to feel how big his liver is, but he cannot get a clear outline of the liver, let alone tell how thick it is. With a simple twist of the dials, the ultrasound scanner will pick up first the near surface of the liver, then the back surface, and measure the distance between them, thus telling the doctor how much the liver is enlarged.

Ultrasound clearly outlines the excess fluid (ascites) in the abdomen of patients with many types of disease. Glasgow's Dr. Ian Donald has perfected his technique to the point where he can distinguish between an abdomen with ascites caused by a benign tumor, and one with ascites caused by cancer.

Brain surgeons are not uniformly enthusiastic about ultrasound and still rely heavily on X rays. But even skeptics concede that, as a first screening procedure, the new technique has the great advantage of simplicity and painlessness. It may spare many patients the heroic procedure of having air injected into the brain cavities (ventriculography). Some British neurosurgeons report better than 90% accuracy for ultrasound in determining whether a brain tumor or a hemorrhage is present, and if so, where.

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For Pregnant Women. One of the leading U.S. ultrasound diagnosticians, Dr. Joseph H. Holmes, 55, head of the kidney-disease division at the University of Colorado Medical Center in Denver, has been working since 1951 on three basic machines to perform a variety of diagnostic feats. While he grants that ultrasound is still subordinate to X ray in some respects, he is equally convinced that it can do many things that X rays cannot do.

Ultrasound's advantage comes clearest in the case of pregnant women. No one wants to subject them to X rays because of possible harm to mother and foetus. In Denver, Dr. Holmes's colleagues have measured the skull diameter of unborn babies accurately to within one-eighth of an inch in 95 of 100 cases. And there is no evidence that ultrasound, properly used, has any harmful effects even on such sensitive targets as the unborn child, the reproductive system, or the human eye.

Equally important, unlike some of the more complex X-ray methods, ul-



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TIME, MAY 22, 1964

HORSE RACING

Two for the Money

Horse racing's an opium dream beyond all dreams ever spun, Where every sad bloke in the mob should have won every race that was run.

—Grantland Rice

To hear the experts tell it, every horse in the field had a chance—except maybe Big Pete. Big Pete was a sprinter, a good one to be sure, but at the $1\frac{1}{8}$ -mile distance of the Preakness, he figured to wind up, as horsemen say, "absolutely"—meaning somewhere up the track. But The Scoundrel, Quadrangle and Roman Brother had won five races and \$188,000 this year among them. And then there was Hill Rise, beaten by a neck in the Kentucky Derby, gaining with every stride. Should've won, the experts said, and a steal, even at 4-5.

What about Northern Dancer, E. P. Taylor's Canadian-bred colt that won the Derby? Lucky, they said. Too small, they said. On the day of the race, the New York Journal-American published its handicappers' selections, and only one out of twelve picked the Dancer to win. The Morning Telegraph was only slightly more encouraging: one out of eight. A well-known trainer went so far as to predict that Northern Dancer "won't even be on the board when the race is over."

Trainer Horatio Luro and Jockey Bill Hartack had other ideas. At the break, Hartack gently urged Northern Dancer into third place—two lengths behind Big Pete and Quadrangle, a neck ahead of Hill Rise. "Hill Rise was the horse I had to beat," he said. "The track was very tiring, and I wasn't worried about the horses out front—I knew that they would come back to me." For nearly a mile, Northern Dancer and Hill Rise ran practically side by side. Then, on the final turn,

Jockey Willie Shoemaker made his bid on Hill Rise. At the same instant, Hartack flicked the Dancer's reins. "That was it," said Hartack. "It was a battle for position—and I won the battle." Hill Rise faded abruptly. Northern Dancer drew out to win by 21 lengths.

The lucky little horse had done it again, \$124,200 worth—running his lifetime bankroll to \$519,000. Just one more victory, in next month's mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes, and he would become the first Triple Crown winner since Citation in 1948. Northern Dancer went back to his hay bale. And Bill Hartack went straight to the shower. "The Belmont," he said, "is just another horse race."

BASEBALL

Mays in May

They say it can never be done again. In 1941, Boston's Ted Williams batted .406 for the season, and no one in either league has come close since. There are too many night games, too many coast-to-coast plane flights, too many tough young pitchers with that big new strike zone to shoot at. But then this year, there is Willie Mays, and Stan Musial sums it up pretty neatly when he says: "Common sense tells you nobody can hit .400—but if anybody can, it's Mays."

80 Points Ahead. At 33, and in his 14th season with the San Francisco (ex-New York) Giants, Wondrous Willie is hitting like every lick is his last. So far this year, he has hit safely in 24 of his first 27 games, including a 20-game streak, and leads the National League in just about everything: hits (46), home runs (14), runs scored (29), runs batted in (35). His average for 109 trips to the plate: .422, 80 points ahead of Williams at the same stage of the 1941 season.

Opposing pitchers have tried everything except serving up pingpong balls.



JAKE SHEMAÑO & WILLIE
An angel at the Golden Gate.

"I thought I'd experiment on him," mutters Dodger Ace Don Drysdale. "I threw a change-up that was high, inside, and right in his wheelhouse. He like to killed Junior Gilliam with a drive down the third-base line." Willie's teammates hardly know what to expect next. In Houston last week, Giant Pitcher Juan Marichal, whose own 6-0 record has helped keep San Francisco in the race for first place since the start of the season, walked up to Willie in mock anger: "You didn't hit any homers the last time I pitched—you owe me two." "Have a heart," chirped Mays. "This is a big ballpark." He then slammed one into the left-field seats in the third inning, put a second in the right-centerfield seats (with a man on base) in the fifth, for good measure singled to left in the seventh, driving in yet another run. Score: Giants 6, Colts 0.

Fights & Friends. "You always play better when you got peace of mind," says Willie. But for most of the past three years, the Say-Hey Kid has not had much of that. In 1961, his ex-wife Marguerite won a \$15,000-a-year settlement (plus fees), and all during the 1962 season, her lawyer was diligently suing for payment. At one point, Willie's debts topped \$100,000, and his lawyers recommended bankruptcy. That year, Mays led the league in home runs, batted .304—and collapsed from nervous exhaustion in the dugout in September. Starting the 1963 season, he went through the first month tense, nervous, and hitting a dismal .263.

If ever a feller needed a friend, it was Willie. And sure enough, a guardian angel appeared: Jacob Shemano, 51, president of San Francisco's Golden Gate National Bank. Jake Shemano looks more like a Hollywood Buddha than a banker; he favors green velvet shirts, smokes English Ovals like he was trying to give up Bantron, and originally became a good friend of Wil-



MRS. TAYLOR, LURO & HARTACK (ON NORTHERN DANCER)
Back to the hay.



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lie Mays, he explains, because "I am a very athletically inclined person myself." By mid-1963, he had talked Mays into depositing every cent of his \$105,000 salary into the trust department of Golden Gate National, started paying off Willie's debts and was doling out a living allowance of \$20,000 a year—no more, no less.

Following Orders. As far as Say-Hey is concerned, Jake Shemano is "the best friend I have in the world." Mays has learned to live on his allowance, and when he is not over at the Shemanos', he lounges happily in his \$100,000 cocoa-and-white split-level pad in the fashionable Forest Hill neighborhood of San Francisco, watches TV on one of his three sets, and keeps open house for the neighborhood kids.

The only thing that makes Willie nervous now is all the chatter about his hitting. "If I'm doing good," he says, "I don't like to discuss it. I'm just doing what I've always done. Hit .400? Man, that's silly. All I want to do is hit .300, and that's hard enough these days."

For Wondrous Willie, the statisticians figure, it would be especially hard. To get back down to .300, he has to goof up his next 44 trips to the plate.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Harvard's crew: the Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges sprint championships, by a length, at Lake Quinsigamond, Mass. Despite choppy water and a 15-knot headwind, the unbeaten Crimson crewmen stuck to their shovel-like smooth-water oars, leaped into the lead at the start of the 2,000-meter race, and held on to edge Cornell, chalk up their fourth straight victory, and establish themselves as a top candidate to represent the U.S. at next autumn's Olympics in Tokyo.

► Britain's Graham Hill, 35: the Grand Prix of Monaco, first race counting toward the world driving championship. Urging his B.R.M. into the lead on the 53rd lap, the mustachioed Hill zipped through Monte Carlo's narrow streets at a record average of 72.6 m.p.h. to beat the U.S.'s Richie Ginther by one lap and win the 195-mile race for the second straight year. Scotland's Jimmy Clark, the 1963 Grand Prix champion, was forced to abandon his Lotus when it lost oil pressure six miles from the finish.

► Grambling College's sprint relay team (TIME, May 15): a clean sweep at the Los Angeles Coliseum Relays, winning the 440-yd. relay in 40.2 sec. and the 880 in 1 min. 23.8 sec. In other events, Villanova University tied the world record with a 7 min. 19 sec. clocking in the two-mile relay; California's Dallas Long easily won the shotput with a toss of 65 ft. 5½ in. (14 in. shy of his pending world record); and Arizona State's Henry Carr beat Florida A. & M.'s Bob Hayes, the "world's fastest human," in the 200-meter dash.



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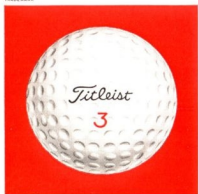
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THE LAW

STATUTES

Inciting to Suicide

"Jump! Jump!" screamed onlookers as a troubled youth threatened to leap from a twelfth-story hotel ledge in Albany, N.Y. "Jump! Jump!" cried another mob last week as a jobless man got set to dive off Manhattan's Brooklyn Bridge. Both would-be suicides were eventually talked down to safety, but not before hundreds of witnesses gaily exchanged bets on their fate while yowling such taunts as "What's the matter, ya yellow?"

Quite apart from their moral and spiritual indifference, people who make suicide a spectator sport may be charged with a serious crime. The police, who busied themselves with trying to move the mobs back, were apparently unaware of it, but New York State has two highly relevant laws. Section 2304 of the state penal law says: "A person who willfully, in any manner, advises, encourages, abets or assists another person in taking the latter's life, is guilty of manslaughter in the first degree." Section 2305 adds that such incitement is a felony even if the would-be suicide survives.

To nail a violator of these laws requires proof of willfulness. And those who cry "Jump!" might try to plead that it was all a joke. "But this is a serious business," warns a top New York prosecutor, "and the laws are there to be used."

LAWYERS

The Bar Behind Bars

Any person haled into court, who is too poor to hire a lawyer, cannot be assured a fair trial unless counsel is provided for him.

—Gideon v. Wainwright

With that landmark opinion, the U.S. Supreme Court last year forced all state criminal courts to appoint lawyers for all indigent defendants charged with more than petty crimes. Since 60% of criminal defendants are indigent, hundreds of U.S. lawyers are in for heavy duty. And since the rule may apparently be applied retroactively, as a New York federal court recently ruled, hundreds of convicts are now appealing for new trials—getting their legal counsel from that grand old penal institution, the self-taught jailhouse lawyer.

Holding a Thin Line. Gideon has already freed (after a new trial with a lawyer) Clarence Earl Gideon, the Florida prisoner who started it all with his now famous *in forma pauperis* petition to the Supreme Court. More than 1,000 other Florida convicts have been released, 600 have won new trials, and hundreds of others are polishing up "Gideon Petitions." Spurring them on is Prisoner 62601, Theodore N. Turner, 39, Florida's most accomplished jail-

house lawyer, who solemnly states that "Our thin line of civilized living and culture is based on due process of law. If due process is violated, we defeat none but ourselves."

Forger Turner, who used to be Clarence Gideon's neighbor at Florida's Raiford state prison, has been the brains (IQ 140) behind more than 100 would-be Gideonites. A onetime insurance claims adjuster, Turner picks up clients through the prison grapevine, studies their court records, and has often drawn up petitions, hand-printed by a dozen other convicts. Turner's legal skills have already forced public defenders to handle all Gideon Petitions, made court clerks abolish the usual \$25 filing fee. At times he writes like a judge: "This

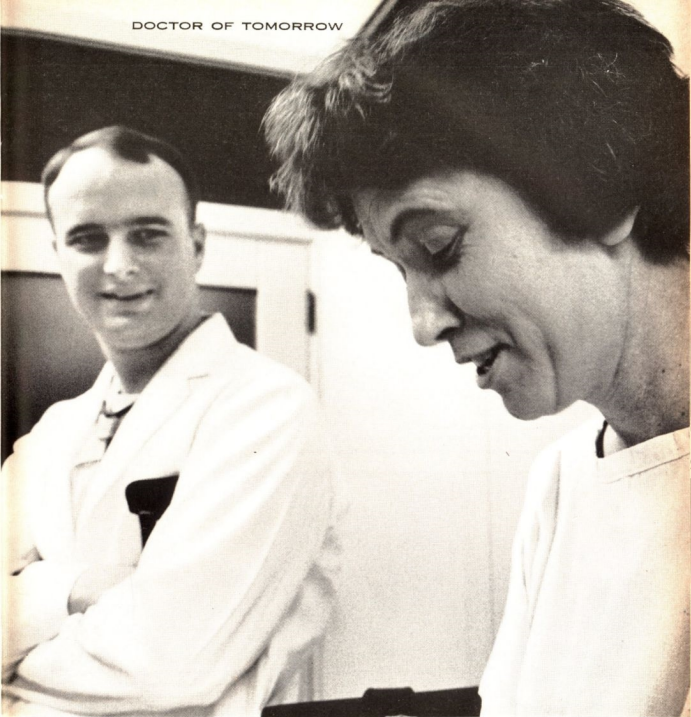


CONVICT COUNSELOR TURNER
See here, Charley Limpus.

breathes of the appellate court's wrath at their lower court brethren." At times he hectors uncooperative court clerks: "You are not the court. You are not God. You are just Charley Limpus." Always he seems more hep on relevant new decisions than many judges. "He's a brilliant man," says Orange County Public Defender W. D. Frederick Jr. "His grasp of case law is phenomenal."

Turner's record is marred by one embarrassing failure: he has yet to spring himself—a problem that afflicts even the best jailhouse lawyers. San Quentin's Caryl Chessman, for instance, studied 10,000 legal works, took 1,000,000 words of notes, ground out more than 100 assorted writs, appeals and petitions, for stays of his own execution—and still the state put him to death in the gas chamber.

However they may fail themselves, though, incarcerated counselors are busier than ever aiding other inmates. Texas' Huntsville Prison now has a "writ room," where prisoners can polish up petitions like collegians in the



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C. J. Devine & Co. was formed in 1933 and was one of the largest dealers in U. S. Government Bonds. There were approximately 190 partners and employees in the organization, with 9 offices located in major cities throughout the country. Its partners had an average of 28 years experience in the money markets.

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library. Kansas State Penitentiary offers a big law library, partly the gift of beneficent lawyers. At Washington's State Penitentiary in Walla Walla, a special "law wing" provides typewriters as well as texts. Some prisoners are getting so legalistic, complains a Tennessee state prosecutor, that "it's getting a damned sight harder to keep them in than to put them in."

Sue the Judge. The great hazard in prison legal practice is the very goal it seeks: a new trial, since it may well result in a stiffer sentence than before. At Colorado State Penitentiary, for example, a convicted forger serving a two-to-six-year sentence recently won a new hearing, got slammed with a new rap of 40 months to eight years. Despite such danger, though, there is often a sense of beat-the-system accomplishment; one Colorado lifer has goaded a slow-moving judge by suing to enjoin his salary. Colorado petitions now move remarkably faster.

In New York, jailhouse lawyers can often be found among the four-time losers whose multiple offenses drew mandatory life sentences. Many such prisoners are Negroes who once served time in Southern jails. A petitioner in this situation may void an out-of-state conviction if a New York court finds that his constitutional rights were violated. And by thus wiping one offense from the books, a lifer may halve his sentence or even walk out free.

Bleary Blackstone. What flaws many top jailhouse lawyers is a chronic inability to handle the freedom they win. In a single year, one Carl Smith got his convictions for burglary and bank robbery reversed by the supreme courts of Maine and Massachusetts. Now he is back in a federal pen for another bank robbery. For years at Missouri State Penitentiary for Men, a brilliant prisoner named Clyde Meeks counseled other cons so ably that judges valued him as a friend of the court. Once free himself, Meeks wound up in jail in Iowa on a forgery charge.

All over California, awed lawyers still ponder the 150-arrest career of Emery T. Newbern, "the Blackstone of the drunk tank." Bottle-worn but razor-sharp, Newbern once saw a judge lock his courtroom doors to keep him and other drunks from staggering out, immediately argued successfully that he was being deprived of his constitutional right to a public trial. Newbern beat another drunk charge on the ground that police (unwittingly) deprived him of his right to a doctor's examination. In 1960, he scored his greatest coup: overturning California's 1872 "common drunk" law—a phrase so vague as well as pejorative, he said, that it violated his right to know the charge against him. The state supreme court agreed. Uncommon Drunk Newbern might have made a crack lawyer as many lawyers told him, but liberty was too much for Newbern. He lurched in front of a car in Florida and died at 41.



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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

More Output = More Jobs

Automation entered the language during a conference of Ford Motor Co. engineers in 1946—and it has been influencing society ever since. On the one hand, it has made possible the vast growth and technological advances of the U.S. economy in recent years; on the other, it has been a source of worry and perplexity to millions of people. One of the big worries of labor leaders and economists has been that automation gains might enable a strong economic advance—like the present one—to surge forward without creating any new jobs. Last week that worry was at least partially dispelled by two new statistics operating in tandem.

In the sharpest gain in almost a year, U.S. industrial production in April rose a full point, to 129.2% of the 1957-59 base; in all of last year's final six months, it had risen only four-tenths of a point, and this year it had been rising by only half a point or less each month. That was good news, but the Labor Department had some new figures that made it even better. While production was surging ahead, nearly 500,000 new, nonfarm jobs were created in April, far more than is normally expected for the month. The new figures reduced unemployment among adult male workers to 3.8%, the lowest figure in more than six years.

Rising output and job levels are getting a big boost from the nation's two most basic industries: steel and autos. Steel's output last week rose to the highest level in eleven months, and the industry is clearly headed for a record production year. Steel's well-being, of course, stems chiefly from the buoyant state of the auto industry, whose daily sales so far in May are running 1.5% ahead of last year's near-record rate. Ford is pacing the pack, has sold 20,454 Mustangs in the four weeks since the sports car's introduction. The other automakers also notice that their best-selling models are those that were either all new or sharply redesigned for 1964. That gives them good reason to hope that the completely restyled 1965 models will keep the auto industry moving forward in high sales gear.

WALL STREET

A Sweet Deal

It was a little like Macy's acquiring Tiffany's. That great department store of U.S. finance, Manhattan's Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, last week took over the leading dealer in the highly sophisticated and eminently profitable market for Government securities, Wall Street's C. J. Devine & Co. The world's largest brokerage

house thus got a solid hold on the only important part of the finance business in which it had not been represented. Says one Merrill Lynch vice president: "We knew nothing about the Government bond business."

Fortunes from Fractions. The men who do know the business turn handsome profits—and sometimes incur huge losses—by dealing in tiny fractions. Fluctuations in prices are as small as one sixty-fourth of 1%, but that can add up to quite a sum in a market in which the U.S. Treasury every Monday auctions off about \$3 billion worth of short-term bills to refinance the nation's debt. These bills go to the highest bidding bond dealers, who then sell them for whatever price they can get from banks, corporations and speculators.

Companies buy Government securi-



CHAIRMAN MCCARTHY
Ending a well-kept secret.

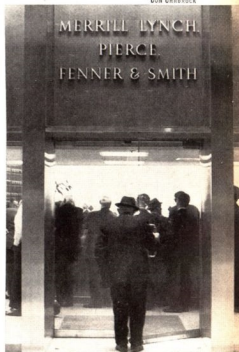
ties in order to put their money to work and nail down safe interest rates; people buy them either to collect the interest or to speculate on the fluctuating prices of bonds, which move around in a range just above or below par value. Another attraction is that low margin requirements permit an investor to buy \$100,000 worth of Government securities by putting down as little as \$5,000 cash; if the bond's value rises just one-half point, he earns \$500. Bond dealers are made or broken by their ability to predict instinctively how much "retail buyers" will be willing to pay. The fractional prices change rapidly, pushed up and down by such factors as bank interest rates, stock dividend rates, rumors of increased Government borrowing, the state of U.S. business and the bond market's elusive "mood."

Few dealers had sharper instincts or better knowledge of the market's subtle ripples than Christopher J. Devine, a New Jersey fireman's son who founded his own firm at 28. Working with a fierce intensity that seldom permitted

relaxation, Chris Devine opened nine offices around the country, built a staff of more than 200, traded as much as \$750 million worth of securities a day. After he died a year ago, two-thirds of the firm's capital of \$18 million went to his estate. C. J. Devine's 14 remaining partners were left with only \$6,000,000—hardly enough to organize muscular syndicates for bidding on multibillion-dollar bond issues. The partners went shopping for greater resources.

Access to Power. Wall Street's grapevine brought word of their search to the tenth-floor corner office of Merrill

BON WOODBROOK



MERRILL LYNCH OFFICE IN NEW YORK

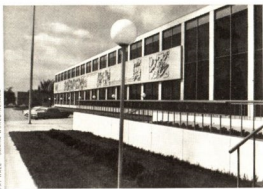
Lynch's chairman, Michael W. McCarthy. He and Merrill Lynch's directors made a unique proposal to Devine's partners: Why not buy up a large chunk of Merrill Lynch's undistributed stock and join the company? After a fortnight of secret negotiations, the two houses agreed on Wall Street's biggest deal this year. Thirteen of the Devine partners anted up \$8,000,000 and were taken into Merrill Lynch as a division.

A sweeter deal could scarcely be imagined. The Devine partners got access to the power of Merrill Lynch, whose assets top \$1 billion; in addition, all 13 of the men became vice presidents of the brokerage giant (raising its total to 114). As for Merrill Lynch, it acquired the savvy, contacts and good will of a major company without putting up so much as a penny.



DALY IN OFFICE

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BUILDING

From Omaha to Brazil

Even by going standards in executive suites, the sweeping, 56-ft.-long room in Omaha is something special. It has marble floors, Hawaiian wood panels, French stained glass, Japanese carvings, Indian temple bells, a lavatory with walls of kangaroo hide and an abstract painting in the elevator. Leo Daly Jr. uses it to impress potential clients with the versatility of his firm, Leo A. Daly Co., the Midwest's biggest and the nation's third largest firm of engineer-architects. "My specialty," says Daly, 46, "is in not specializing."

Daly's firm has just landed a prestige contract to supervise a huge construction project in Latin America. The company was picked by the State Department's Agency for International Development to plan and engineer a \$27 million program of school and medical construction in northeast Brazil. The project will fan out over 1,500,000 sq. mi., and will include the construction of 6,500 elementary schools, 332 health centers, 22 teacher-training centers, 21 normal schools and 47 audio-visual centers, plus the renovation of about 4,000 existing classrooms. Daly will send a staff of 50 to supervise the project, but Brazilian contractors will do the construction work. Daly's aim: to create a name and a new market for his work in Latin America, where he sees both "infinite possibilities and all sorts of problems waiting to be solved."

Beyond the Church. Daly's father founded the firm 50 years ago to specialize in church architecture, but under Leo Jr. it has moved far afield since World War II. About half of its work is designing such military projects as blastproof silos for Titan missiles, DEW-line facilities in the Arctic and the big SAC underground command post near Omaha. Daly also designed Boeing's big computer center in Seattle

and a \$4,700,000 physics lab at Argonne National Laboratory in Lemont, Ill. Daly's 300-man staff is now working on 60 projects worth more than \$200 million, including a dormitory, research building and student center at Jesuit-run Creighton University in Omaha that will be part of a \$45 million master plan Daly created.

Unlike many architects, who accent the creative, Daly likes to stress architecture's business side. He has developed a well-honed staff that seeks out technically difficult jobs that are often avoided by competitors. Daly favors boxy, square buildings, has been criticized for not being experimental and exciting. By way of answer he recalls how in college he once designed some gaudy neckties for a Baltimore company. "I still wonder how the poor men who bought them lived with them," he says. "Of course, that's what my competitors say about my work now."

Personal Touch. Daly belongs to about 60 Omaha civic and charitable organizations, enjoys occasional travel abroad with his wife and two sons. Otherwise, he is either in his office or traveling around to the company's five U.S. branches, where the firm offers "comprehensive architecture" by specialists who not only design a building but also select its site, choose all furnishings and suggest financing. To compensate for growing bigness and to keep the personal touch, Daly divides his experts into teams, assigning a 20- or 30-man team under a "captain" to work on a project much as a small architectural firm would. His company last year opened a New Orleans office, hoping to use it to expand into Latin America. Daly now considers that move one of his best investments.

AUTOS

Parking by Computer

Success as a parking operator once depended on little more than a fairly level lot and familiarity with all kinds of gear shifts. But the auto birth rate has soared so high, the crush for parking space has become so great and the cost of building and operating parking

garages has grown so fast that the business is now dominated by big chains. When one of the biggest of the chains, Kinney Service Corp., last month was admitted to the New York Stock Exchange, the financial world saw the move as evidence that a fender-banging, slightly shady trade had finally matured into a full-fledged industry. Parking spaces now generate about \$500 million in revenues throughout the U.S. each year.

Official Support. Perhaps the best sign of maturity is that the parking chains are now nearly as attentive to cost accounting and technological change as are the Detroit automakers whose products they park. The typical parking space, Kinney has discovered, must turn over 1½ times daily just to break even. One extra car a day parked at each garage in a chain operation can mean up to \$100,000 in additional annual revenues. Such figures may please the financial men, but they do little to assuage the angry parker, who is usually convinced that he pays too much to park his car. Sometimes he gets official support: last week New York City's license commissioner ordered enterprising property owners who had set up homemade parking lots around the World's Fair to register with the city and lower exorbitant rates.

Though lots are still fairly common, land is becoming so scarce in larger cities that the chains are building high-rise, pigeonhole garages where cars are placed on a computer-controlled elevator that automatically stacks them. If the chains decide that the high cost of putting up such buildings is justified by the labor savings, the automated stack will probably be the parking lot of the future. The bigger companies are also expanding from operating only their own garages, now are contracting to manage parking lots for hotels, hospitals, universities and even shopping centers.

Cradle To Grave. No chain is spreading faster than Kinney, which last year parked 7,000,000 vehicles—more cars than are registered in any state except California—at 90 locations in and around New York. Kinney President Steven J. Ross, 36, plans to offer customers as many services as possible along with parking. "The service industry," he says, "already accounts for 50% of all business. As we gain more leisure time, the industry will boom." To take advantage of the boom, Kinney has expanded its rent-a-car fleet from 100 vehicles to nearly 6,000 in the last five years. The company also operates a building-maintenance division, now offers a package service to corporations that includes car parking, car leasing, charwomen and guards. Indeed Kinney is on the way to providing more or less cradle-to-grave service: among other enterprises, it owns seven funeral chapels, which last year buried 10% of New York City's dead.



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SIMCA DIVISION



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VENEZUELA

Corporate Citizen No. 1

Venezuela's huge, U.S.-owned Creole Petroleum Corp. has developed a skill that few other companies in the world need to worry about. Continuously harassed by Communist sabotage, Creole has become so quick and adept at repairing its dynamited pipelines that the terrorists actually get defeatist about blowing them up. That skill, plus a line of Venezuelan government guardsmen stationed all along the pipelines, has kept Creole—which is 95% controlled by Standard Oil of New Jersey—operating as Venezuela's biggest business. It pumps 40% of the country's oil, provides 25% of the government's

the compounds and help the workers buy homes in regular communities. He has also expanded the operations of the company's Creole Foundation, which helps build schools and train teachers in Venezuela, and established the Creole Investment Corp. to provide seed capital for deserving small businesses. In three years, C.I.C. has invested \$5,300,000 in 22 small companies, ranging from a mushroom farm to a sugar refinery, has helped create 1,500 new jobs. Said Jarvis at the company's annual meeting in Manhattan last week: "The investment company has found that the managerial experience it can provide is perhaps of greater importance than the capital itself."

Jarvis is also the moving force behind

government v. a 50-50 split in the Middle East, its crude sells for \$2.80 a barrel v. \$1.82. It is thus with some pleasure that Jarvis watches the aggressive Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) and shrewd national rulers whipsaw the Mideast oil companies for higher royalties. An increase in Mideast oil prices could only strengthen the world market position of Venezuela's good corporate citizen.

BRITAIN

Shaking the Old Boy Network

British business has often classed its companies more by the social status of the men at the top than by size, profits or prospects. Eton and the Guards are faultless qualifications, and so is a baronetcy or hereditary peerage. Some Britons believe that directors constitute a gigantic Old Boy network. Last week the British business world was startled by a major corporate change that illustrates a trend in British business: a disestablishmentarianism that is downgrading the Old Boys in favor of top managers and directors whose only qualifications are ambition, skill, and a flair for hard work.

In a top management reshuffle, bus-making Leyland Motor Corp. enlarged the board of its principal manufacturing subsidiary, Leyland Motors Ltd., and filled the new posts with three young men (average age: 39) who had risen through the company's ranks. Not a public-school boy among them. Even more surprising, Leyland made two new appointments to the board of A.E.C., another important group subsidiary—and picked a 33-year-old and a 29-year-old from the ranks for the jobs. The shifts reflect the philosophy of Managing Director Donald Stokes, 50, a onetime salesman who took over last year and has made Leyland a trailblazer in professional management.

Sharing the Peers. Relentless competition for worldwide markets in everything from paints to paddles is making British companies turn away from the Old Boy tradition. There is a lot to turn away from. No fewer than 37 peers and 45 baronets and knights are shared by the boards of the five biggest banks, and a Labor Party study found that 35 out of 107 directors of London's top financial houses were all Old Etonians, as were 46 out of 149 directors of the large insurance firms. "The chairman of one board I sat on rang me up," complains one top British industrialist, "and told me, 'We're thinking of putting up so-and-so.' I asked if he knew anything about the business. The answer was 'No, but he's an awfully nice chap and married to so-and-so, you know.'"

This sort of mentality caused little harm 50 years ago, but it has been the core of a stubborn resistance to change



JARVIS



CREOLE OIL RIGS ON LAKE MARACAIBO
Tearing down fences and making friends.

income, employs more than 11,000 Venezuelans, and pays out \$125 million yearly in benefits and wages. The company's sales last year rose to \$1,097,799,700 and its earnings to \$254 million—after a record \$475 million in taxes and royalties to Venezuela.

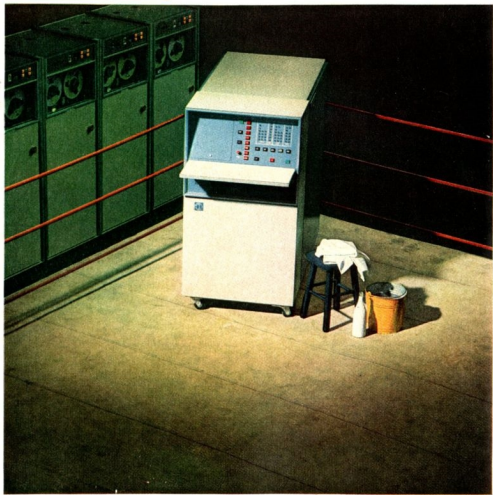
Anti-Yankee Feelings. This picture of business-government cooperation was not painted without problems. The two Standard Oil subsidiaries that began drilling in Venezuela in the early 1920s, and later Creole (which was set up in its present form by their merger in 1943), were often ripe targets for anti-Yankee feelings. In the early days, only Americans held top posts, employees lived in fenced-in company compounds, and Creole often engaged in shouting contests with the government. But under low-keyed President Harry Jarvis, 55, a 17-year Creole veteran who took over in 1961, the company has tried winningly "to be a good corporate citizen."

Jarvis, who speaks excellent Spanish, pushed company efforts to break up

the new "Dividend for the Community" program, under which Creole and other big companies in Venezuela donate 2% to 5% of their profits for new hospitals and similar social projects. The company has so emphasized its "Venezuelanizing" policy that it now employs only half as many foreigners (total: 674) as it did in 1950, is continually moving Venezuelans into higher posts. Creole has done so much for Venezuela that President Raúl Leoni assured the oil companies in his inaugural address in March that they would continue "to enjoy their granted rights," and Venezuela's elder statesman, Rómulo Betancourt, is convinced that the country is getting more out of its oil by leaving it in private hands.

Mideast Advantage. The world's fourth largest oil producing company (after Kuwait Oil Co., Aramco and the Iranian consortium), Creole still faces serious problems. Because of high labor and production costs and the fact that it pays 70% of gross profits to the

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that has caused much of British business to lag behind the rest of the industrialized world. Such is the outspoken concern in Britain today about how business is run that it is taking on the scope of a national debate. Said the Times of London: "The need for a managerial revolution is widely evident, but the cry seems to have been drowned by deluding murmurs of contentment from too many board rooms."

The New Managers. One shot in the revolution was fired a few months ago when a London merchant bank openly advertised in the Financial Times for a new managing director—a departure so radical that one banker felt obliged to explain: "Normally, one wouldn't advertise a real job, you see, because if a chap didn't know a job was going he wouldn't be the right sort of chap, would he?" The most startling changes have been wrought on boards where the Old Boy influence was strongest. Old-school-tie companies both, the Rank Organization and Viyella International have been dramatically improved recently by men who never set foot inside the Establishment: John Henry Davis at Rank, Joe Hyman at Viyella.

Three years ago, Standard Telephones & Cables took real responsibility out of the hands of its regular board, which boasted a baronet and a Member of Parliament, and placed it with a six-man "advisory board" whose businessmen members held not a single title among them. Result: the company turned to automation, stepped up its program of research and development, then watched sales increase 50% to \$168 million last year and profits skyrocket 350% to more than \$7,000,000. Textile Maker Courtaulds, Ltd., replaced its titled chairman and deputy chairman, promoting tough-minded Frank Kearton to managing director, then filled board vacancies with untitled textile men like Kearton. Once the most sedate of all the large British companies, Courtaulds is now one of the liveliest firms in Britain, buying up textile firms and expanding fiber production at the most rapid pace in all Europe.

GREECE

Americans Bearing Gifts

Greece has doubled its gross national product, industrial production and personal income since World War II, and tourists thronging to the magic isles have helped provide a favorable balance of payments. But the economy is still fragile: Greece imports twice as much in machinery and goods as it exports in farm products, and jobs are so scarce that more Greeks last year went abroad to work than were born. To shore up the economy and qualify Greece for continued Common Market associate membership, Prime Minister George Papandreu's government hopes to secure \$900 million in foreign capital over the next five years. Last week the government got a good lift



STANDARD OIL'S STOTT & PAPPAS
New strength for a fragile economy.

toward its goal when King Constantine laid the cornerstone of a \$190 million industrial complex near Salonika that will be the biggest single foreign investment ever made in Greece.

The new complex, christened the Salonika Industrial Development Plan, was conceived by Boston Financier Thomas A. Pappas, 64, and includes projects by three U.S. companies. Esso Pappas, a partnership between Pappas and Jersey Standard, has started work on Greece's second oil refinery. "Within 19 months," promised Jersey Executive Vice President William R. Stott, "this bare earth will be covered by a refinery producing 50,000 barrels a day of petroleum." Esso is also building a 200,000-ton-a-year ammonia plant, Republic Steel is expected to operate an \$85 million steel mill, and the Ethyl Corp. will run a petrochemical plant. Altogether, the complex will provide 2,000 new jobs.

Pappas, who has become chairman-general manager of Esso Pappas, is a Greek-American bearing gifts to his motherland. Born Antonios Papadopoulos, he was taken to Boston as a child, eventually shortened his name because "it was easier for my American friends." He and Brother John expanded their father's modest grocery and imported-foods business into a profitable range of activities that now include imported liquors, real estate and shipping. They have also financed a Greek light-bulb factory and building-products plant. On frequent trips back to supervise, Tom Pappas noted the improving Greek economy, began serious planning for the industrial complex that he first considered building 25 years ago. He persuaded the U.S. corporations to participate, got bank loans in the U.S. and Athens to supplement his personal investment in the project. "I have achieved my lifetime dream," he said last week, while the King of Greece troweled mortar.

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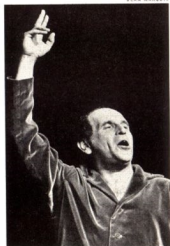
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SINGERS

Malady of Paris

His collected songs add up to a painful diagnosis of the chill of modern life, and in France that makes Léo Ferré a kind of poet laureate. He hates, among other things, the church, most governments, radio, television and the Académie Française, and he hates them with the droll expertise Frenchmen instinctively admire. In a country that nourishes the cult of the dinner-table anarchist, Ferré is almost a government in exile.

Ever since he began singing in the caves around St. Germain-des-Près in the late '40s, Ferré has been the reign-



FERRÉ PERFORMING

Between optimism and disgust.

ing voice of the "Defenders of French Song," a tight little school of contemporary troubadour-poets. He despises literary snobbery, and the lyrics of his 200 songs pulse with the rough and jeering argot of Parisian streets. Legionnaires listened to his records in the crumbling days of French Indo-China. They can still be heard in Hanoi, as well as in New York, Dakar or any place where hypochondriacs have no intention of curing themselves of that bittersweet nostalgia known as the *Maladie de Paris*. But his verses are also published in the prestigious *Poètes d'Aujourd'hui* series alongside Rimbaud, Baudelaire and Valéry, and his music is among the best now being written for French song.

Tough Ideas. Ferré has such melodic facility that his songs can drift from one mode to another without the slightest misstep: a melody will slip into passages that suggest *judo* or flamenco or Orthodox church music, then emerge again for a major-key resolution. Ferré has written some lovely love songs, but most of his ideas are tough, and he does not mince words—as in *Monsieur*

Tout-Blanc, his pre-Deputy attack on the Pope:

Simon Pure,

If one fine morning you leave this world feet first

For your castle in Paradise (perhaps it will be pretty)

Pray for me.

I don't have the time.

I'll still be living in Aubervilliers

With both my arms embracing misery.

Operation Madeleine. Ferré's songs evoke a complex feeling. Their mood is an absorbing compromise between optimism and disgust, and they have an ironic strength that makes their message as clear as a scream in the street. Though Ferré is a natural-born plaintiff, his songs never argue that life is absurd. "Despair," he says, "is a way of hiding things from one's self." Life is not pointless, just outrageously wrong.

Ferré became established as his own best interpreter only after he met his wife Madeleine in 1950. For years he had been down and out in Paris, playing and singing for \$2 a night and composing on the side. "Operation Madeleine," as he calls the metamorphosis he undertook after his marriage, promptly rescued his career. He took off his glasses, got his teeth capped, cut his hair—and immediately found a whole new audience. Now at 47, he owns an island in Brittany, a house in the south of France, an apartment in Paris and an American car; his audience, he says, includes "everybody but the jerks—who are numerous."

Such new affluence confuses Ferré's old admirers, who still like to think of him as a flaming anarchist. But Ferré sees no point in living to please "*les professionnels de la misérabilité*." His comfortable life in the country suits him perfectly, and it has done nothing to dilute the grave discontent that ignites his music. "This is a world where muzzles aren't made for dogs," he says. "One is supposed to be mediocre. It's the only chance of not bothering other people. But I'm a lucky villain, and I'm willing to tell even the truest of lies to defend my opinions."

COMPOSERS

Return to Richard

In the last four years of his life, Richard Strauss seldom heard his works performed by his own countrymen. The post World War II silent treatment was his penalty for having meekly allowed himself to be paraded as the artistic spirit of the Third Reich. But Strauss's death in 1949 seemed a signal for a West German revival of his music. Audiences eagerly returned to his masterworks. And this year, the 100th anniversary of his birth, the revival has become almost deafening.

The Berlin Opera is presenting six

Strauss productions, from *Der Rosenkavalier* to *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and *Capriccio*. In Munich, where coins are being struck for "Strauss Year," the Opera's Strauss festival had productions of all but four of his 15 operas, and the Nationaltheater's summer festival will present the sweep of his music in 100 concerts. The *Luftwaffenmusik* corps band will play his military marches in honor of his birthday (June 11). Bavarian radio will broadcast seven operas, and the Munich Music Conservatory is not only presenting a blizzard of lectures but—going the whole way—is changing its name to the Richard Strauss Conservatory.

Forgive & Forget. Much of Strauss's music has been firmly placed in the classic repertoire since the '20s, and outside Germany he had little need of a



STRAUSS CONDUCTING (1947)
After silence, the deluge.

resurrection. World War I brought a ten-year lapse in the performance of Strauss in England, but World War II caused no lull in England or America. The Strauss of the Third Reich had been an old man, and after he was cleared by the denazification courts, it seemed only just to forgive and forget. Last year, in 175 orchestral performances of his works, Strauss became one of the most frequently played composers in the U.S.

The main argument over Strauss has always dwelt on the dramatic and realistic effects of his music. Wagnerians usually love it but followers of Schumann and Brahms are likely to find it crude and vulgar—"pleasure gas," a Viennese critic once called it. His mammoth tone poems—*Till Eulenspiegel*, *Ein Heldenleben* and *Also sprach Zarathustra*—show him to be a peerless master of orchestral effect and a wizardly painter of tone color. But Strauss was the last man in a 400-year-old tradition of tonality, and it was his misfortune to work alongside the atonalists without sharing any of their discoveries. Halfway into the present century, he



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Metaphysically Close. The revival of Strauss's music is a vivid demonstration that his claim on modern audiences is genuine. His songs are colorful and metaphysically close to the spirit of their texts. His operas are both sensuous and profound. His orchestral works are har-

monically infallible. The music he wrote at 80 is clearly the work of the man who at 24 wrote *Don Juan*; the work of 60 years is united by an amazingly steady vocabulary. But Strauss saved for the end the most revealing expressions of his artistic philosophy. Having been judged a walking anachronism, he felt free to speak his mind.

MILESTONES

Born. To Diana Trask, 23, carrot-topped Australian singer who came up from Down Under to sing along with Mitch, and Thomas Ewen, 36, Aussie auto salesman: their second child, second son; in Melbourne.

Born. To Patricia Neal, 38, Academy Award-winning cinemactress for her portrait of the housekeeper in *Hud*, and Roald Dahl, 47, British author of deftly ghoulish short stories: their third child, second daughter; in Oxford, England. Name: Ophelia.

Born. To Ed Begley, 63, cinemactor who played a swamp-grass politician in Tennessee Williams' *Sweet Bird of Youth*, and Helen Jordan, 38, his third wife: a daughter; in Dublin.

Divorced. By Kenneth Tynan, 37, drama critic for the London Observer from 1954 to 1963, now on the receiving end as literary manager for the British National Theater: Elaine Dundy, 36, Long Island-born novelist who chronicles American girls abroad (*The Old Man and Me*); on grounds of incompatibility; after 13 years of marriage, one child; in Juarez, Mexico.

Died. Carol Haney, 39, snub-nosed, pixieified dancer-comedienne who burst into fame in the 1954 musical *Pajama Game* as Gladys, the offbeat secretary who had (clang, clang) "S-s-s-steam Heat," but, after being hospitalized for diabetes and exhaustion in 1957, simmered down to become one of Broadway's most popular choreographers, arranging dances for *Flower Drum Song* and *Funny Girl*; of pneumonia, complicated by diabetes; in Manhattan.

Died. Vic Morabito, 45, owner of the National Football League's San Francisco 49ers, who, with his brother Tony, founded the team in 1946, took over direction after Tony dropped dead of a stroke between halves of a game with the Chicago Bears in 1957; of a stroke; in San Francisco.

Died. Vernon Carl Walston, 58, founder (in 1932) and president of Wall Street's Walston & Co., one of the nation's top ten stockbrokers; by his own hand (20-gauge shotgun); in Manhattan. A moody, drivingly ambitious onetime fruit vendor, Walston started the firm in San Francisco under

the aegis of Bank of America Founder A. P. Giannini, moved to New York in 1958, where he built up to assets of \$151 million, with 90 offices from Honolulu to Switzerland. His one and great pleasure was going on African safari, from which he returned to decorate his office with water-buffalo heads, rhinoceros hides, an elephant's foot—and an arsenal of small arms.

Died. Diana Wynyard, 58, stately British cinemactress of the 1930s, best remembered by U.S. audiences as the courageous wife in the 1933 Academy Award-winning movie version of Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*, by Britons for her roles at the Old Vic, where last fall she played a brilliantly sensual Gertrude to Peter O'Toole's Hamlet; of a kidney ailment; in London.

Died. Hamilton Basso, 59, journalist-novelist, a gentlemanly scholar from New Orleans who exiled himself to Connecticut in 1944, but kept trying to go home again with leisurely re-creations of the South's social distinctions, ancestor worship and tribal customs (from lynching to channel bass fishing), most successfully in his 1954 bestseller, *The View from Pompey's Head*; of cancer; in New Haven, Conn.

Died. Mollie Minsky, 69, widow of Abraham Minsky, eldest of the four brothers of burlesque, a motherly soul who defended the family trade as art ("It broadens the viewpoint"); of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Clarence Cannon, 85, Missouri's gnarled, irascible, untiring, punctilious bantam Democratic Congressman, parliamentarian and parsimonious boss of the Appropriations Committee; of a heart ailment; in Washington (see THE NATION).

Died. Max Dreyfus, 90, music publisher, since 1935 president of Manhattan's Chappell & Co., a German immigrant (class of '88) who first set up shop in Tin Pan Alley in 1901, where he hired Jerome Kern as a song plugger, George Gershwin as a \$35-a-week accompanist, until both rewarded him by writing hits that sold millions and enabled Dreyfus to sign up just about every major Broadway composer from Romberg to Loewe; of a heart attack; in Brewster, N.Y.

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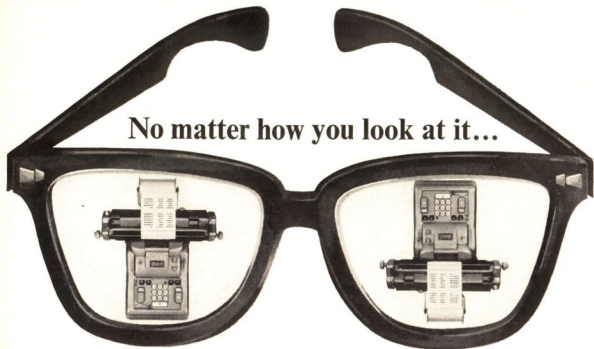
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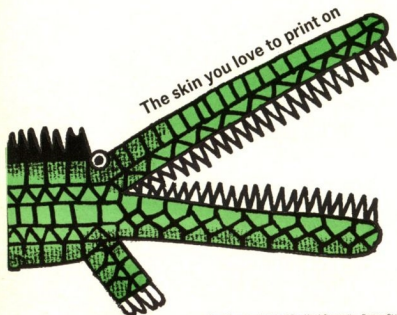
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CINEMA

MacLaine Goes for Broke

What a Way to Go! is five or six big, splashy movies rolled into none. Written by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, a pair of permanently show-struck Broadway librettists, it sets out to satirize the very things it seems head over heels in love with: moon pitchers and the cult of "success—money—success." Shirley MacLaine plays a freckle-faced Ohio gamine whose pastel American Dream is marred by the Midas touch. She wants only "a simple life with one man to love." But the men she marries have a way of getting rich quick, leaving her in widow's weeds with Rolls-Royces, private airplanes, pink mansions, cash and securities. After four husbands and legacies piling up

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SHIRLEY MACLAINE IN "WHAT A WAY"
Marred by the Midas touch.

to \$211 million, she goes to see Psychiatrist Robert Cummings.

The story unfolds in flashbacks. First, Shirley's mother (Margaret Dumont, that grand battle-axe of Marx Brothers fame) warns her about the high cost of scruples. But having refused to wed Dean Martin because he is a tycoon, Shirley marries Dick Van Dyke, a philosophical hardware merchant who has exactly what she wants—nothing. "Our life together was just like an old silent movie," says Shirley. Which cues in some grainy black-and-white footage—a slapstick idyl with speeded-up action. The idyl jerks to a stop when Van Dyke throws away his Thoreau and proceeds to make a mint. "A little hard work never killed anybody," he insists. Soon he drops dead, leaving Shirley sadder but richer, and free for Husband No. 2.

Enter Paul Newman, a no-account artist who builds his bank balance up to seven figures by inventing a masterpiece machine. One day the machine turns on its master and beats him into an abstract blob. Husband No. 3 is Robert Mitchum. Already wealthy, he liquidates his assets and goes native down



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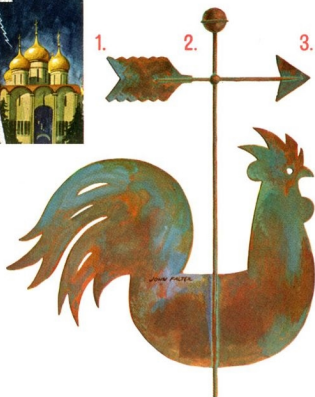
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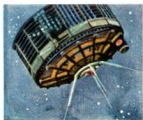
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on the farm, only to meet disaster trying to milk a bull. Next comes Gene Kelly ("Our life was like a gay 1930s musical") who hoofs his way to fame, fortune and a grim finale.

By this time, Shirley's psychiatrist wants to try for the jackpot. "I'm honored that you'd risk your life for me," she purrs. She has no sooner declined his proposal than the cleaning man arrives and—hey, guess who? Dean Martin, down on his luck and full of last-reel surprises.

For all its talent and occasional forward thrust, *What a Way to Go!* never really gets anywhere. The reasons why are neatly capsuled in Shirley's cinefantasy with Mitchum, described as "one of those Hollywood movies all about love and what'll-she-wear-next?" This gag sequence, credited as A Lush Budget Production, offers four minutes' worth of opulent sets and a whole spring collection of Edith Head's most improbable costumes. But *What a Way* itself is so extravagantly overdrawn that the audience well may wonder where parody leaves off and plot begins. To furnish a frail spoof with all that Hollywood upholstery seems a bit like crossing a mountain stream aboard the *Queen Mary*—and why bother? Shirley MacLaine is a girl who can go for miles just paddling her own canoe.

Morse Makes the Scene

Honeymoon Hotel. Comedian Robert Morse looks like Arthur Godfrey Jr. and makes more faces than a rubber totem pole. He scored big on Broadway in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and then somebody apparently told him how to succeed in pictures without really trying: never put the part before the Morse. Up to a point the formula works. But what the heck. Being a success in this picture is like being head flea on a dead dog.

The story, which transpires at a Caribbean resort amid plastic palmettos and other touches of tropical realism, can best be described as follows: ZZZZZZ. The players are equally interesting. Nancy Kwan, who claims to be a genuine Eurasian, looks like an American chorine with Scotch-taped eyelids. Jill St. John, who considers herself a comedienne, puts up a good front. Robert Goulet, whose talent is for singing, doesn't sing. And Keenan Wynn, who has probably been in worse pictures, looks as if he can't remember when.

Only Morse seems to feel an obligation to act. Since his lines are unspeakable, he mumbles them inaudibly and distracts the customers by giggling, wriggling, itching, twitching, wearing a wig, dancing a jig, and crossing his eyes till he practically looks out of his ears. People who did not see him on Broadway will probably think he is just a somewhat shorter, somewhat quieter Jerry Lewis. People who did will wonder what makes him tic, and wistfully murmur: "*Autre temps, autre* Morse."

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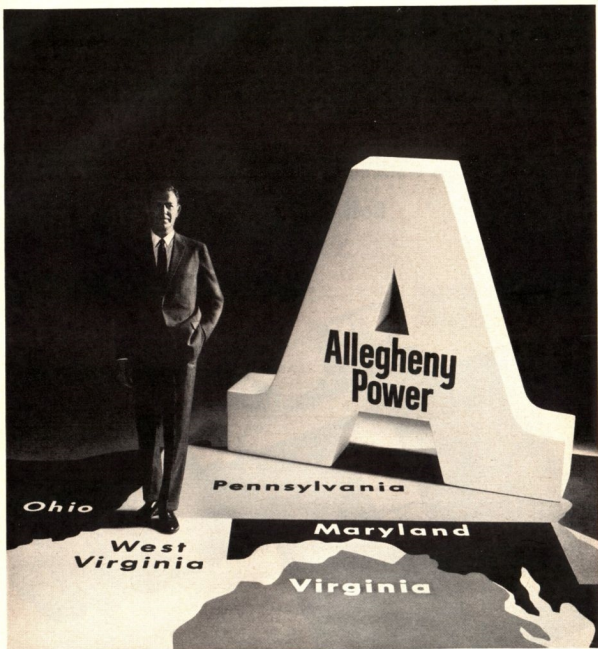
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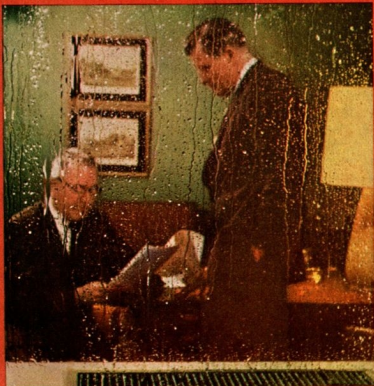
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Hope Pops for Peace

A Global Affair. As an obscure U.N. employee who has been nursing a closetful of computers, Bob Hope blinks in dismay at his new assignment: the care and feeding of a blonde baby girl, abandoned in the U.N. lobby. "You've got the wrong man," burbles Bob. "I didn't even go to the Christmas party." Nevertheless he takes the tyke home to his bachelor flat, powders her with confectioner's sugar, fastens her diapers with Scotch tape, and warms her milk in an empty fifth. Meanwhile, back at U Thant's East River headquarters, an international incident begins to boil. Seems all 111 member nations want to claim the foundling for their very own and are eager to give it the best of all possible homelands.

From that none too Hopeful beginning, the comedy wheezes toward a

JERRY GULLMAN



BOB HOPE & FRIEND IN "AFFAIR"
Not at the Christmas party.

tired finish, with gags that might have been written by a UNESCO pamphleteer. Sometimes the movie simply stops to preach. "This baby feels hunger and cold and loneliness, just like you and me," says Bob. "I can't see anything funny about this situation." And there's the rub. Or the rash. To help Hope out in the pinches, a group of seductresses billed as The Global Girls troops through: Yvonne De Carlo as a Spanish floozy whose secret weapon is flamenco; Lilo Pulver as a brusque, weepy vodka-holic making a case for the U.S.S.R.; Miiko Taka as an ah-so Geisha who offers back rubs and hot saki; and Elga Andersen as a French *filles de joie* who waives her diplomatic immunity in pajama tops. True love is the Belgian lass (Michele Mercier), a high-minded guide from the Low Countries. Obviously, the movie makes a negligible contribution to world amity and understanding, despite such gimmicks as a walk-on role by U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson. Stooped, sage and sober, the ambassador looks like a man who knows the U.N. will survive even this sad *Affair*.

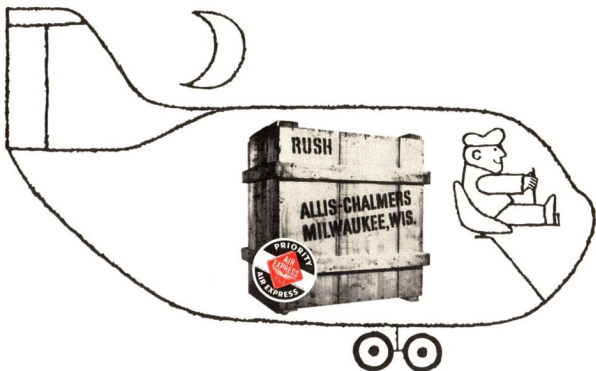
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It Only Seems Like Fun

THE WEEKENDERS by Max Gunther.
237 pages. Lippincott. \$4.95.

Dark suspicions arise that the current oversupply of books proving that Everything Is Hollow (or: A Searching Look at the Cardboard Values of Our Aspirin Society) is part of a plot by the sunshine merchants. When everyone is sufficiently depressed, publishers of inspirational texts will find a renewed market for books disproving hollowness on the ground that Everything Is Stuffed with Meaning. Meanwhile, in the hollow or waning-moon part of the cycle, we have

research, shows mastery of an important technique of the searching-look book—the compounding of statistics from air and egg white. What counts as an “activity”? Brushing your teeth? Mowing the lawn with a toy gasoline tractor? If five members of one of Dr. Wylie’s families watch *Guns, Smoke*, does the researcher chalk up five activities? This is an important element in the art of making the world sound hollow when it is thumped. Another is the unvarying assumption that no one ever does anything because he likes it. If he goes skiing, it is to show off his wounds; if he gives a party, it is to prove something to his friends; if he goes bunburying with his

help. Writing of weekend sin (overrated, but still deplorable), he refuses to panic, observing that “it is not the long stretch of workless time itself that most often causes sin but the attitudes of people toward the weekend and the needs and dreams they bring to it from the work week.”

Here the reader suspects that Gunther’s book itself may be the transition between the Hollow World books and the Stuffed with Meaning kind. In a summing up that is almost a *haiku*, he elevates the spirit: “The weekend is like a big red apple. Some would eat it too fast and get indigestion. But it is still a lovely apple.”

The Most Perfect Man

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH by Philip Magnus. 528 pages. Dutton. \$8.50.

“The great object in view,” explained the Bishop of Oxford, “is to make him the most perfect man.” Surely not impossible, according to the phrenologist, Dr. George Combe: the infant Prince of Wales not only had splendid “moral and intellectual” bumps, but gave every sign of developing his “higher powers of control” at the expense of his lower ones. At that happy news, even the Queen seemed satisfied. She was confident, she wrote, that “the dear child” would grow up to be just like “his angelic, dearest father.”

Edward Prince of Wales grew up to be neither perfect nor anything like the Prince Consort, as Victoria learned to her dismay. But in one sense, argues British Biographer Philip Magnus, he was indeed the perfect man: he fulfilled Britain’s concept of itself as neither Victoria nor Prince Albert had ever done. If he was an anachronism, so was the Britain in which he grew up and ruled. The secret of his easy popularity, thinks Author Magnus, was that he scarcely ever betrayed by word or deed what some of his countrymen dimly suspected: the fact that the last fruits of the semiformal social order he represented were already wormy on the tree.

Questionable Paragon. Not every 19th century Englishman kept a yacht at Cowes, a hunting lodge at Aberfeldie, stables at Ascot and a villa at Marienbad. But they admired the man who did, and cheerfully forgave him what the Times of London called his “round of questionable pleasures.” He pursued those pleasures with particular vigor, thinks Biographer Magnus, precisely because Victoria and Albert had determined to make him a paragon of English virtues. As a result of that determination, his upbringing was appalling. He was not allowed to mix or play with other boys. He was given six hours of instruction by several private instructors six days a week, followed by an hour of calisthenics under the eye of a drill sergeant. To ensure that nothing went wrong, his principal tutor arranged that “Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert have, laid before them



ENDPAPER FOR "THE WEEKENDERS" BY SUSAN PERL
Happiness should be serious.

had *The Waste Makers*, *The Pyramid Climbers*, *The Brain Pickers*, *The Naked Society*, and that inevitable-but-yet-unwritten examination of the lunch habits of advertising men, *Breath in the Afternoon*. Now, with no moon in sight, the co-author of *The Split-Level Trap* has written *The Weekend*.

Reason Why. Weekenders, it turns out, are people who work five days a week, with two days off for getting into sociologically fascinating trouble. That is, weekenders are almost everyone not in jail. Most weekenders, Author Gunther reports, embrace the Fun Mystique. The weekenders’ “self-esteem depends on his success in having, or at least demonstrating, fun. The weekenders like to be thought of as an extrovert who lives in a loud fast whirl of activities. Anything less is felt to be almost if not quite pathological. . . . Dr. James A. Wylie of Boston University has studied family recreation and found that the typical family has 20 or 30 different activities to keep it busy on weekends. Some have as many as 70.”

Here Author Gunther, with borrowed

secretary, it is to improve his self-image, not because he likes the bells on her toes.

Troweled Guilt. Naturally a citizen cannot escape being proved a fraud by spending his weekends working instead of fun having. The business man who keeps Saturday office hours does not do it to catch up on his work, nor to impress his boss; he is hiding from failure as a fun haver. The weekend gardener trowels guilt into the soil; the Sunday painter paints his soul off-white.

Since there is almost no human activity that cannot be accomplished, attempted, contemplated, or escaped from on a weekend, Gunther has a lot to cover. Or to look at it another way, he has endless opportunities to quote from other Hollow Worlders whose subjects are more specialized. His book is, in fact, an anthology of the maxims of Russell Lynes, David Riesman, Helen Gurley Brown, Vance Packard, Betty Friedman and William H. Whyte Jr.

But Gunther is a published magazine writer (“When to Worry About an Office Romance”—*Good Housekeeping*, March 1961) and does not really need

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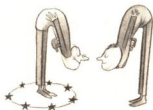
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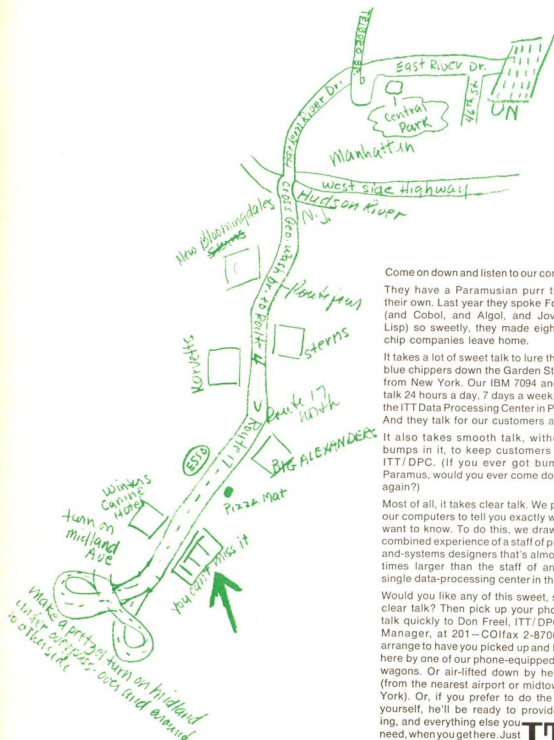
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at the end of every day, a report on the conduct of the Princes and their employment from hour to hour."

Albert died in 1861, a month after learning that his son, then 20, was having a fling with an actress ("You must not, you dare not be lost," he wrote to Edward). A year later "Bertie" was married to Denmark's Alexandra, "the most beautiful Princess in Europe," and shortly thereafter Queen Victoria in her widow's weeds withdrew into almost total seclusion. Bertie was left with an income of roughly \$550,000 a year, no tutors, and a great deal of free time.

Seasons by Decree. Bertie had to wait another 40 years before he became King. But as heir apparent, he set the style of English society for nearly half a century, determining who should be included and who excluded and where one should go when. The social year, as decreed by Bertie, consisted of two months (January and February) of shooting at Sandringham, two months (March and April) on the French Riviera, followed by three months in London for "the Season." No gentleman was seen in London after the end of July, when the Prince of Wales went to Cowes for the yachting, followed by a month or so in a German spa, where he tried to reduce his immense bulk by dieting and taking the waters. Around October he went to Abergeldie for a month of grouse shooting, and he finished up the year back at Sandringham where he spent his own and the Princess's birthdays. He found the intrusion of political affairs intensely annoying. "Another General Election will be a very serious matter," he wrote in 1886 to Lord Carrington, "and a most untoward event in the middle of the London Season!"

Juggled Beds. That was the public Bertie. Privately, he liked to sneak out with cronies like Lord Hardwicke (who "perfected" the top hat) and Lord Dupplin (who invented the dinner jacket) to chase fire engines or more often, ladies. He was known on sight to the dancers of half the cabarets of Paris, who used to greet him by shouting "Ullo, Wales!" His taste in women was so well known to society, in fact, that when he descended on a country house (usually without his wife but with a retinue of 12 to 16 attendants), a wise hostess juggled bedrooms so that the Prince would be within convenient reach of his current favorite. At his coronation in Westminster Abbey after the death of Victoria in 1901, he ordered the construction of a special box (popularly referred to as "the King's Loose Box") for his past and present mistresses. And what impressed him most about the coronation ceremony, to which all the crowned heads of Europe had been invited, was the glimpse he caught of the "white arms" of the peeresses "arching over their heads" as they put on their coronets.

As Edward VII, Bertie changed his style of living not a whit, giving Britain

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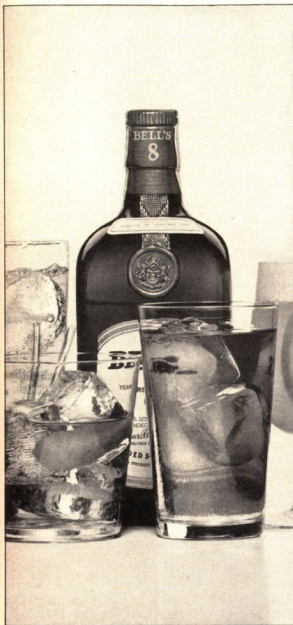
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the most colorful court it had seen since Charles II. If he skirted scandal, it was because no man alive better understood British upper-class tribal customs. When, during a divorce proceeding, the testimony of Lady Charles Mordaunt was read in court confessing that she had committed adultery with Bertie when he was Prince of Wales "often, and in open day," it proved embarrassing but not fatal, because Bertie had played his part honorably—visiting her Ladyship secretly and in a hired brougham in mid-afternoon and never behaving in a manner to embarrass Lord Charles when they were fellow guests on a country weekend.

Easy Scrapping. Biographer Magnus, who had access to several collections of unpublished papers, is most convincing when he is discussing the intricacies



EDWARD VII'S WEDDING (SEATED: MOTHER)
The fruit was wormy.

of Edwardian social life. He is on less firm ground when he tries to demonstrate that Bertie helped shape his country's foreign policy in the first decade of the century. After the death of Victoria, who never trusted her son with Foreign Office dispatches, Bertie became an ardent practitioner of personal diplomacy, paying "unofficial" visits to the capitals of Europe, where he practiced his charm on rulers, most of whom were his relatives. Magnus credits him with at least an assist in the *rapprochement* with Russia and the entente with France that British diplomacy achieved before World War I.

What he could never achieve was a *rapprochement* with 20th century England. He was profoundly shocked shortly before his death in 1910 to hear Lloyd George, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, quip that "a fully equipped Duke costs as much to keep up as two



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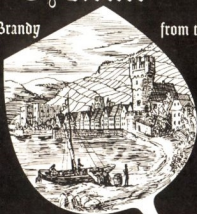
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dreadnoughts" and was less easy to scrap. It was, Edward confided to a secretary, the most insidiously socialistic remark he had ever heard from a Minister of the King.

Unexpected Prizewinner

PURITAN VILLAGE by Sumner Chilton Powell. 215 pages. Wesleyan. \$15.

The award of the Pulitzer Prize for history this month startled many historians and most publishers simply because the winning book and its author were almost unknown. In fact, Sumner Chilton Powell's *Puritan Village* had almost gone unpublished: scholarly presses, including Harvard, had turned it down as "too specialized" before it was accepted by Wesleyan in Connecticut. With its \$15 price tag, many bookstores had not bothered to stock it; hardly more than 1,000 copies had been sold; immediately after the Pulitzer announcement the book was almost unobtainable.

Conflicting Traditions. The book that beat out such possibilities as Oscar Handlin's panoramic *The Americans* or William and Bruce Catton's *Two Roads to Sumter* is a meticulous and remarkably detailed account of the early government and social organization of the town of Sudbury, Mass., founded by Puritan settlers in 1638. Generations of orators have sweepingly proclaimed the early towns of New England "a unique experiment in self-government," while many historians have tacitly assumed that the early settlers brought with them a broadly homogeneous body of English law and administrative methods. Historian Powell's achievement is to show just how unique the self-government of early Sudbury really was.

Not one but at least three quite distinct English traditions lay behind the Puritan settlers, Powell found. Men like Peter Noyes, a prosperous yeoman and the fourth largest landholder when he left the manor of Weyhill in southern England, brought with them centuries-old customs of open-field, cooperative farming and local government. Men like Edmund Brown, Cambridge graduate and Nonconformist minister, sprang from bustling, self-governing English boroughs and brought with them city ways and institutions. A strong minority of early Sudbury settlers like John Parmenter and Thomas Cakebread the miller were used to independently run, competitive, closed-field farming as then practiced in the east of England.

Deciphering the Records. To trace the interactions of these traditions took Powell six years. Of the 16 men who were early Sudbury's leaders, he succeeded in tracking 13 to their original homes in England, and has re-created their lives in convincing detail. In total, he located the origins of 79% of Sudbury's first landowners. He spent two summers in England finding and photostating—if necessary with a portable copier, wired to his car battery—

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Mexico City/Acapulco/Guadalajara



by Peter Griffith

Mexico is so vast and so varied that deciding what to see sometimes seems an insuperable task. Happily, the Mexico City-Acapulco-Guadalajara triangle gives you the essence of the many Mexicos: natural spectacle and architectural splendor, excitement and relaxation. Travel between the three is simple—and in each there's a magnificent hotel waiting to pamper you with all the comforts of Hilton. You'll enjoy full air conditioning, exciting local décor, superb Mexican and international cuisine, friendly Hilton service.



Center of excitement in Mexico City

At the Continental Hilton on the Paseo de la Reforma you're right at the center of everything you'll want to see and do. Between lunch at the Café-Grill Tarasco and cocktails in the rooftop Belvedere Bar, you can hop a cab to the world's largest bull ring...discover the treasures of Emperor Maximilian in Chapultepec

Castle...watch the jai alai players at Frontón México...or shop up a storm in the Avenida Madero.

While you relax after your explorations, gaze at Popocatepetl from your terrace. Sip tequila in the Maya Bar as you listen to the most exciting music in all of Mexico City. Dine and dance in the Belvedere Supper Club, with the whole city spread out below you and fascinating people all around. Rooms start as low as \$9.20 a day, single, \$11.20 double.



Beauty and the Beach at Acapulco

The Acapulco Hilton (one hour's flight from Mexico City) is your perfect base for big-game shark and sail fishing and big-name spotting (and being spotted)...the sports that made Acapulco famous.

It's right on the beach at fabulous Acapulco Bay, with acres of tropical gardens around it. Every room has an ocean view. Every sun-filled day the temperature's in the low eighties. And everything here is informal, easy, relaxing. The swimming pool is so big there's an island-restaurant in the middle of it. Dine and dance there. Or have a marvelous time in the Jarana Bar—the "in" place in Acapulco. Rates start at \$14 a day, single, \$16 double.

Oasis in Guadalajara

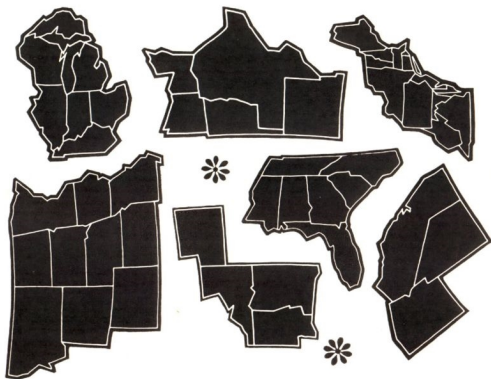
This ancient Spanish city is only an hour's flight from Mexico City or Acapulco. It's famous for its flowering trees, fabulous climate...and (come late summer '64) for an oasis of modern comfort called the Guadalajara Hilton. Living here is beautiful. The hotel's magnificent swimming pool is in a garden setting. The superb Restaurant Grill has a menu that's a gourmet's delight. And the rooftop Supper Club Belvedere offers magnificent views of the city...and a night of dancing. There's tennis and golf nearby. Good hunting and fishing a short drive away. For more outdoor sport, discover the largest lake in Mexico, the famous glassblowers of Tlaquepaque and the music of the mariachis. Rates start at \$14 a day, single, \$16 double.

Tantalize yourself. Write for color brochures and rates to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N.Y. For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book). In New York, call LO 3-6900. At all Hilton Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.

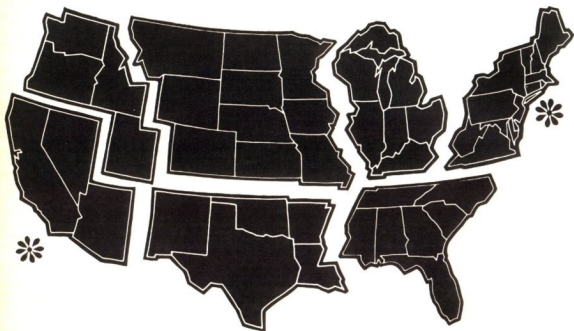


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9 TIMES 1 = 10

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the relevant 17th century church records, legal notes, manor rolls and accounts. Deciphering the Latin shorthand and illegible handwriting of the period took hundreds of hours more.

From the welter of facts, with the passion of a born antiquarian and the insights of a self-made sociologist, Powell has reconstructed the intense pulling and hauling of an early American community that was, "in a real sense, a little commonwealth," able to create "as much of an ideal state as its leaders could conceive and find agreement on." Such fine-grained history is certainly more for the scholar than for most general readers. Yet Powell's style is clear, if sometimes too sugary, and the people and events can be absorbing.

A Time for Pride

CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE by Charles E. Silberman. 370 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

Many of the books now pouring off the presses on the race issue hesitate, falter, flounder and peter out in mawkish sentimentality or pious preaching. This book by Charles Silberman, a *FORTUNE* magazine editor, marches in no-nonsense fashion to a number of hard truths that are not meant to comfort or console. It is impossible, writes Silberman, "to tell the truth about race relations without offending and angering men of both colors." Some Silberman points:

► White Americans have degraded the Negro. Slaves were treated more shabbily in the U.S. than almost anywhere else on earth at any time in history. Their pride was systematically knocked out of them; families were broken up so often that a pattern was set, and even today they continue to break up with alarming casualness. In central Harlem, only half the children under 18 live with both parents.

► Negroes need to recover their self-respect. Though sit-ins have not accomplished much materially, they have given Negroes cause for pride; whites have had to bargain with them as equals. Similarly, by stressing Negro superiority—racist though that message is—the Black Muslims have had astonishing success straightening out the lives of lower-class Negroes, curing them of drug addiction, alcoholism and self-hate.

► White Americans must go out of their way to give Negroes a helping hand; merely allowing them long-withheld civil rights is not enough. They must provide public education for Negro children at an earlier age—at three or four. By the time the children are five or six, an overcrowded, oppressive home life has stifled their impulse to learn and made them much less alert than comparable white children. Corporations must set job quotas for Negroes, give them on-the-job training, even put up with impaired efficiency until the Negroes are trained.

► The "most impressive experiment af-

fecting Negroes anywhere in the U.S.," says Silberman, took place in Chicago's Woodlawn slum. Despairing over the decline of their neighborhood, local clergymen called in Saul D. Alinsky, whose profession is creating large-scale grass-roots organizations in U.S. cities. Alinsky welded together such an effective group that it was able to organize a boycott of white merchants who overcharged the neighborhood. It forced slumlords to clean up their properties; it put the heat on city hall to relieve the overcrowding in the ghetto schools.

Alinsky is Silberman's chief hero, the man who has shown Negroes the way to make themselves most effective. Critics charge that Alinsky is an agitator, and Alinsky proudly agrees; he uses nearly any method for making authorities miserable—rent strikes, demonstrations, marches on city hall. His stated intent is to "rub raw the sores of



SILBERMAN

Agitator is an honorable title.

discontent" in order to inspire a depressed community to act to help itself. Silberman argues that it is this individual participation in action that alone can give Negroes a real sense of their own dignity. "It is in the act (or the means) of working for freedom or equality that one gains freedom or equality."

Silberman warns that things may get worse before they get better. "The Negroes' impatience, bitterness and anger are likely to increase the closer they come to full equality. This is not a quirk of Negro character but a characteristic of all disadvantaged groups: the closer they are to their goals, the harder it is to understand or justify the disparities that remain. Indeed, it is a commonplace of history that revolutions (and the Negro protest movement resembles a revolution in many ways) stem from hope, not despair; from progress, not stalemate. And the nearer to triumph the revolutionaries get, the tougher they usually become."

OLD FORESTER

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